Feb. 6, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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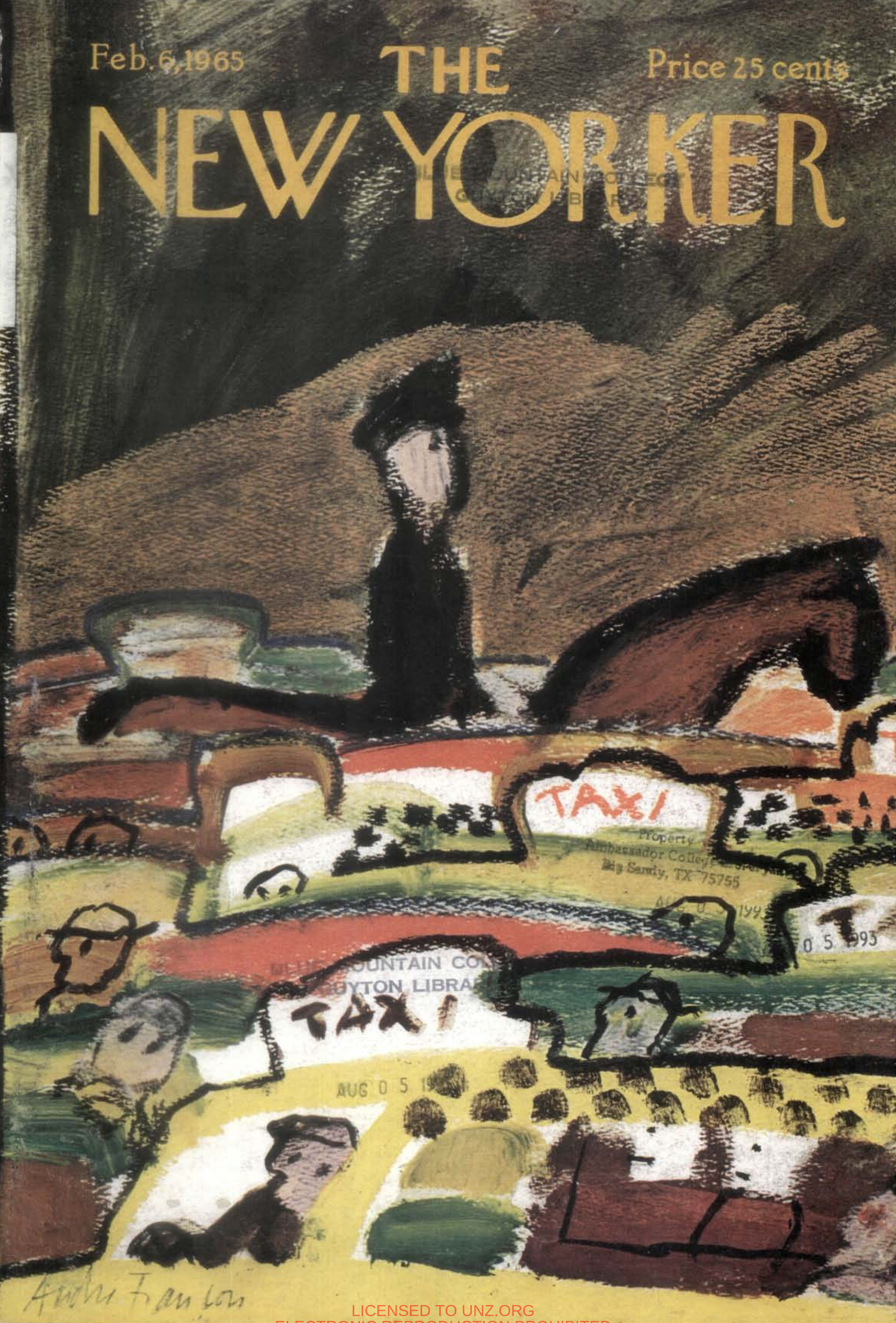
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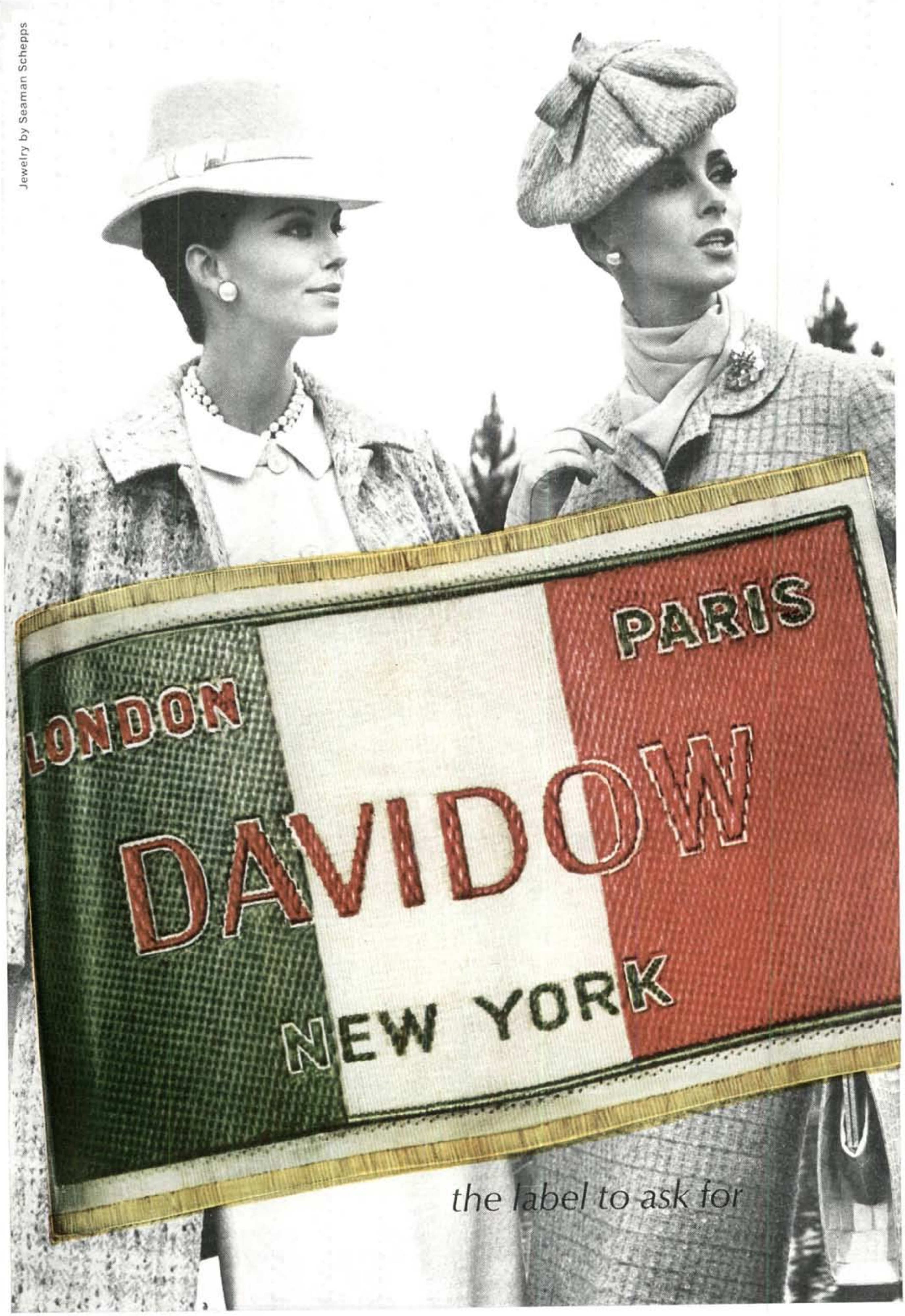
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—Alan Bates as an English poet, resident in Greenwich Village, whose verse sells like hot cakes, who drinks like a fish, and who is temporarily having a hard time keeping his muse in action. Written by Jean Kerr, the comedy is slight but on occasion funny, and Mr. Bates's colleagues—Gene Hackman, Joanna Pettet, Joan Alexander, and Colgate Salsbury—are highly satisfactory. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

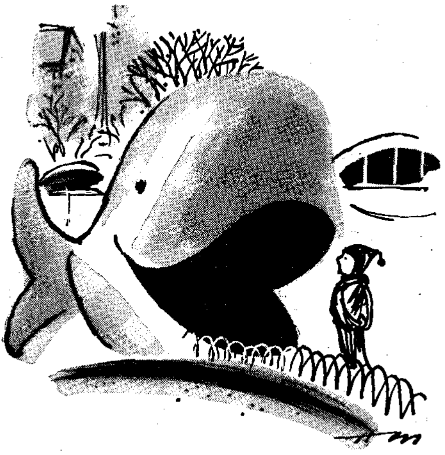
Ready When You Are, C. B.!—A dreary item about a young lady who rents her Riverside Drive rent-controlled apartment to a Hollywood Adonis for a high fee and then falls in love with him. Julie Harris is the female in the case, and Lou Antonio is the object of her desires. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—Strange doings in a Brooklyn candy store when the proprietor, allegedly a former inmate of a concentration camp, is visited by a Negro youth whose talk is wild and a pregnant girl whose talk is wilder. The play, which is dishevelled, was written by William Hanley and directed by Joseph Anthony, and it features George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 2.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, *and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could* expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday**: A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park**: Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late**: A farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. With Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Boeing-Boeing—Ian Carmichael in a Paris comedy by Marc Camoletti (adapted by Beverley Cross), which is also currently running in London. The director is Jack Minster. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Virginia Martin, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always, and this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fade Out - Fade In—Reopens Monday, Feb. 15, with Carol Burnett. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 7.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As things turn out, only the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl**: The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!**: Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high spirits**: In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying**: About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?**: The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Kelly—A musical with book and lyrics by Eddie Lawrence, a score by Moose Charlap, and a cast that includes Don Francks and Wilfrid Brambell. Staged by Herbert Ross. Previews Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 6. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Diamond Orchid—A play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, with Jennifer West and Bruce Gordon. José Quintero is the director. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 10. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All in Good Time—Bill Naughton's comedy, imported from London, with Donald Wolfit and Marjorie Rhodes. Directed by Donald McWhinnie. Opens Thursday, Feb. 11. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**MOSCOW ART THEATRE:** Opening performances of a four-week repertory of four plays in Russian that will run through Sunday, Feb. 28. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. Gogol's "Dead Souls," Thursday, Feb. 4, at 7; Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:15; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 6-7, at 2:30 and 8:15. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 7, and Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7; Friday, Feb. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30 and 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **TARTUFFE,** with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 8:30. . . . **INCIDENT AT VICHY,** Arthur Miller's belated examination of the processes that sent Jews to horrible slaughter in 1942, when the Nazis were in charge in Vichy, contributes nothing new to the grisly record. However, Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne breathe a bit of animation into the play toward its conclusion. Performances Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 9-12, at 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10, at 8:30. . . . Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30 and 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:15: "Luisa Miller." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

Babes in the Wood—This prankish musical, which is based in the loosest possible way on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has some of the attractions and many of the flaws of an undergraduate romp. Rick Besoyan, the man responsible for "Little Mary Sunshine," has provided a melodic score, but his book and lyrics are rather trying. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

The Cat and the Canary—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production somewhat unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Fridays at 4:30 and Sundays at 5.)

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Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Feb. 6.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street *Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St.* OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

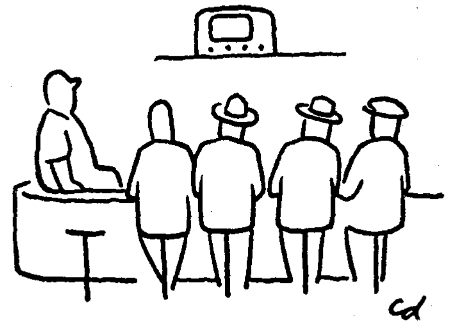
The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—Robert Lowell's dramatization of Herman Melville's tragedy makes a quite stirring play that does some justice to the magnificent story it is based on. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782 Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's Emilia is one of its ups. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Pictures in the Hallway—A revival of Paul Shyre's dramatic reading adapted from the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Say Nothing—A dismal play about some miserable people in the North of England. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)



The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Four Temperaments," "Harlequinade" (première), and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Piège de Lumière," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 7: "Firebird," "Harlequinade," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 7: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Harlequinade," "Shadow'd Ground," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "Scotch Symphony," "Piège de Lumière," "Ivesiana," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Swan Lake," "Shadow'd Ground," "Allegro Brillante," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Four Temperaments," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Irish Fantasy," "La Sonnambula," "Tarantella," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Irish Fantasy," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of modern-dance works by Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Doris Humphrey, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department, with a chamber ensemble conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 35. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30.)

Merce Cunningham—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

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1000)—The orchestra of Lee Evans, given now to neatly constructed études for both listening and prancing, spends most of the evening in the Royal Box. At dinner and supper, there are songs with driving finishes, by Paula Stewart, and there is plenty of talk by Jack Carter, who doesn't know enough to quit when he is behind. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of our thirteen original colonies to be restored to the British flag. The double life that this situation leads to is helped along—in the throne room—by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Garrison, there is more dancing, but to music that has been memorized by an I.B.M. computer. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It's unlikely that this gold-and-plush example of the shipbuilder's art will float, but it is steady enough to make a dance floor. There, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers get to work at seven during the week, at eight-thirty Fridays, at nine Saturdays. They sound both gay-nineties and blasé-sixties. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, has now restored one of its important monuments—a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A cluster of Ben Cutler's Yale men are prattling along for dance lovers in the Café Pierre every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who chants to his own guitar, departs on Sunday, Feb. 7, to be succeeded, on Tuesday, Feb. 9, by Yvette Souviron, pianist and soprano.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Lisa Kirk, purposeful and puissant, leads her four dexterous boy acolytes a merry chase through song, story, and dance—through what is really a compact little spectacular. This romp halts on Tuesday, Feb. 9, so that Diahann Carroll, that beatific and blossomy soprano, can move in next evening. The music, present for hour after hour, will still be made by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and the big band of the late Emil Coleman, whose career was a history of New York night life as we know it. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is turned into a magic carpet on its nonstop run to this or that fashionable European spa, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No music Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the kitchen staff sticks it out to the end.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band brings out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the band of Charles Turecamo, which brings out the Southampton and Water Mill in all of us. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

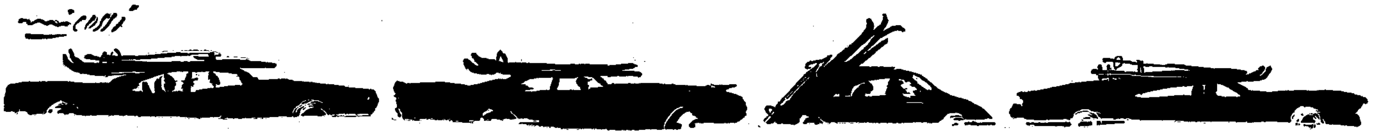
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Egyptian deities are the presiding geniuses of the larking decorative scheme. These gods are never angry at the antic folk dances of the populace, but at times they do look startled. The music comes off a tape measure, and the nights are very long—eight to four.

Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **Roseland Dance City**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic imagination. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting arrangement includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

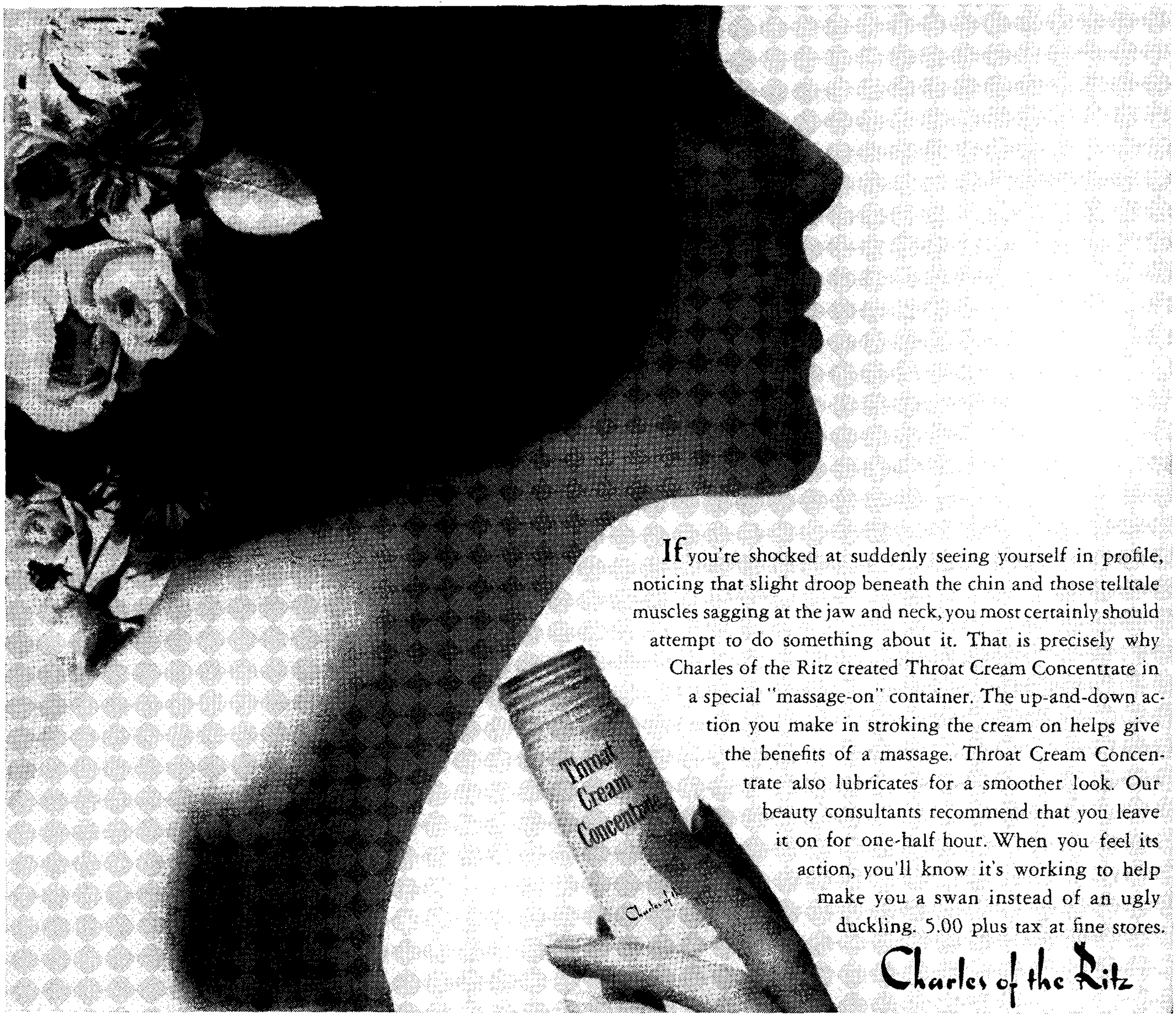
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, music Florentine, song (Puccini, Puccini, Puccini) Florentine—all unassuming but happy, despite what so often happens to Puccini heroines. This is the weeklong fare; Thursday through Saturday, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **Le Caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies. Also to be found are the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, and, after ten-thirty, the paeans of Bobby Short—flights of fancy, of fancy words, of fancy piano. His stalwart aides are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **Late Edition**, in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Home is the rover Hugh Shannon, home from the sea (Capri), the Sound (Bridgehampton), and the Continent to play his rampageous barroom piano and to sing those big, bouncy, never-to-be-taken-seriously ballads. He is served at ten, along with supper, and he carries on until early morn, except Sundays. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): For every broken heart on Broadway or Park Avenue, Mabel Mercer has a succinctly worded lyric that fits. Her kindly and yet worldly monographs begin at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Closed Sundays. . . . **Il Sole**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): The chipper winter haven of Ralph Strain, whose piano dwells fondly on the very best days of wine and roses. Seven-thirty until two is his course of events. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine-thirty every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the troupe of strolling musicians, a set of dulcet violinists and such. . . . **Café Renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, the guitar of José Luis Franco dwells upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Eight until very late is his schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of the guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez, who holds forth from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old Myrtle Bank Hotel has vanished from the communal life of the Isle of Jamaica, but mourners may enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine, not to mention the musician—naturally, he is named Lord Superior—who begins ambulating around nine during the week and doesn't stop until one, or sometimes until after two; Sundays, he travels between the hours of seven and eleven; Mondays, he holds his peace. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep, in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. Supper but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **La Fonda del Sol**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero*, which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our bor-



A FACIAL FOR THE THROAT



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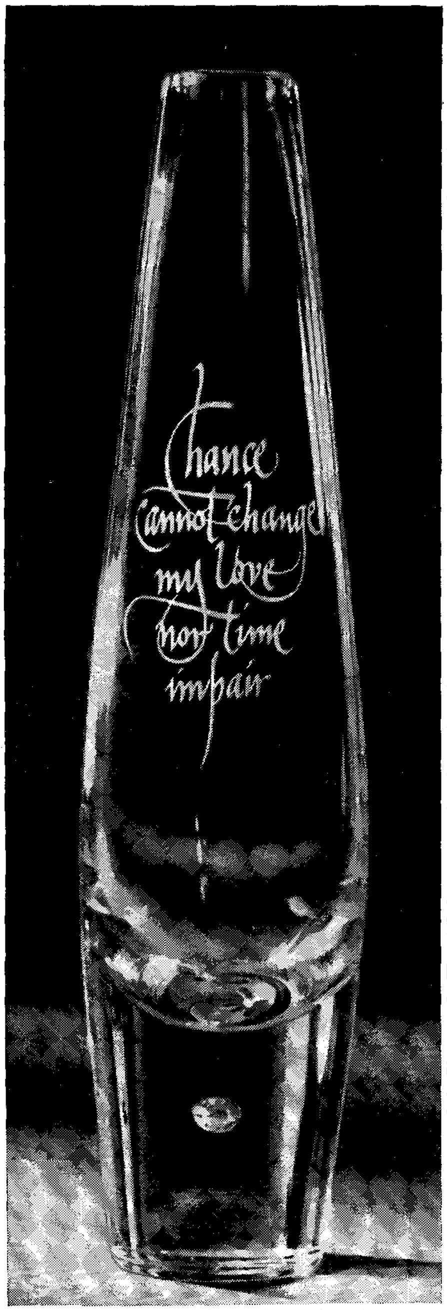

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for a single rose:
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ders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Daphne Hellman performs on Tuesdays, and Gladys Hubner is in charge of the instrument every other night. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, from the Golden Era of night life, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed from eight-thirty until one or two by Karl Inwald, who has only the kindliest memories of Vienna. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio sounds off now and then. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The little bar-and-grill is elbowroom enough for Tony Garody to perform his precise and panegyric piano études, which he does off and on between six and one-thirty every evening but Monday; Enzio Lembo's guitar commences at nine-thirty every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients, too—the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire, the wordless witticisms of George Matson's mimicry of female types who are too much with us, the sturdy Britishness of the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Dancing for the guests, too. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, getting all the mileage possible out of his age-old aggression complex, almost succeeds in bringing back the open-all-night feeling of Prohibition's Parody Club, especially when his pristine confrere, Eddie Jackson, attempts to cope with him. The rumpus ends on Wednesday, Feb. 10; next evening, a new show, headed by Pat Suzuki, that jolly little Oriental soprano, sets up shop. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, one group or another ascends the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. No dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Jack E. Leonard, whose monologue operates on the theory that a short answer turneth on wrath, is haranguing the ringsiders with contumely and a wealth of by no means dry wit. Vikki Carr, new girl in town, does the chanting. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Words and music, swift and serpentine, by Machiavelli, Aesop, and maybe Beerbohm are the substance of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the just about peerless Julius Monk revue that is now judging our world on the demerit system. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A high tide of Latin lovers, larks, and larrikins, warmed to incandescence by the leadership of Maria Alba and Ramon de los Reyes, is engulfing the rear room, where Juan Lejido, a flamenco tenor, goes engagingly modern every so often. The seemly uproar takes place twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a forthright band led by Emilio Reyes. The customers dine on many other things. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best moments of "The Game Is Up," the revue that lives here, involve R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are likewise never becalmed by the occasional doldrums in the script. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," a revue invented and enacted by some very young British cousins of ours, finishes with its second edition on Sunday, Feb. 7. Eight-thirty is the zero hour, and on Friday and Saturday there is a second turn, at ten-thirty. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. Its life cycle begins with wandering fiddles, proceeds to impassioned balladry, and ends with dancing for the customers, then starts all over again.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A new message, still in the hands of the decoders, is being flung by the plastic saxophone of Ornette Coleman, who has also (in the two years during which he kept a vow of silence) taken up the trumpet (O.K.) and the violin (well, hardly). On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays there are open forums, to discuss the matter of whither practically anything. The first shot is fired at nine-fifteen. On Feb. 8, the forumists will be LeRoi Jones, Allen Ginsberg, and Andy Warhol. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Fridays and Saturdays are the extent of the current operations. The spokesman is Dick Gregory, whose bluff, burly humor frequently deals with the fact that it's a free country; the tenor is Arthur Prysock, an emotional outlet for the younger set; the music is the eighteen-man army of Johnny Richards. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. Mike Settle, whose own native state is Oklahoma, and the Womenfolk, who are inescapably soprano, are serving up the stuff right now. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Conrad Janis's squadron (Kenny Laverne, Johnny Windhurst, and Panama Francis are part of it), which loves to reminisce, and Red Allen's quartet, which seeks and gives no quarter. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): It is bruited about that the cast is made up of the foursome of John Coltrane, whose saxophone is both penetrating and long in the wind, and the threesome of Mose Allison. But subject-to-change-without-notice is often the way of life

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and
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TOO

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into a fairy world of flowers.
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of her vivid imagination,
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here. At any rate, whoever is on deck now will be replaced on Thursday, Feb. 11. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Stress and strain are the ingredients of Cannonball Adderley's sextet, in which Nat Adderley is concerned. The milieu is rural and companionable. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The namesake of this stronghold of traditionalism—i. e., Mr. Condon himself—has at last been returned to office, and by a thumping (in every sense) majority, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Morey Feld, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Coleman Hawkins, keeper of one of the finest of the old faiths, has moved his quartet onto the podium, where it makes a splendid centerpiece. The group is around every night but Monday, which is dedicated to drop-in players. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy complexities make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate period-piece dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays, from four to eight, a Dixieland band champs at bits of traditional music, followed by a band that is given to rock-and-roll and such. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling yesteryear, and with vigor. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Sculptures, reliefs, collages, and drawings; through Feb. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—Paintings and sculptures; through Feb. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BLISS—Realistic figure and landscape paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

MORRIS BROSE—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Feb. 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARLYLE BROWN (1919-63)—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY CALLERY—Sculptures, reliefs, and fountains, in brass, bronze, and stainless steel; through Feb. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

NICOLAI CIKOVSKY—Landscapes, still-lifes, interiors, and figures; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

RUSSELL COWLES—Landscapes, ranging in style from realistic to abstract; through Feb. 20. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by a Paris abstractionist; through Feb. 27. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR DE PAUW—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of paintings, drawings, collages, and assemblages, done over the past thirty years; through Feb. 19. (East Side Gallery, 307 E. 37th St., and Pace College, 41 Park Row. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP—Paintings, readymades, and other items from the celebrated Duchamp bag of tricks; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN FREILICH—Assemblages; through Feb. 24. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Paintings; through Feb. 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE HAHN—Landscapes and cityscapes; through Friday, Feb. 5. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St.)

NANKOKU HIDAI—Abstract calligraphy; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Watercolors done in Maine and Pennsylvania; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ASGER JORN, KAREL APPEL, AND JEAN PAUL RIOPELLE—Paintings; through Feb. 27. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

MINORU KAWABATA—Abstractions; through Feb. 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRVING KRIESBERG—Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Figure and still-life paintings (1920-30); through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LANDÈS LEWITIN—Drawings and watercolors; through Feb. 20. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Oils, collages, gouaches, and drawings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

KYLE MORRIS—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT (1878-1955)—Still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY PEARSON—Optical paintings and lithographs; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PICASSO—Oils, lithographs, drawings, and watercolors; through March 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SANTOMASO—Abstract oils; through Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABE SATORU—Abstract sculptures by a Hawaiian-born artist; through Friday, Feb. 12. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

EVERETT SHINN—Theatre and street scenes; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA—Abstract paintings by the late Uruguayan artist; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Three-dimensional paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their twenty-third annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Sunday, Feb. 7. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

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jade, and gold (1000 B.C. to 1500 A.D.), from Mexico, Central America, and Peru; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER,** 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Three of the artists represented in a painting-and-drawing show are Peter Blume, Ben Kamihira, and Leonid; through Feb. 27. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "Painters of the Sea," among them Frederick J. Waugh, Bennett Bradbury, and William Ehrig; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Optical paintings by Henry Pearson, Julian Stanczak, Ernst Benkert, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 6. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Nathan Hale are three of the participants in a thirty-third-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **OSBORNE,** 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works on paper by seven artists, including Gandy Brodie, Marcia Marcus, and Robert Andrew Parker; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Self-portraits by, among others, Elaine de Kooning, Leonard Baskin, and Andy Warhol; through Friday, Feb. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Albers, Herbin, Vasarely, Anuszkiewicz, and Poons make up the roster of a show entitled "Abstract Trompe-L'Oeil: Five Painters Who Lead and Mislead the Eye;" through Feb. 27. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Master drawings of the twentieth century, from Bonnard to Gromaire; through Feb. 27. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

HAITIANS; GROUP SHOW—The first section of a three-part exhibit of contemporary paintings and sculptures, this one with works by (for instance) Philomé Obin, Robert St. Brice, and Georges Liautaud; through Wednesday, Feb. 10. (Art d'Haiti, 49 Grove St. Open Wednesday and Friday evenings until 10.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rare illustrated books (fifteenth century to the present) are now on view in the newly completed Thomas J. Watson Library, and European drawings (della Quercia to Picasso) are on the balcony of the Blumenthal Patio, the principal entrance to the Library. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Sunday, Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Arts of Islam and the Indian East," a new permanent installation devoted to ceramics, bronzes, miniature paintings, textile fragments, and rugs, mostly from Iran and dating back to the ninth century, together with Indian paintings and sculptures dating back to the third millennium B.C. . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Waldo Peirce, Antonio Frasconi, and Anne Poor, to mention several) eligible for purchase under the Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; starting Saturday, Feb. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Two drawing exhibitions: the Drawing Society New York Regional Exhibition, including works by such present-day artists as Larry Rivers, George Biddle, and John von Wicht, and a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century works by Blake, Delacroix, Klimt, Giacometti, and others; through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; starting Friday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of the Abstract Expressionist paintings of William Baziotes; starting Friday, Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors by Richard Diebenkorn; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ A retrospective of hard-edge abstractions by Kenneth Noland; through March 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fables from Aesop to Thurber," illustrated books and manuscripts; through March 11. . . . ¶ "Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-third Ceramic National Exhibition; through March 21. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Rubbings from early New England gravestones, plus a contrasting exhibit of modern roadside signs; through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings and other works by Ivan Albright; through March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriese, David Ward, Sándor Kónya, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, Elfego Esparza, Franco Corelli, Ettore Bastianini, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Flaviano Labò, Anselmo Colzani, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Carlotta Ordassy, Ettore Bastianini, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Jeanette Scovotti, Nell Rankin, Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Salome," with Maria Kouba, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriese, George London, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, Norman Scott, and Elfego Esparza. A benefit performance; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 5, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3 (all with Régine Crespin, soprano). . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a Bach-Bruckner program on Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3 (all with Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; John Corigliano, violin; and John Wummer, flute).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell directing the first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Saramae Endich, soprano; Jane Hobson, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. Concert Band—John Corley conducting, with Felix Viscuglia, clarinet. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 5:15.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Branko Krsmanovich Chorus of Yugoslavia—Bogdan Babich directing a company of eighty mixed voices. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing the last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Interracial Chorale—Harold Aks directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Alirio Diaz—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg and Victor Babin—A program of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Elaine Weldon—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Gene and Francesca—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

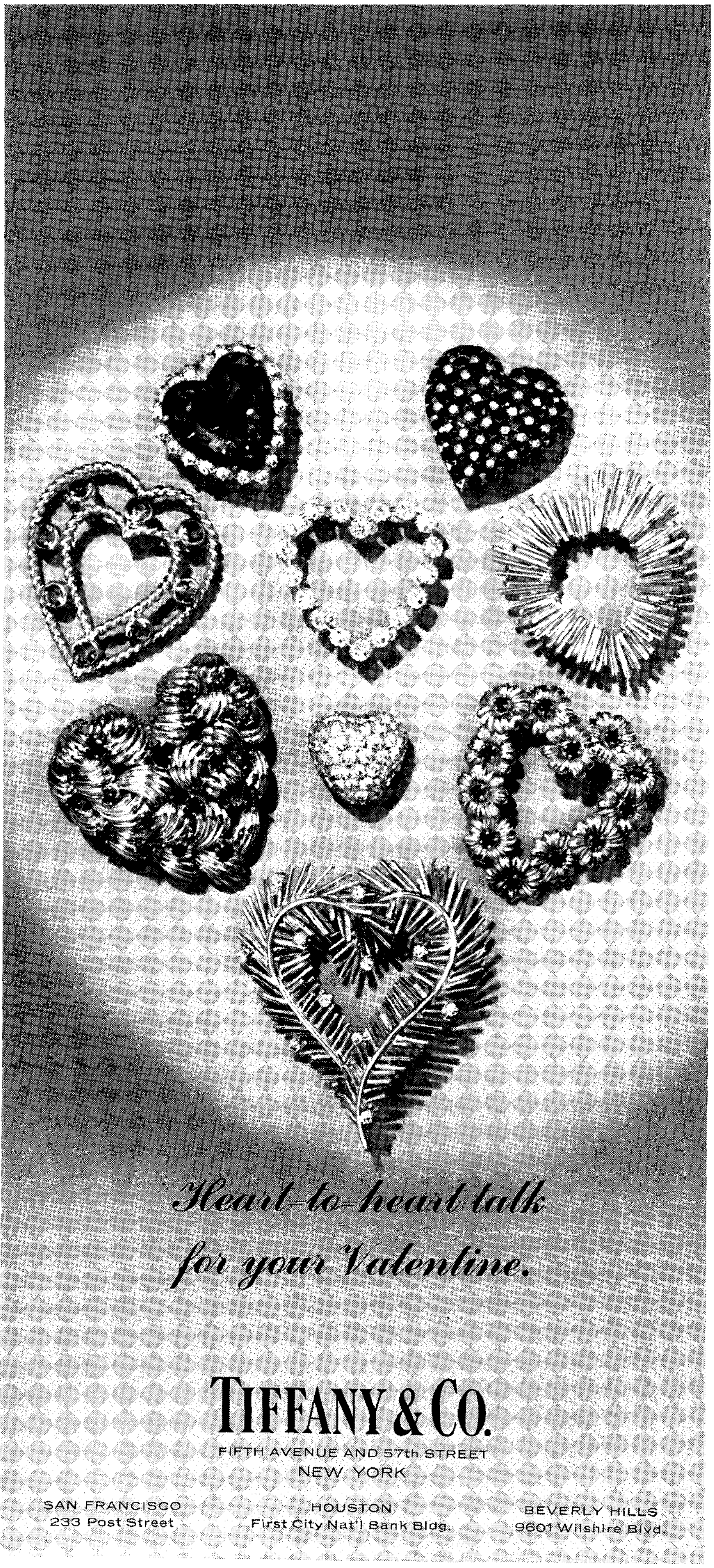
Michel Block—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Licia Albanese—Soprano, in a twenty-fifth-anniversary all-Puccini program, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Vincent La Selva. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Harry Shub—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Kroll Quartet, with Frank Glazer, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. For information about tick-



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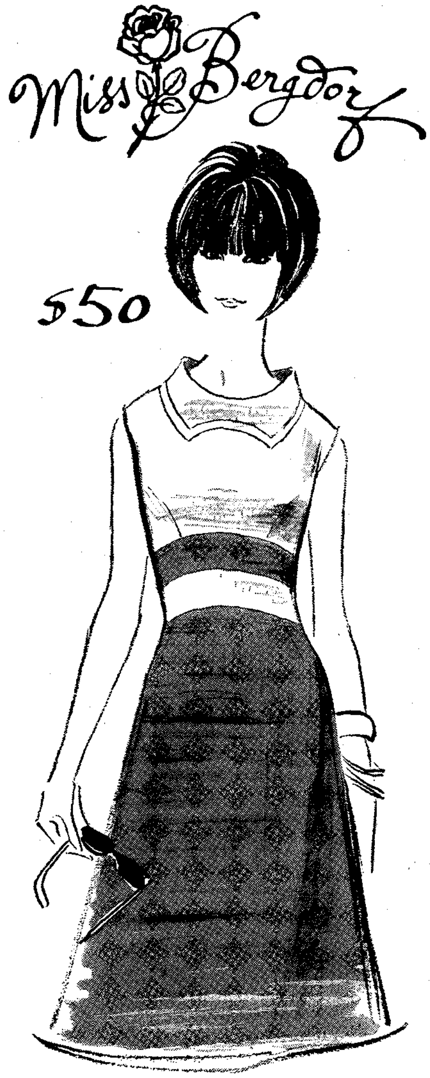

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Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in a Bach-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Note—The Kroll Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 8, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the Orchestra of America, conducted by Richard Korn, Harold Farberman, Nicholas Flagello, Herman Neuman, and Elie Siegmeister. With Julius Baker, flute, and Donna Jeffrey, soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 6: Knicks vs. Detroit.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Luis Rodriguez vs. Rubin Carter, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Three games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 7:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13.

Track Meet—New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Trapshooting—The Mike Zilinsky Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)... **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 13, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "Upside-Down Family." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)... **harnick-adams productions:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Feb. 12, at 11, 1, and 3. Children under five not admitted.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30.) ... **jan hus children's theatre:** "The Impossible Princess." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30 and 2.)... **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **martinique theatre:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **mayfair theatre:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **musical theatre for children:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.)... ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.)... **paper bag players:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **players theatre:** "Glittertind." (115 Macdougal St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30.)... **spyglass productions:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **stage 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3.... ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) ... **rod young's puppet theatre:** "Jack and the Space Beans." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Earth's Unending Journey." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue; "The Red Carpet;" and "Three Pirates Bold." (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2. Admission is free.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ *Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.*

Poetry and Prose Readings—C. Day Lewis reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 7, from noon to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 1:45: English furniture, silver, glass, porcelains, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of George Frelinghuysen and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 1:45: American and English literature, including first editions and press books, together with an extensive collection of books about flowers; owned by L. P. Merrell and others.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 1:30: Modern paintings and drawings, primarily School of Paris, by such artists as Valtat, Dufy, and Dietz Edzard; collected by Mrs. David A. Ingber and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 17, 21, 23, and 27, and March 2, 5, 9, and 14.

Boxing—Ernie Terrell vs. Eddie Machen, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Chicago. March 5.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 15-16.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 21 and 28 and March 3, 7, 10, and 14.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: March 15-July 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: March 15-April 17.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships. (Iceland Rink. March 12-14.)

Track Meets—At the 102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 16. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 19-20. . . . ¶ Knights of Columbus, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 6.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Feb. 20-21.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Feb. 18-May 12.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 17. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY, City Center (CI 6-8989): The season will open on March 4, with "Katerina Ismailova" (in English), and will run through April 4. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Concordia Choir, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Concert Opera Association, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 16 and 23 and March 3. . . . ¶ Schola Cantorum of New York, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 24 and 26. . . . ¶ The Romeros, guitar, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 2. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): William Warfield, bass-baritone, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 15, 19, 21, and 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Columbia and Harvard Bands, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 21 and 25. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Mischa Elman, violin, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Swiss Gala Concert, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Leontyne Price, soprano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Dallas Symphony, March 1. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Walter Berry, baritone, March 5. . . . ¶ Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, March 6. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Feb. 18 and 25 and March 4. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, Feb. 20 and March 2. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, Feb. 24. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Paul Zukofsky, violin, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 27-28. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, March 5. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Leon Fleisher, piano, Feb. 27.

Dance Programs—The American Dance Theatre and the companies of Pearl Lang, Alwin Nikolais, Merce Cunningham, and José Limón, at the New York State Theater, March 2-7.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Baker Street," about the life of the first private eye. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel are responsible for the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and Martin Gabel. . . . ¶ "Catch Me If You Can," a comedy-murder mystery adapted by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert from a French work by Robert Thomas. Dan Dailey, Bethel Leslie, and Tom Bosley are in it. . . . ¶ Neil Simon's new play, "The Odd Couple," with Art Carney and Walter Matthau. . . . ¶ Leueen MacGrath and Kate Reid in "Slapstick Tragedy," a Tennessee Williams double-bill, consisting of "The Mutilated" and "The Gnädiges Fräulein." . . . ¶ "The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd," a musical by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse, starring Mr. Newley and Cyril Ritchard.

Other Dates—Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 24-March 4. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on March 3. . . . ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 6-14. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 6-14.

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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A rueful tale of young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Feb. 10, tentative.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Good Neighbor Sam—An omnibus of gags—verbal and visual, good and bad. The impeccable and very funny Jack Lemmon is a participant in most of them. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 10.)

Guns at Batasi—Richard Attenborough putting on a grand show as a regimental sergeant major in a dangerous corner of Africa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Feb. 10.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Feb. 4-7 and Feb. 9-10. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Feb. 7-9.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Mafioso—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 9.)

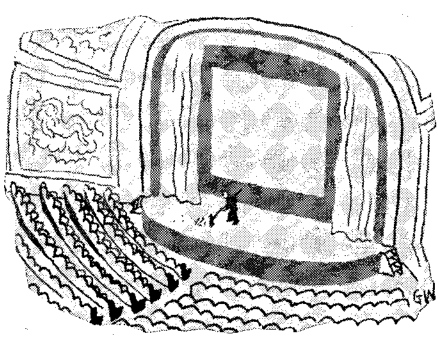
Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. The handiwork of Michael Roemer and Robert Young, it stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 6.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Feb. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 10.)



Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Feb. 4-7 and Feb. 9-10. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 10.)

36 Hours—A winningly outrageous melodrama of the Second World War, starring James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. George Seaton directed. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Feb. 4.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 5-8.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Feb. 8.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 9.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 4.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Feb. 8.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 9.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 4.)

High and Low (1963)—A Japanese thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Feb. 8.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 6-8.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 9-10.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 6-8.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 5-8.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Feb. 9.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 5-8.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Feb. 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 6, showings at 3, and on Thursday evening at 8: "The Apartment" (1960), with Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine, the last program in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder.". . . ¶ Feb. 7-10, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), with Conrad Veidt, the first program in a series called "The Horror Film." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Feb. 9: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.
From Feb. 10: "The Young Lovers," Peter Fonda, Sharon Hugueny.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
36 HOURS.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Feb. 9: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," revival, Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "Rome Adventure," revival, Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi.
From Feb. 10: **GUNS AT BATASI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
MARY POPPINS.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Feb. 9: "Dear Brigitte," James Stewart, Fabian.
From Feb. 10: "Sylvia," Carroll Baker, George Maharis.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Feb. 8: "The Blue Beast" (in Japanese), Tatsuya Nakadai.
From Feb. 9: "Onibaba" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 9: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From Feb. 10: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Feb. 9: "Why Bother to Knock," Elke Sommer, Richard Todd; and "The Crooked Road," Robert Ryan, Stewart Granger.
From Feb. 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 9: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From Feb. 10: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 9 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.
From Feb. 10 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Feb. 7: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW**, revival; and "The Amorous General" (formerly called "Waltz of the Toreadors"), revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
From Feb. 8: **THE BALCONY**, revival; and **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Feb. 9: **LOLITA**, revival; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.
From Feb. 10: "The Young Lovers," Peter Fonda, Sharon Hugueny.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 9: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 10: **GUNS AT BATASI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"My Wife's Husband" (in French), Fernandel, Bourvil.

Baronet (EL 5-1663) and **Coronet** (EL 5-1664), 3rd Ave. at 59th.
GOLDFINGER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Feb. 4-7 and Feb. 9-10: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
Feb. 8: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "None but the Lonely Heart," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 7: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 8: "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 9: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Feb. 10: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 9 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From Feb. 10 (tentative): "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

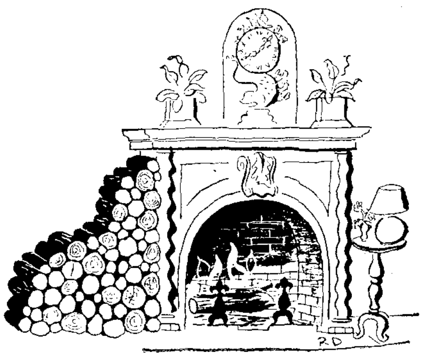
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE PUMPKIN EATER; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 9: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 10: **GUNS AT BATASI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 9: "Dear Brigitte," James Stewart, Fabian.
From Feb. 10: "Sylvia," Carroll Baker, George Maharis.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 4: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Feb. 5-8: **JULES AND JIM** and **THE LOVE GAME** (both in French and both revivals).
From Feb. 9: **8½** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 6: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
Feb. 7-9: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 10: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 9: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Feb. 10: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Feb. 4: **TOPKAPI**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 5: "Prince of Players," revival, Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 9: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
From Feb. 10: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE PUMPKIN EATER; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 9: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 10: To be announced.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT, and **THE SILENCE** (all in Swedish and all revivals).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Feb. 8: "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale; and "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.
From Feb. 9, at 8:30: "The Guide," Dev Amand. (Opening night by invitation only. A limited number of seats will be available at the box office on opening night.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BANANA PEEL (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 5: "Yiddle with His Fiddle" (in Yiddish), revival, Molly Picon; and "A Brivele Der Mamen" (in Yiddish), revival.
Feb. 6-8: **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival; and **IT'S A GIFT**, revival.
Feb. 9-10: **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 9: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Feb. 10: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 4: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Feb. 5-8: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From Feb. 9: "Eugene Onegin" and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE PUMPKIN EATER; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

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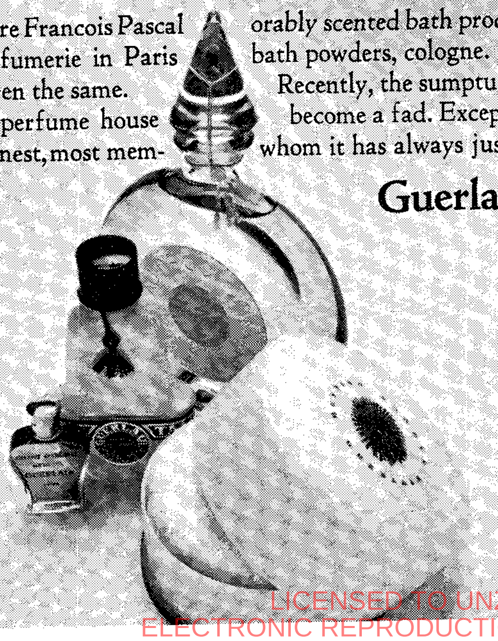

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NETTLETON favors the wine-toned shoe. Likes it smooth. High lustered. Crafts this one with a refined moc toe. Does it in blackwine CORFAM* for assured comfort as well as good looks. CORFAM is the remarkable new shoe upper material from Du Pont. Soft and flexible from the start, CORFAM b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for foot comfort. It's easy-care, wipe-and-wear. Repels water. Resists most stains and scuffing extraordinarily well. Is up to one-third lighter in weight. And is in excellent taste. *CORFAM... the new pace in fashion.*

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Nettleton's blackwine tie, about $30, at: The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; Higbee's, Cleveland; Jacob Reed's Sons, Philadelphia; Rehling Nettleton Co., Pittsburgh; The Kleinhans Co., Buffalo; National Clothing Co., Rochester.

If you went to Cannes before 1955, Majorca before 1958, and Greece before 1960, you're the kind of person who'll want to see Bergen this year.

If you like places whose charm is unspoiled by armies of tourists, come soon. Because everything indicates that Norway is the next place in line for the sad spectacle called "becoming fashionable". Fashion follows the fashionable people, and more and more of them have been turning up in Norway lately—the same sophisticated travelers who knew Cannes when it was a quiet fishing village.

What is Bergen like now? It's quiet, clean, charming. It is surrounded by seven magnificent mountains on one side, and by the sea on the other. The people are warm and friendly, and totally honest. There is the picturesque wharf, which is crowded from late afternoon to sundown with people buying fresh fish and flowers in the colorful open air market (ever hear of a fish and flower market combined?). And in the spring there is the famous Edvard Grieg music and drama festival (Bergen has long been a favorite of writers, musicians and artists from all over).

But the best thing about Bergen is the spectacular country around it. From Bergen you can travel by car, bus or steamship into the heart of the fjord country. The majestic beauty of the fjords is impossible to describe, except to say that it's an experience that no man should miss if he can help it.

SAS flies to Bergen (Copenhagen, Stockholm or Oslo) from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Anchorage. Eighteen jet flights a week now through spring...34 a week beginning June 1. As far as the rest of Europe is concerned, SAS serves more cities within Europe than any other transatlantic airline.

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

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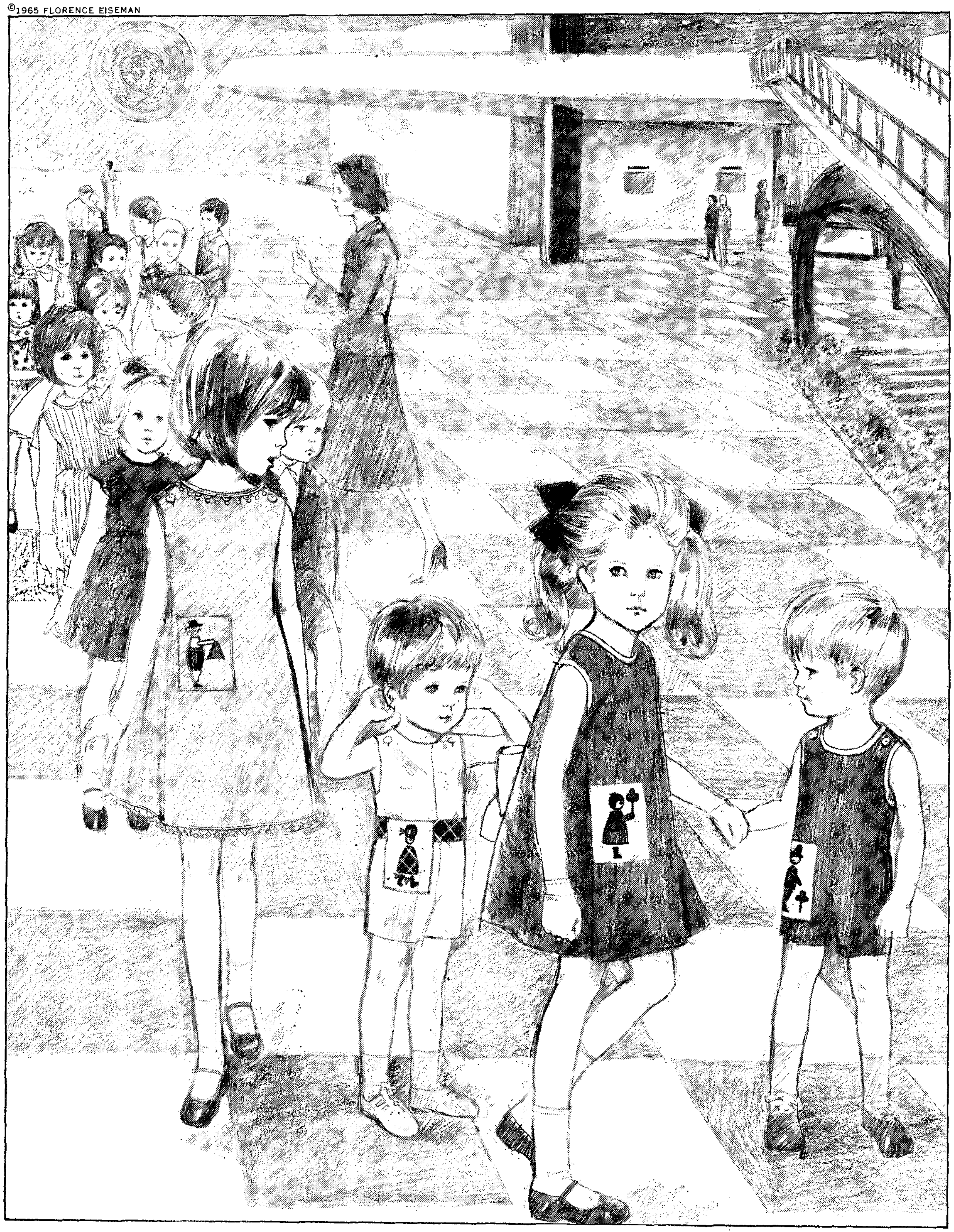

Please do not start a war in the U.N.

IF YOU WANT TO BE KNOWN AS TEACHER'S NICEST CLASS, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. No giggling at foreign accents. You have one, too, when you're not in the U.S.A.
2. Don't wander off from the group. You may end up looking straight into the eyes of one of the delegates.
3. Be sure to notice the eagle from Denmark. The eyes are Coca Cola caps.
4. Be quiet when the guide speaks. You'll learn a lot.

Our smart, young peace corps members are all wearing "country-of-origin" outfits by Florence Eiseman. Ireland is in green (what else?), all-cotton Swiss denim, Scotland is teasing Ireland in white, all-cotton French bird's-eye pique, and Spain is in regal gold with matador fringe. Girls to 12, Boys 1-6. J. P. Allen, Lord & Taylor. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

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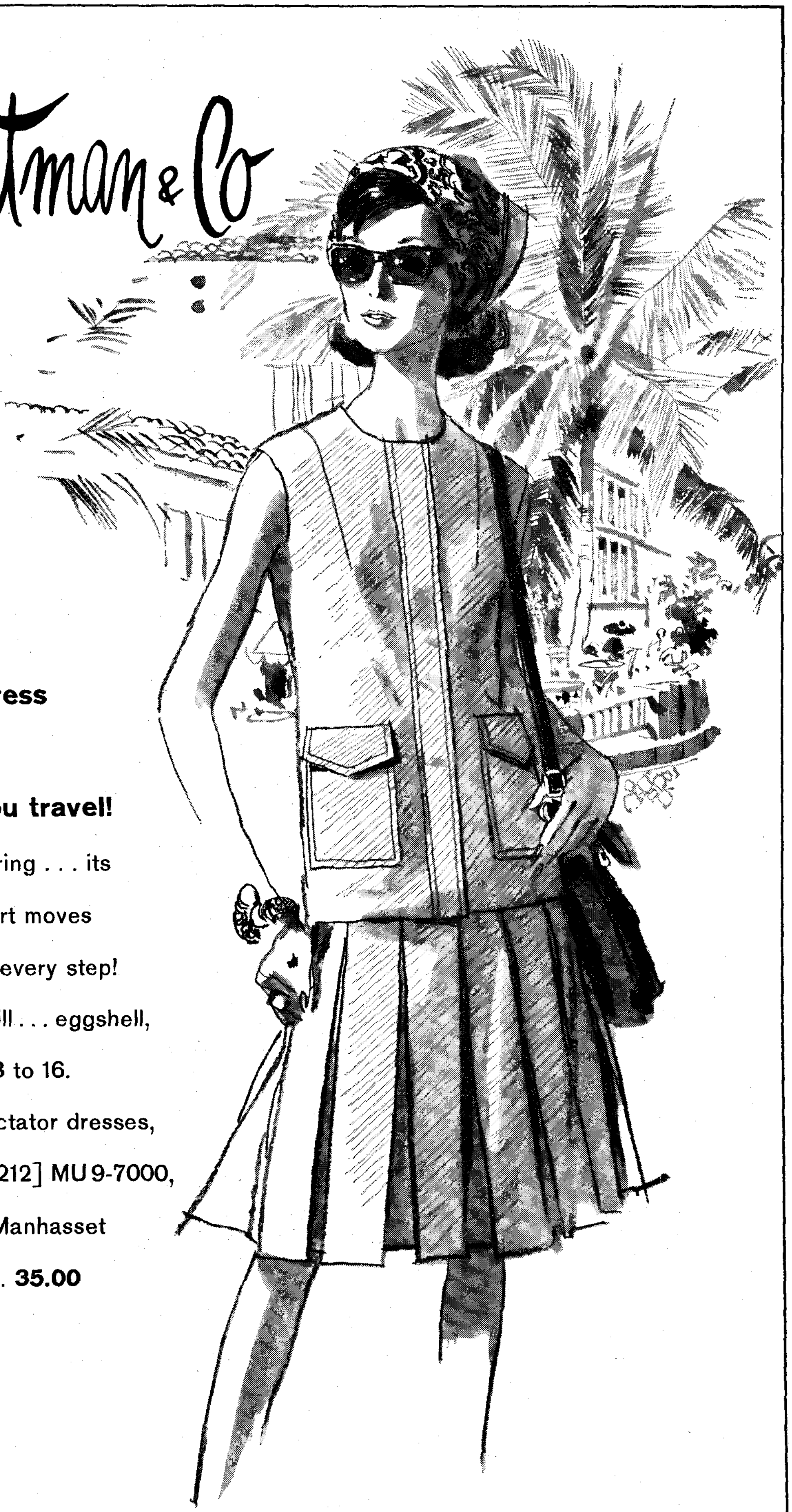
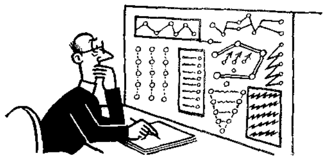


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

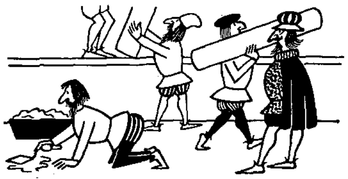
Notes and Comment

WE have long been of the opinion that electronic computers used with liberal doses of common sense and restraint are useful and admirable machines but that electronic computers used *without* common sense and restraint can only get the user into hot water. Consequently, we were attracted by the heading on a recent *Times* story which went, "Computer Deflated on Biblical Finding." Apart from wondering about the theological aspects of the matter, we were curious to find out how one goes about deflating a computer, since most of the computers we have any knowledge of exhibit a monumental indifference to the antics of their users. The answer was soon forthcoming. The Reverend A. Q. Morton, identified by the *Times* simply as a Church of Scotland minister, had used a computer in 1963 to demonstrate that the fourteen Pauline letters of the New Testament were not written by one author. The principle underlying the Reverend Mr. Morton's analysis proved to be very simple. He reasoned that an author's use of words like "but" and "and" must fall into patterns that are characteristic of his literary style, that to learn what these patterns are is simply a matter of counting, and that counting is just what a computer does best. Ergo, the Reverend Mr. Morton's use of the infernal machine. Needless to say, the counting could have been done, much more slowly, by the Reverend Mr. Morton. (We had a college roommate who produced an undergraduate honors thesis in English by making such an analysis of Shakespeare's sonnets. We have forgotten what he was trying to demonstrate, but the room we shared with him was filled with charts and graphs, all of which he had drawn up by hand.) Using his analysis, the Reverend Mr. Morton "proved" that the letters were written by six authors. So the matter rested until this year, when the Reverend John W. Ellison, rector of the Parish of the Epiphany of Winchester, Massachusetts, decided to use the same method to analyze the published writings of the Reverend Mr. Morton. The result was given in the *Times*. He discovered that the patterns in the Reverend Mr. Morton's articles fluctuated "wildly" from place to place, implying that the articles had been written by several Reverend Mr. Mortons. The Rector went on to say that he thought he could "prove" by the same method that "five authors wrote James Joyce's 'Ulysses' and that none of them wrote 'Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.' " Be that as it may, it is clear that the trouble did not lie with the Reverend Mr. Morton's computer. Statistics are a very tricky business, and, as any insurance company knows, become a reliable basis for prediction only if an all but unlimited number of cases are included. (There is the famous example of the disease that strikes only people of fifty. Two cases had been reported—one of a boy of two and the other of a man of ninety-eight.) The wild fluctuations that Dr. Ellison said he found in the word patterns of James Joyce and the Reverend Mr. Morton prove merely that the writings of neither of them are voluminous enough to justify the use of statistical methods in analyzing the author's style. Despite the *Times'* headline, this is not the kind of discovery that is going to deflate a computer.



Wandering Patio

THE most widely travelled patio in town is the Vélez Blanco, or Blumenthal, Patio, a two-story, fifty-three-by-forty-six-foot rectangular courtyard that was recently installed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as the central feature of a new wing, which also houses the Thomas J. Watson Library and the study rooms and exhibition areas of the Departments of Prints and Drawings. The patio was built between 1506 and 1515 as the inner courtyard of a castle erected by Don Pedro Fajardo y Chacón, Marqués of Vélez, in Vélez Blanco, a mountain village near the southeastern coast of Spain. The Fajardos occupied the castle until around 1700, when they became extinct. In 1904, the castle's absentee owners sold the architectural elements of the patio—carved-marble arcades, columns, and window and door frames of an Early Italian Renaissance character—along with other *in-situ* Renaissance carvings, a wooden ceiling, and a couple of doors, to a Paris interior decorator, who moved them by sea, via Marseille, to Paris. In 1912, George Blumenthal, who was building a big, externally austere Italian Renaissance house on the southwest corner of Seventieth Street and Park Avenue, bought the ensemble and had his architect, Goodhue Livingston, set it up as the great central hall of his new home. In 1941, Mr. Blumenthal, who was then president of the Metropolitan Museum and the retired head of Lazard Frères, died, leaving his mansion to the Metropolitan "for the purpose of (a) having my house dismantled, (b) having such of the structural parts of my house as can be advantageously installed in the present buildings of its Museum or in the buildings hereafter to be erected by it transferred to and installed in such buildings, (c) having the rest of the structural parts of my house disposed of in such manner as it may see fit." The house was torn down four years later,



making way for an apartment building, and the Museum saw fit to have the patio disassembled into some two thousand numbered marble blocks and stored in a tunnel in its basement. There this distinguished puzzle languished (although not without hope) until 1963, when it began to take its present form and place.

Its present form reproduces the patio's original aspect more closely than the Park Avenue adaptation did; for example, the three-sided, arched, colonnaded gallery, or balcony, or loggia, of the Livingston-Blumenthal creation has been replaced by the two-sided balcony of the old Fajardo days. "We've tried to make it more like the outdoor court that it was originally," Mr. James J. Rorimer, the director of the Museum, to whom we are indebted for much of the above information, told us when we called on him in his office the other day. "We gave up the wooden *artesonado*, or ceiling, which it had in the Blumenthal house, and have put on a glass roof. Let's take a look at it."

On the way to the patio, Mr. Rorimer said, "In 1930, when I was a young assistant curator, Mr. Blumenthal asked me and one of my colleagues what we thought he should do with his collection and his house. He asked us to write him a one-copy letter—no carbons. I wrote him that if he wanted people to see how he lived, he should keep his collection and his house intact, but preferably the collection should come to the Metropolitan. Well, he didn't like people who were too curious about his house, and his will reflects his decision. He and his wife—now Mrs. Ralph K. Robertson—gave us a fund out of which the reërection of the patio has been financed."

Gaining the patio, which is now lit by daylight (and, on dark days, by fluorescent and incandescent lamps above the glass roof) instead of by a forest of giant candles such as illuminated it in the Blumenthal house, we gazed at its elaborately carved marble—gargoyles, scrolled foliage, coats of arms, griffins, dragons, sphinxes—and learned that the ceilings of its double balcony consist of nineteen hundred sixteenth-century enamelled Seville tiles, taken from the old Myron Taylor house when *it* was torn down, in 1960, and, subsequently, from the Museum's basement. Mr. Taylor was also a trustee of the Museum, so these are, in a way, family *artesonados*. The principal doorway of the patio serves as the principal entrance to the Watson Library (named after another trustee), where, in the main reading room and the periodical room, our guide showed us ninety-six handmade Danish chairs. "I think they're comfortable," he said. "I tried them out in my dining room. The library is the nerve center of the Museum; without it our curators couldn't function. We've just moved a hundred and fifty-five thousand books into its stacks. We spent three years rebinding them. We clean the air in the library four different ways: we filter it mechanically, we wash it with water, we take dust particles out electronically, and we have carbide filters to take out chemicals. Hyatt!"

We were joined by A. Hyatt Mayor, the Curator of Prints, and went on to inspect his new premises, which connect with the patio balcony. There, looking down into the courtyard, which contains statuary and plants, Mr. Rorimer said, "I must have some mimosa sent up from Florida when the weather gets better."

"I saw some plastic mimosa in someone's house the other night that looked remarkably good," Mr. Mayor said.

His chief nodded and, as Mr. Mayor took off in another direction, led us on a lengthy hike through some of the forty-three newly refurbished galleries containing European paintings. At its conclusion, we congratulated Mr. Rorimer on his stamina.

"I wear Army-and-Navy-surplus shoes, which I buy for nine dollars down near Twenty-third Street," he said, showing us a pair of brown boots. "I have a piece of leather tacked onto the front of each sole; it impels you forward. Mrs. Havemeyer once gave me a pedometer, and I found I averaged six miles a day just in the Museum."

After thanking our host, we hobbled to the street.

Private Line

THE recent disclosure that conversations over citizens'-band radios can sometimes be picked up on the audio channels of television sets has prompted a friend to relay to us the following dialogue, which he overheard last week as he settled back to watch a basketball game:

"Hello, Dickie? Can you hear me?"

"Is that you?"

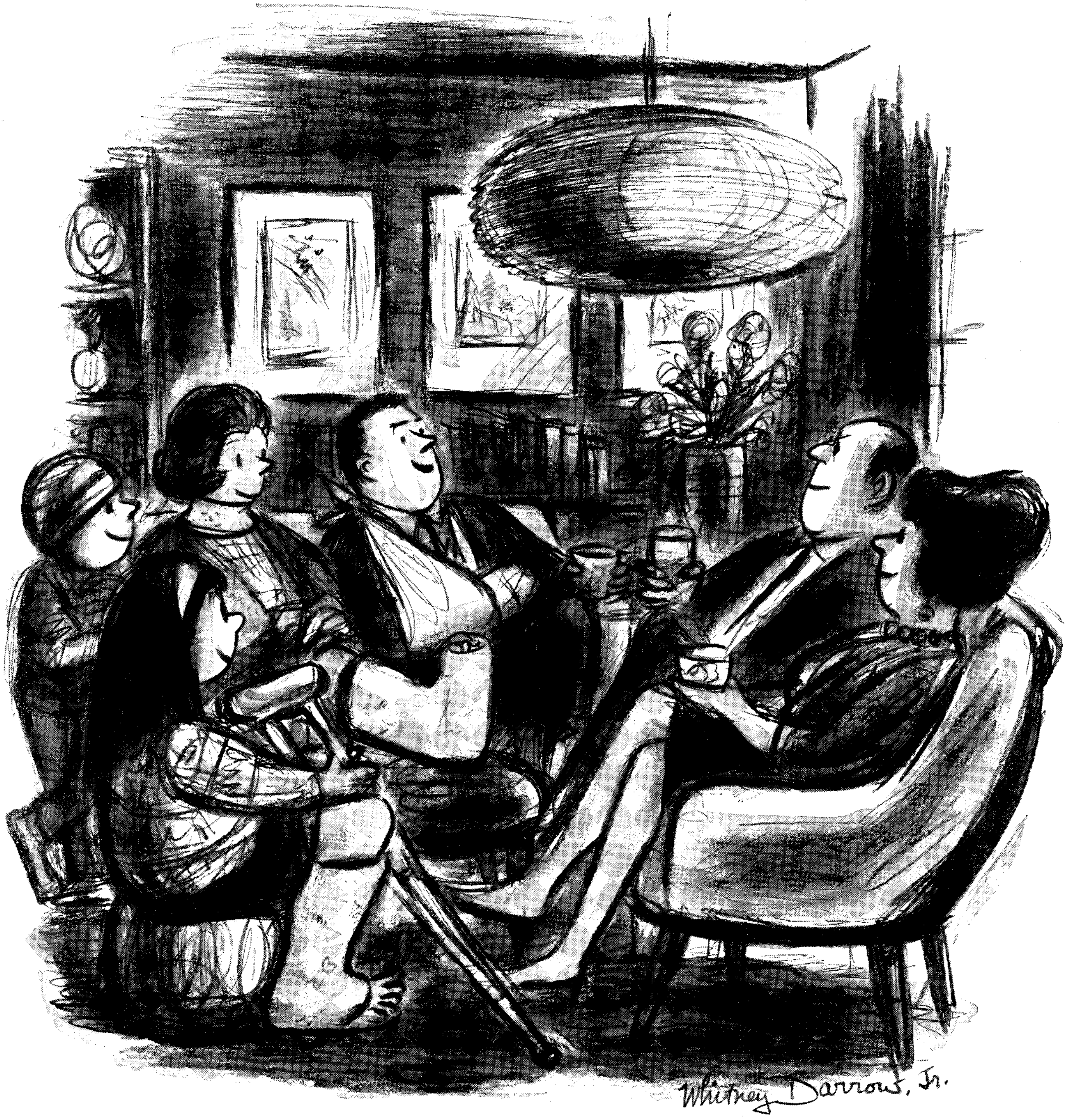
"Yeah. Hey, look, I got something very important to tell you, only it's a secret and you got to promise not to tell anybody. O.K.?"

"O.K. What is it?"

"Not here, dope! Call me up on the telephone. Over and out."

Coach

AMONG the more invigorating all-weather spectacles that have added to Central Park's diurnal delights in the past couple of years are those provided by an energetic young master of hounds named Jim Buck and his dozen young assistants—eight girls and four boys—who, clutching leashes and wearing pocket patches emblazoned "Jim Buck's Dogs," serve as so many ambulatory Maypoles for packs of from five to seven engagingly assorted dogs, enrolled by their owners in the city's only locally and federally registered peripatetic academy devoted to ennobling the character no less than the physique of the Whole Urban Dog. Counting both their morning and their afternoon runs, the handlers, travelling in pairs, escort more than a hundred subscribing dogs, taking them from apartments as far afield as Beekman Place and West End Avenue, through the Park, and home again, for a daily minimum of twelve miles per dog, or twenty-five miles per handler. The routes vary, and, accordingly, the dogs and their handlers are known and cherished on every path from the Pond to Harlem Meer by their fellow Central Park indigenes: the early-morning bird watchers, bike racers, cops, and Commander Whitehead; the later-morning nannies and mummies and tots, landscape painters, Richard Nixon, and film crews and fashion photographers (for whom it is the handlers' policy to pose gratis, when asked, as background effects); the noonday foresters; the afternoon play groups, school dropouts, lovers, pigeon feeders, ball teams, and drifters; and the wild dogs roaming the woodlands near Harlem Meer, and the correspondingly underprivileged "pampered-pet" dogs either tugging or drooping at the ends of leashes held by owners with whom they lack the means to communicate—lack it, that is, until they and their owners find themselves enrolled in special basic-obedience classes with the gregarious, informative, and dedicated Mr. Buck, who is never too busy, even when he is engrossed in coaching enormous hounds in the art of leaping over Park benches, to stop and straighten out the curious on what he is up to.



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We wanted a sport that would bring the whole family together."

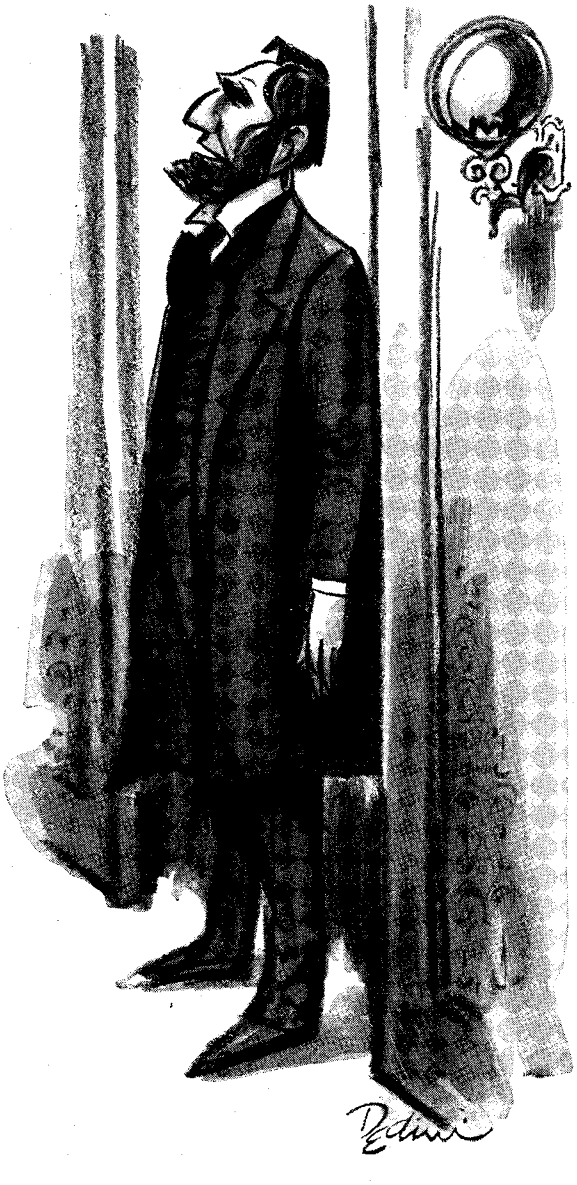
• •

All this we know from having accosted Mr. Buck on a blustery afternoon as he was in the middle of a bench-jumping class beside the Mall. With a ready smile, he informed us that he is thirty-three years old and operates out of a dispatching office in the living room of a brownstone ground-floor-through on Eightieth Street, off Madison Avenue, which he shares with his wife, Ann; their sons Jonathan, Christopher, and Graham, who are aged three years, two years, and five weeks, respectively; their three dogs, Nimble and Lily, who are champion-bred Great Danes, each weighing nearly as much as Buck himself, and Lisa, a five-dollar mixed foxhound-springer spaniel; and a boarder, a beagle named Duke who is afflicted with chronic tonsillitis. The secret of his success in wholesale dog walking, Mr. Buck told us, lies in composing each pack with an eye to balancing the personality differences of the lead dog, the wing dog, the straw boss, and so on. "As long as you never put two identical temperaments in one pack—or rogues or cowards, which we don't accept—there won't be fights, and the dogs will learn from one another, the shy ones coming out of themselves, the skittish and aggressive ones mellowing, and each individual moving to realize his best potential," Mr. Buck said. "Exercise provides sleekness and shiny coats, but it's the grouping that develops civilized attitudes and leads to participation in common problems of cross-country work, jogging, and jumping in a happy, receptive frame of mind; it becomes a way of life."

We asked Mr. Buck how he had got into his own way of life, and learned that it had evolved as the answer to a rather peculiar personal problem—that of a compulsive horse trainer determined to live in the city. "I was born and raised with dogs in an apartment at Park Avenue and Ninety-third Street, but the determining hours of my childhood were spent with uncles and aunts at and around the Ox Ridge Hunt Club, in Darien, where I formed my fundamental orientation to life as a trainer of horses," he told us. "I didn't realize it, though, until I received an invitation to try out for the American equestrian team for the Rome Olympics and had to turn it down. The reason was that by then I had done what was expected of me, and gone to work downtown: first in shipping—I even became president of a junior executives' lunch club, and, on a training tour to Africa, hunted lions with a Great Dane—and then as a vice-president of a tiny electronics firm. Well, it happens that my wife is the daughter of a hotel man, and grew up with dogs in hotel rooms in thirty-eight states, and so Ann and I had dogs, and I discovered soon enough that I preferred walking them and the neighbors' dogs in Central Park to putting on my tie and getting downtown to the office. But it didn't occur to me to go professional and forget about downtown until I stumbled on the realization that a gazehound can be trained exactly like a show horse."

We interrupted to ask what a gazehound might be, and were told that it is a category of dog that hunts by sight, or gazing, rather than by scent, and includes the saluki, the Scottish deerhound, the Irish wolfhound, and the Afghan, to name a few of the varieties prevalent in Manhattan apartments. Mr. Buck resumed, "Big dogs respond and benefit no less than horses to the disciplines of the jumper course and of the whole range of *grand dressage*, the *haute école* of equestrian balance, suppleness, and obedience, which stresses the extending of gaits with varying degrees of animation and with varying balancing movements denoting impulsion. It's like shifting down in a car—or, more exactly, it's like the moment of suspension in a ballet leap, because it's beautiful, and because it's as much an art form as piano or the bullfight—and it's where my heart is." Show dogs, Mr. Buck said regretfully, need learn little more than how to pull against a leash, whereas his students are invited to compete with horses. A particularly successful competitor, we gathered, is a two-year-old champion Great Dane named Honey Hollow Broadway Jim, whom Mr. Buck called "the greatest Great Dane athlete in competition today."

Mr. Buck then told us that word-of-mouth advertising, largely along the East Side dog owners' extensive cocktail route, had recruited his staff of handlers, and that all but one of his girls were former equestriennes who had come to the city to enter such workaday fields as modelling, nursing, airline hostessing, and what Buck called stripping—"a term they use in offset printing for people who strip negatives," he said—and who had since grown too deeply enamored of the horsy approach to dog walking to dream of returning to their indoor occupations.



"Mary, is the twelfth George Washington's birthday or is it mine?"

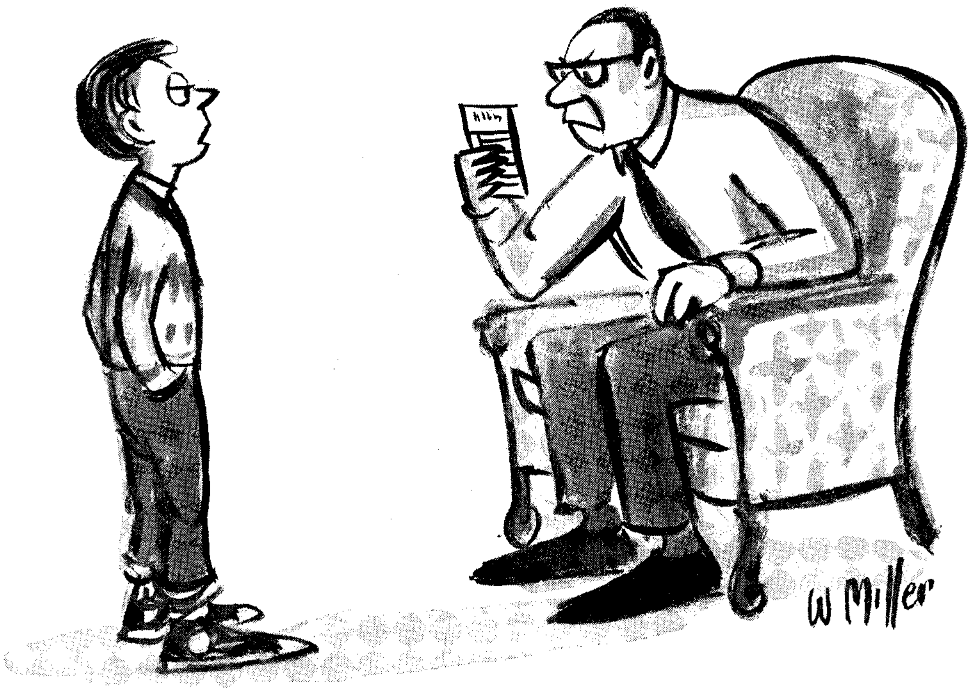
Besides covering their basic twenty-five miles a day, the handlers do administrative work, counsel troubled owners, write and edit a magazine devoted wholly to the problems and interests of urban dogs, escort emergencies to veterinarians and dog beauty parlors, and provide special services for dogs too old or infirm to go the whole route, or even get to the corner and back without being carried part way. "I prefer women as handlers," Mr. Buck told us. "For one thing, they're more certain to react compassionately to dogs who act up, and since we operate exclusively in the public eye, an abusive reflex would be bad public relations as well as bad handling. Our chief tester for prospective handlers is a smart otterhound named Oliver the Awful. Oliver knows when he's testing someone new, and he can be counted on to leap into the first phone booth along the way and slam the door and wedge himself against it. Brute force is of no avail; the only way to get him out is to remain poised and quietly talk him out. A prospect who manages this without any help is qualified."

◆

ACCORDING to the front panels of the cartons they come in, Pop Ris, the Danish version of Rice Krispies, go "*Smager, Knasende, Laekkert.*"

Well-Rounded

ONE morning last week, following the resignation of five members of the World's Fair Finance Committee and the subsequent series of cryptic discussions about the Fair's financial position, we went to the Terrace Club, on the top of the Port Authority Heliport, at the Fairgrounds, for the annual joint meeting of World's Fair members and the World's Fair board of directors. We arrived an hour and a half early, and while the Fair's executive committee met privately somewhere in the building, under the direction of Robert Moses, president of the Fair, and Thomas Deegan, chairman of the committee, and the man then in charge of the Fair's public relations (Mr. Deegan gave up his public-relations job two days later but retained his chairmanship), we stood by a bank of elevators watching feverish preparations for the joint meeting, which was scheduled to start at



"I guess I've been worrying about the Bomb."

eleven o'clock. A dapper man wearing a dark suit emerged from one of the elevators, leading a troop of waiters in white jackets, who were carrying metal stanchions and large ashtrays. "Follow me!" we heard him call as they marched out of sight behind him. A Pinkerton guard shifted from one foot to the other and glanced uncertainly around him as a tall, gaunt, bald man stationed two boys in jackets decorated with gold braid behind a counter, where they were to check coats. The dapper man reappeared, followed by two of his waiters, who were now carrying a vacuum cleaner. One of the elevators delivered a man with a tool kit, who walked over to three public telephones and dusted them. At the large circular bar opposite the elevators, several waiters participated in a roll call of drinks. "Campari?" asked a man reading from a list. "Here!" a waiter answered. Four waiters hurried past us carrying a table set for six, and they were followed by a woman with a military manner, who was instructing a group of girls in the protocol of seating Commissioners, Borough Presidents, Deputy Commissioners, Deputy Borough Presidents, and Mrs. Moses. "And be sure to give everyone a press kit," she ordered. One of the girls handed us a press kit.

We opened the kit and read Mr. Moses' introduction to the latest Fair progress report, in which he made some conditional financial predictions and compared the Fair to a university: "The visitor who gets our Flushing Meadow University catalog in advance and marks his choices will get a well-rounded education for the entrance price of second-rate movies. . . . This is the opportunity of millions to obtain wisdom without pain."

Meanwhile, members and directors of the Fair were checking their coats, receiving their press kits, and being seated, according to protocol, in chairs facing the members of the executive committee, who were seated on a dais. "I sold a lot of Fair notes, and I bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth personally," we heard one man say. Senator Jacob Javits, a director, entered the meeting room, smiling and waving to his fellow-directors. He shook hands with the executive committee and then sat down. Mr. Moses took his seat, and Mr. Deegan called the meeting to order.

As the members and directors looked confidently up at Mr. Deegan, he easily persuaded them to approve the minutes of various meetings held by Fair committees in 1964, to accept the directors' annual report, to stand in silence in memory of directors who had recently died, and to assent to their own election as directors and members for 1965. When it had been agreed to elect Mr. Deegan to succeed himself as chairman of the executive committee, Mr. Deegan announced that Mr. Moses would say a few words.

"I have nothing to add to my introduction to the progress report," Mr. Moses said in a low voice to no one in particular.

"Mr. Moses said that he has nothing to add to his introduction to the progress report," Mr. Deegan told the members and directors. "The next meeting of the board of directors will be held in June," he announced, and added, "Are there any questions?"

Senator Javits raised his hand, and everyone looked anxiously in his direction. "Is there any provision for calling a special meeting of the board if one is required?" the Senator asked.

"Yes," Mr. Deegan said.

Everyone looked relieved.

The meeting was adjourned. Exactly eight minutes and five seconds had passed since the meeting opened. Reporters asked Mr. Moses to add something to his remarks in the introduction to the progress report, which had gone to press a month before. Mr. Moses told them that he doubted whether the Fair would make enough money to return the twenty-four million dollars that the city had advanced against expected profits to make Flushing Meadow Park ready for the Fair, and also whether there would be enough profits for the promised improvements to the park when the Fair was over. Meanwhile, the members and directors were shown to their proper seats in an adjoining room for a preview of "To the Fair!," a half-hour film designed to promote attendance at the Fair this year. Francis Thompson and his associates had produced "To the Fair!," and done so in the same cheerful spirit that marked their previous film, "To Be Alive!," which was shown at the Johnson's Wax Pavilion in 1964. At the end, the audience applauded Mr. Thompson's work and then went into the bar for drinks. During lunch, the members and directors were serenaded by a small strolling combo playing and singing executive-committee favorites like "Hello, Dolly!," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and a catchy tune in which one of the rhymes was "roses" and "Moses."

Brief Encounter

A YOUNG lady we know entered an automatic elevator at the twelfth floor of the office building where she works, and found herself alone with a tall, well-dressed young man who was tapping one foot in time to music coming from the elevator's loudspeaker. As the door closed, the fellow suddenly smiled pleasantly and asked, "Would you care to dance?" Our friend shrugged and answered, "All right." They did a few turns around the car, and upon reaching the lobby they nodded to each other and went their separate ways.

LES ENFANTS DU THALIA

I'M always tempted to karate-chop Bennington girls, but never this much.

"You're putting me on," Bobbie is saying. "Nobody takes 'The Maltese Falcon' seriously."

"It's the greatest achievement in cinematic history," I say.

"You don't mean that."

"The hell I don't. How much greater can you get than when Greenstreet says to Bogie, 'I like a man who likes to talk' and laughs that all-time great chuckle of his. That's *ambiguity!*" I am halfway furious. "Of course, you prefer 'Woman in the Dunes' and all her sand."

Bobbie smiles (more of a smirk, really), seeing me lose my cool. She taps ash from her cigarette, missing the tray. Sarah Lawrence girls miss the tray, too, but it embarrasses them; Bennington girls don't care.

"I'm not knocking 'The Falcon,'" she says. "It's fun and I love it dearly. John Huston can be terrifically amusing and Bogie is Bogie, but it's entertainment, not art. Understand? It's the difference between a movie and a *film.*"

Huston, Bogie, and I hate to be patronized. I read aloud from "Agee on Film"—the part about "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," the second-greatest film ever made. It does no good. She continues to smirk, sitting on her tucked-under legs, with ash on her Aran Islands sweater.

"Agee was a sweet man and I loved him dearly, but his tastes weren't exactly cosmopolitan, were they?" She squeezes my knee, very friendly. "I think Huston is very good, too. It's not his fault he's not Kurosawa."

I will never pick up another girl at the Thalia.

"It's the basic superiority of the Oriental mind. They have this tremendous dramatic sense because their myths are still intact. Add that to their incredible visual gifts and their films have to be, simply *have* to be, superior to Huston's. And those actors! My God, you can't help making a great film with Shimura and Mifune."

"Bogie and Lorre are better."

"You don't mean that. They're terrifically amusing but not major. You can't compare them with Mifune, can you? His bandit in 'Rashomon' is classic, simply classic. And I've seen 'The Seven Samurai' seventeen times just for him."

That's nothing. I've seen "The Falcon" thirty-one times at the New Yorker alone.

"It slays me to know how much I'm missing because the Japanese frame of reference is so far outside our own. Not because of the language barrier, either. 'L'Avventura' was accessible, very accessible, to me, and my Italian is woefully minimal, but the Japanese myths are so different from ours except in 'Ikiru.' Death is very accessible culturally."

Enough is enough. I say, "Kurosawa is a slant-eyed Mervyn LeRoy and Toshiro Mifune is a scurvy Robert Taylor."

Bobbie hits me as hard as she can with "Agee on Film." Right in the nose. Blood all over me, the coffee table, and the rug, which is already stained by her undisciplined Siamese cat. I moan and groan, not from the pain but with the effort not to karate-chop her. Dignified though bleeding, I put on my early Warner Brothers trenchcoat and leave with a handkerchief wadded to my nose. She'll never know how close she came. I am almost a black belt.

IT is 4 A.M., and West Seventy-second Street is deserted except for a heavy rain. I stagger through puddles, ready to fall face down in the gutter, while the background music swells and "The End" appears on my back.

Fingers touch my sleeve. Bobbie says, "Listen, I really am sorry."

I continue eastward without a word. She walks beside me, afraid to speak because I'm irritated, and there's nothing more dangerous than an irritated black belt. As it is, she's on the verge of getting the edge of my murderous hand. We pass the Dakota, which has seen better years and movies, and I start down into the IND station.

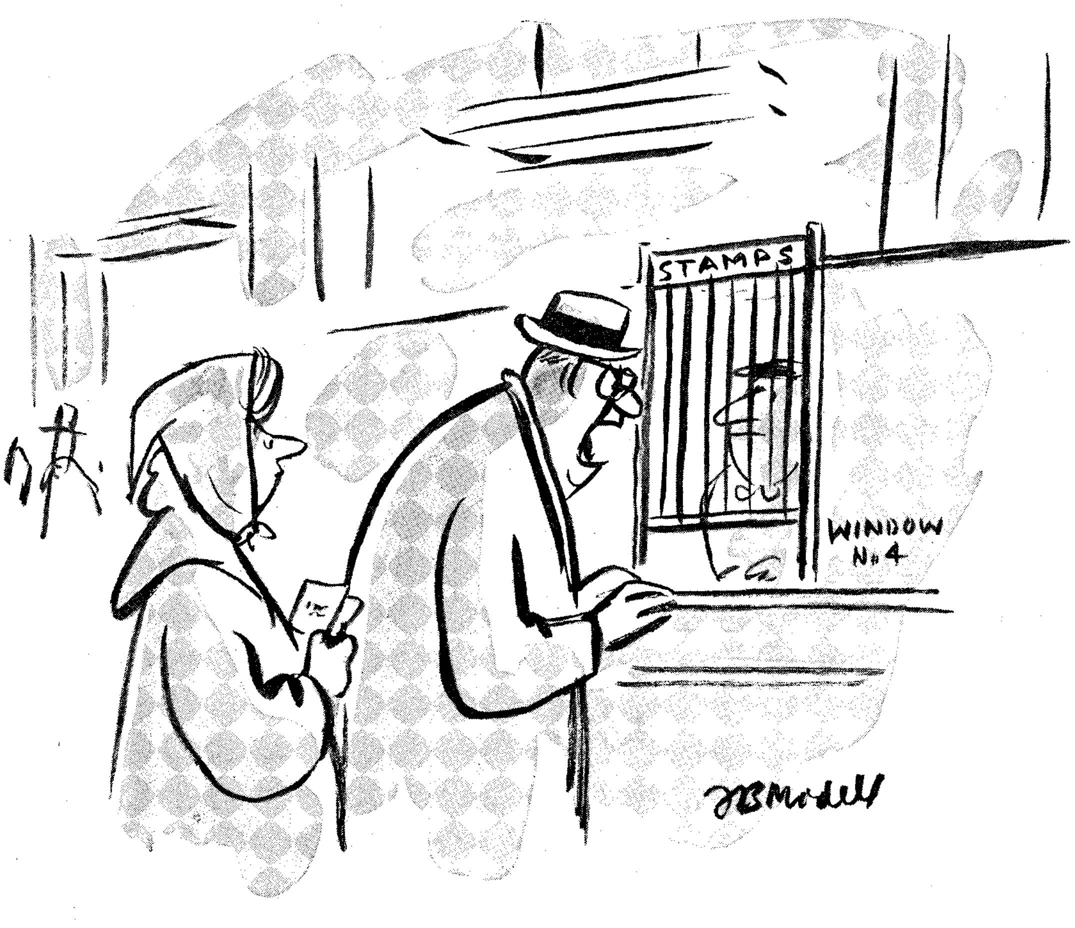
"Please come back and let me fix your nose," she pleads.

"You've already fixed it pretty good."

"I couldn't help it. I have this very protective thing about Mifune and Kurosawa."

"Remember Pearl Harbor," I say, and leave her to the rain.

The Negro change attendant gives me a token, and

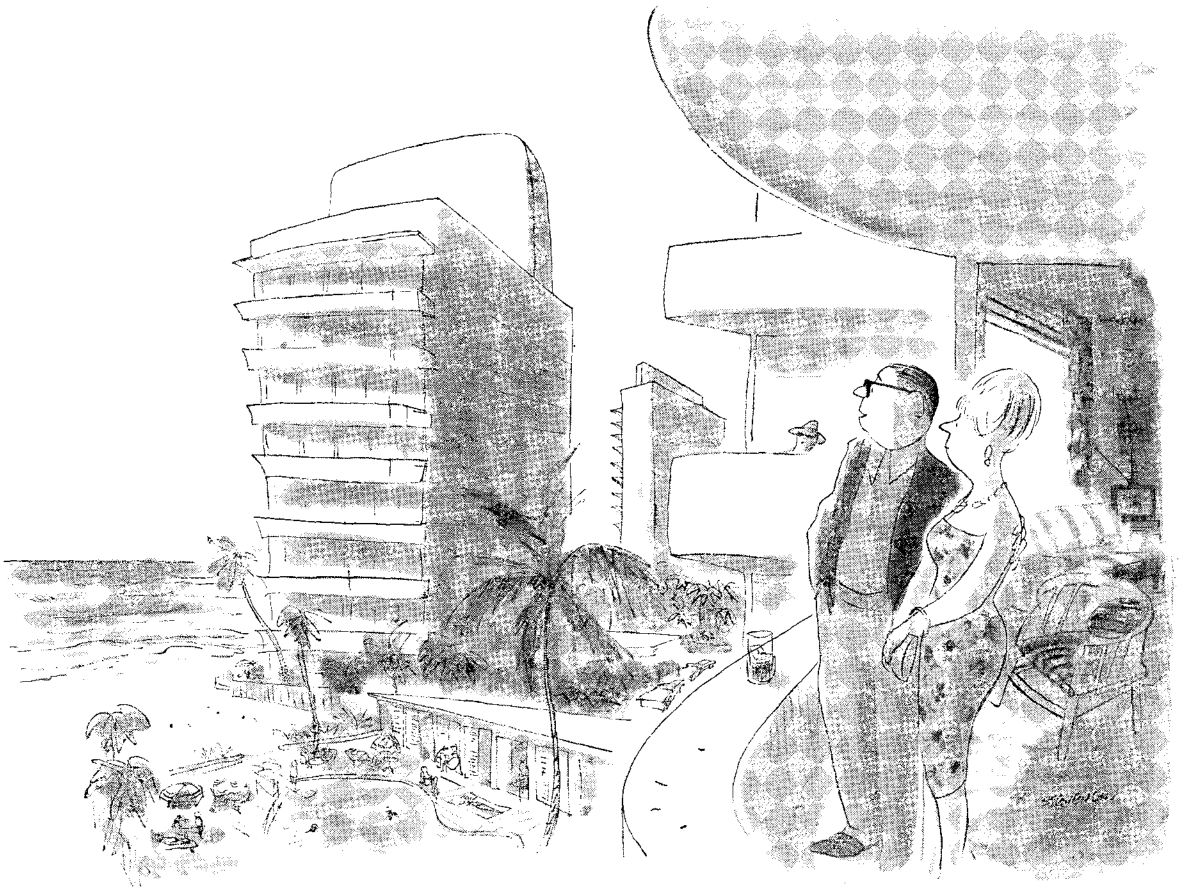


"Two fives, and none of your la-di-da commemoratives."

my bloody handkerchief a glance. He's interested but not surprised; this is the West Side. I leave him to his transistor radio and go to the downtown platform. It is empty but dangerous. Only nine blocks away, in the Museum of Natural History, the dinosaurs sleep in bony splendor, fleshing themselves out in their dreams. Show me something that dreams, I'll show you something dangerous. I lean against a gum machine, which is out of Dentyne.

Footsteps. Bennington girls can't take a hint. "The only reason I came after you in the first place was to give you this," Bobbie says coldly and hands me "Agee on Film." "There can't be too many morocco-bound copies around."

"Not blood-splattered ones," I say sharply.



"As often as I come here, I never cease to be awed by the eternal sea pounding ceaselessly at the shore, just as it has for untold eons."

• •

She's looking everywhere except at my bloody-handkerchiefed nose. "If it's broken, I'll pay the medical expenses."

"You can afford to. You samurais make good loot." She's about to lose her cool. "In fact, you and Mifune make so much it looks like you could both afford to shave."

Bobbie touches her upper lip. "You are rotten, simply rotten."

"Because I object to having my nose broken?"

"It's what you deserve for insulting a person's cultural totems."

"What about *my* cultural totems?"

"Huston and Bogie aren't cultural totems, they're just symbols of a childish fantasy world that is intrinsically homosexual."

I start to give her "Agee on Film" right in the mouth, but she catches my elbow, slips a foot behind my ankle, and butts me in the chest. The concrete is very hard.

"Stay in that dream world. You're too weak to be major, just like Bogie and Lorre were." She is looming over me. "A lot of talk and poses, but underneath there's nothing but pulpy custard."

Bobbie turns to walk away. She should know better; it's suicide to turn your back on an irritated black belt. I charge quietly. While completing the arc after her hip roll, I understand for the first time Borgnine's feelings when Spencer Tracy, with only one arm, massacred him near the end of the neo-classic "Bad Day at Black Rock." The concrete is very hard.

"You provoked me," Bobbie says, and walks out of my life. She'll never know how close she came.

I BUMP into the Negro change attendant just outside the swinging door. Seeing more blood, he asks what happened. I explain it's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory, a case of do or die—and go up into the rain.

My bleeding nose has weakened me and her hip roll has bruised my left knee. After only two blocks, I am face down in the gutter, wondering if this is the end of little Rico. As water fills my ear, I realize I am not alone; two men stand on the curb above me. One is very fat; the other small, with odd, protuberant eyes.

"By Gad, sir, that was marvellous," says the fat man. "You're a man after my own heart. Make no mistake about it."

"But I failed. And after what she said about Bogie . . . "

"We took care of her," says the little man, who smells strongly of gardenia. "The fool, thinking she could say that! The little fool!"

"Be calm, Joel," says the fat man. "A gentleman is always calm."

"But it was my responsibility," I say.

"Better and better. I like a man who knows his responsibilities." The fat man gives his familiar chuckle. "You'll do, sir. Yes, indeed you will." He helps me up and then steps back, thumbs hooked in the pockets of his vest. "Now, I ask you, sir, man to man—are you with us?"

"I've always been with you."

We walk north on Central Park West, and I listen closely as the fat man gives me his latest information on the falcon. —GENE WILLIAMS

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Mrs. Duncan also has denied any part in the MacAbre plot.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Well, the Duncans and the MacAbres have always been at it.

THE CARP

HOW many hours I wasted today! My chapter of the semi-annual report, due half an hour ago, is not yet complete. But then, the Institute workmen who have been heaving snow and prying ice off the roof directly over my head since noon have only just packed up. This is my last cigarette. When it is gone, I will finish the final page, because it is nearly six and Nikolai Petrovich is expecting me for our weekly chat. The nursery school has let out. I hear the children, but since the entrance is directly beneath this window, I cannot see them as their mothers collect them and lead them home. From my office window, I can look out over the Neva and across to the Fortress of Peter and Paul. The frozen river winds through and about Leningrad, gathering the city into her icy arms. Every day of the year, I cross from one shore to the other at least four times. When spring comes and the Neva opens up, I watch eagerly for the first chubby tug that sprints upriver, dodging among the floes, on its way to collect a raft of logs from Lake Ladoga. I have swum in this river, summers, when she was none too fragrant. I have reeled up sluggish carp from beneath her rain-swollen current and examined (with utmost care) the rock beneath Pushkin's horseman for the shadow line traced upon it by floodwaters of the past. Once (before we were married), dead-drunk and on a dare, I rowed Vera safely across in the middle of the night.

The same Neva waters that lapped my earliest dreams still ring the islands of my memory. My father, Lev Konstantinovich, was a founding member of St. Petersburg's famous Polar Bear Club. How I shuddered, as a small boy, each time he lowered himself down through the square jaws I had helped him hack open in the ice. I can still see that black water sliding over his kneecaps, rising around his breast, his neck. And when he vanished underneath, I always held my own breath, terrified that this time he might dive too deep beneath the packed and plated ice, lose his bearings, fail to recover the only exit. I often wish I had a son of my own, for then I could tell him about his grandpa, the polar bear, who, when he died, was buried at sea. When I die, I really would like to be floated out with the Neva's tide and buried at sea, as my father was. Nowadays, you never hear of Russians being committed to the deep. Perhaps my father was among the last of our countrymen to be accorded that signal honor.

Beneath a mercifully silent roof, I had at last begun to make the final entries of my report—livestock production figures from the Collective Farm of the Red Banner—only to have my chief, Ivan Ivanich Zverin, with whom I share this office, come bustling in to collect his folders and engage me in still another of those senseless arguments that characterize most of our conversation. It became an exchange of nonsense, which ended abruptly with Zverin slamming out of the room. But not before he had hurled in my face an old, accusing question. "Now, tell me exactly, Dmitri Lvovich," he said spitefully, "what sort of a fellow are you?"

He had stopped beside my desk to observe—for the sixth time in two days—that the report on the past six months proved conclusively that the hens situated in the Leningrad district were outlaying practically every other poultry collective in the Soviet Union; that despite the loss of more than three hundred thousand hens during the Fascist blockade there were again enough eggs to feed ourselves, with some left over for shipment to Moscow. "I tell you, Dmitri Lvovich, we have overcome," he said passionately, "I repeat, *overcome* the disaster of the Fascist decimation of Leningrad Region's laying population! There are eggs enough for all!"

It never seemed to puzzle him that there was rarely an egg to be had along the Nevsky Prospekt between December and March. I said, "Congratulations, Ivan Ivanich. Still, conceivably there is another explanation."

"Another? How *other*?" He scowled. He clasped his folders tighter, as though he feared I might leap up and wrench them from his hands. He said, "They raise the norm, and still we turn out eight percent more eggs for two successive quarters. Let us take the facts." He grabbed some papers from their folder. "Eight percent more eggs from a laying population depleted by over three hundred thousand! Those are the facts!"

"And still there is one other fact, Ivan Ivanich."

"Very well. Out with it. I can tell. You're simply too pleased with yourself"—which was not the case at all—"so I'll ask. Dmitri Lvovich, university graduate, master of logic, what is it that I have ignored, hmm?"

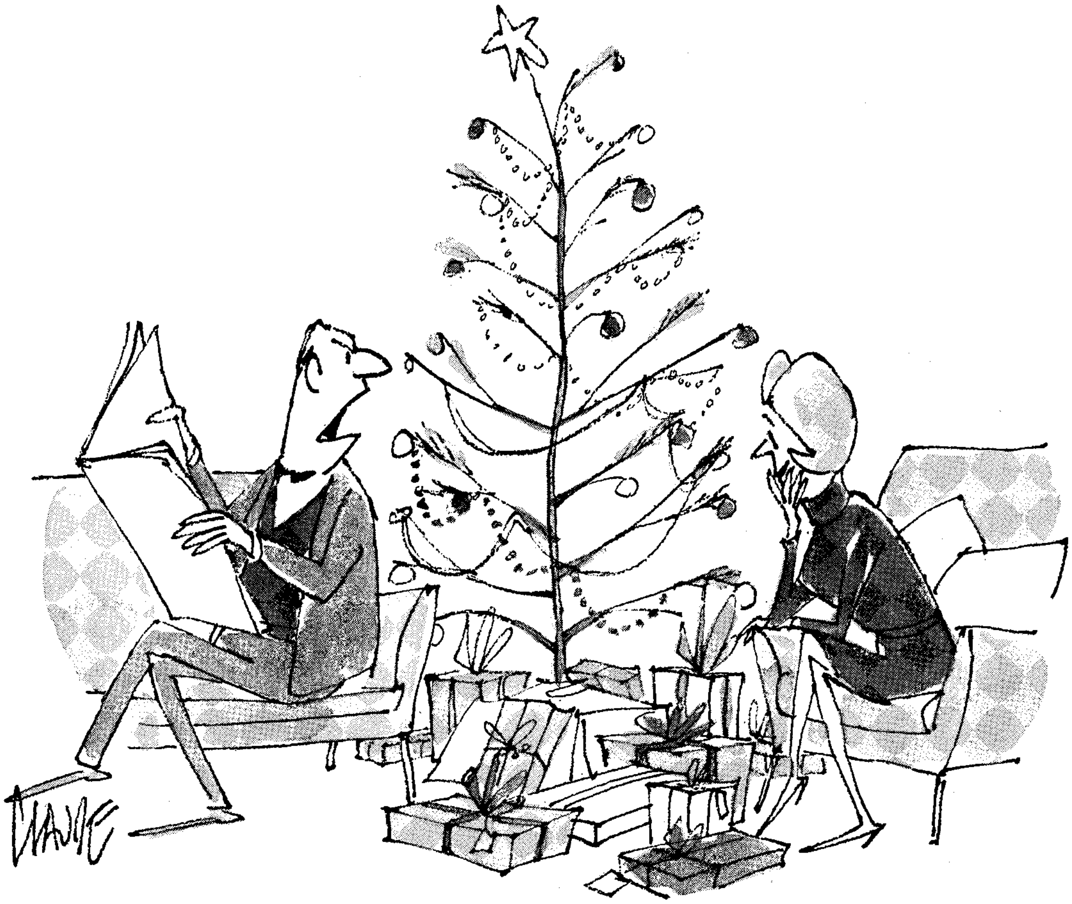
"The civilian population of Leningrad, Ivan Ivanich—"

"Well?"

"—was also decimated to the tune of almost six hundred and fifty thousand souls by the same Fascist enemy."

It was then that he grew red in the face, narrowed his eyes, and said, "Tell me. Now, tell me exactly, Dmitri Lvovich, what sort of a fellow are you?"

He did not wait for an answer.



"Well, I'll bet some people are beginning to wonder about those thank-you notes."

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He fled from the office and banged the door shut after him—banged it so hard that it sent a current of air through the room, lifting several papers from the shelf above his desk. As they floated down, I noticed that the spot on the wall where he rests his pomaded head when he thinks had begun to enlarge. Recently, he had shifted his desk a bit to the left. Before that, the stain was not unlike a horse's head in shape. Now, day by day, it is transforming itself, coming to resemble the outline of the Crimea, complete with the little knob of land on which Sevastopol is situated. I have observed that only one element of Ivan Ivanich Zverin's general composition varies. That is the pomade he uses. Always he wears the same blue serge suit, linty at the shoulders, shiny in the seat, the pin of the agronomists' institute that produced him forever glowing like a clove of mottled garlic on his left lapel. He does not change the rhythm in which he drums with the fingers of his right hand when he is nervous. And ever since I have shared an office with him, he has persisted in the habit of closing one eye before he puts to you a question whose answer he already knows. It is as if he intended to get you clearly framed in his sights. That much of Zverin is constant. But the pomade he uses on his graying hair changes with the season. I can always be certain that spring has arrived by the odor from Ivan Ivanich Zverin's head.

For Zverin, life is simple, statistical, and, for the present, based on the fertility of hens. When the hens under his jurisdiction are laying well, the weather is to his liking, sleet or shine. He even has a kind word for me and his other co-workers. When too many of the hens molt at once, when they fall below their average and offer a threat to the norm, he becomes an inconsolable brute. I should hate to be his wife or child at such times. He is building a career for himself—an empire whose foundations are erected on the eggs of Leningrad's hens. Sometimes I envy him his ambition.

I began mechanically to complete the last page of my report, only to be startled by the door flying open. Zverin had returned. To receive an answer to his question? No, only to add in a surly tone, "Be so good as to have your report in Dobrinin's office within the hour." Before he closed the door again, he gave me a wild look, as if the magnitude of the question he had put to me had finally impressed even him.

WHAT sort of a fellow am I? Not the first time the question has been put—oh, no. Such invitations to examine the manner of my own nature trail behind me as far back as I can remember. Like the flame-red banners, slogan-heavy and dusty, that hang in our Institute, the question festoons, at irregular intervals, the corridors of my memory. Years ago, when I took a course in geography at the university, I had a dream. I was drifting on Lake Chad in a flat, mud-lined craft into whose bottom a glass window had been set. As I pressed my nose to it, eager to see the wonders gliding beneath, it burst and we started to sink. And as the water bubbled up, muddy and malodorous, the pilot demanded to know what sort of a fellow I was to do a thing like that.

Even as a schoolboy, I had something about me that invited controversy and upset my instructors. I was not a bad student. I adored languages. Yet I used to fall asleep in French class, although French was my best subject. Finally, the principal of the Gymnasium sent a note to my mother imploring her to show me to a specialist. As it turned out, I possessed a marvellously low metabolism. "Like a carp, Madam," the specialist told my distressed mother. "This child has the metabolism of one of our northern carp. I should not be astonished were you to tell me that he tends to hibernate in winter."

"But he is always so obedient," said my mother, not really knowing what to offer in my defense.

"I'm sure he is. I'm certain of it. Undoubtedly the low metabolism is a phase the child will outgrow."

"Oh, thank you," said my mother. Then I was sent from the room while the doctor and my mother had a consultation.

The "child," who was then eight, was perplexed by the suggestion—no doubt a form of medical jest—that he shared certain characteristics with a fish. On the ride home, I poked my hand inside my mother's sealskin muff and asked, "Mama, is it possible for fish to hibernate?"

She looked at me and asked sadly,

THE FALL

Where are you going that I want to go?
You have disappeared where I cannot follow.
There are new ghosts that come by daily.
Evening snow is coming down slowly.

Now I am staying where I always stay,
Between the truth's twilight and the half lie,
Which are the same and not the same, oddly.
Evenly snow is coming down slowly.

Did I ever tell you what I meant to say?
Or was I silent as this snowfall? Was I?
How can I take your sudden darkness lightly?
Heavily snow is coming down slowly.

The world is being shut away now. Surely
You felt what I felt. Lately, early
In the morning you rise up from the earth. Unearthly,
Heavenly snow is coming down slowly.

—Howard Moss

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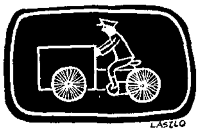
"Mitya, what sort of a boy are you?"

I couldn't answer. Certainly I have never bothered to answer any of the others who have put the question to me. Yet to be asked it by a man like Zverin (of whom I could willingly have asked the same question) was, I confess, upsetting. Perhaps his inclusion of the word "exactly," a sharp-toothed reminder that life can be delineated in figures and with the aid of decimal points—perhaps that was what got to me, set me worrying. And maybe the time has come for the question to have an answer. Goodness, not for the sake of the Zverins! Even if I had straightened up and said, "Well then, Ivan Ivanich, if you really care to know, I am the sort of fellow who when he has lost one glove will jealously guard the mate for years. . . . But let us go back—far, far back—to the days when my father, the explorer and archeologist Lev Konstantinovich, had just returned from Kamchatka with a collection of mesolithic burins and scrapers wrapped in a swatch of blue chiffon. . . ."

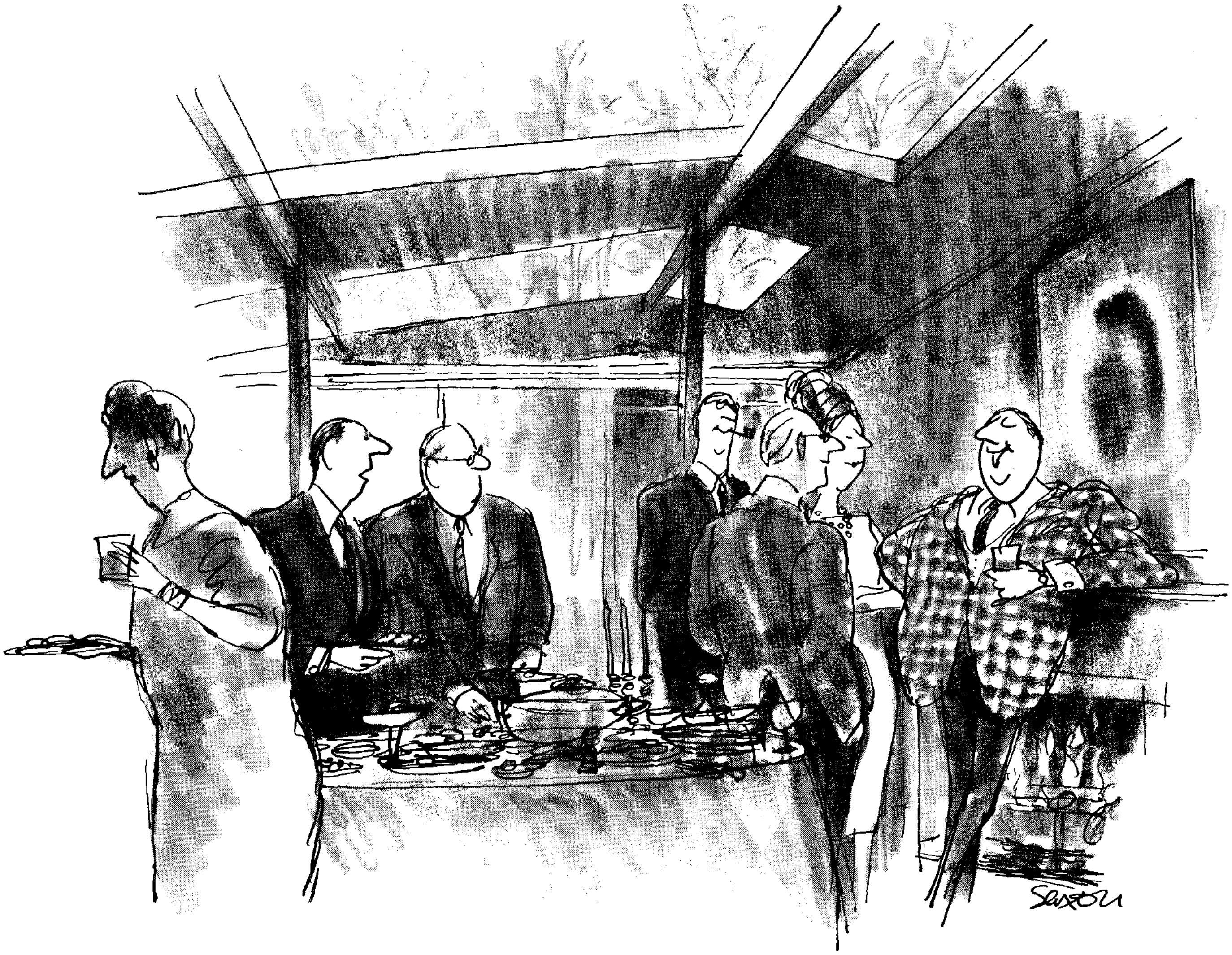
Nonsense. Zverin does not want answers; they could not satisfy his curiosity, which is really the malicious hope that the mystery he finds in my nature is rooted in some outlandish organic disorder. His father was a railway clerk in the Ryazan. No mysterious lady ever bade *him* a tearful farewell on the shore of the Bering Sea or rewarded his ardor with a pledge of blue chiffon! Only through indifference to honor could I answer a Zverin. To one man alone do I owe an answer, and I am that man: Dmitri Lvovich Gladkov, fifty-nine years of age, and unable to account to himself for himself.

While such uncertainties might make some men desperate, I have learned to live with them. Is that a clue? Could it be that my piscine metabolism (Ah! the value, the unsuspected nourishment, of a stranger's labored witticism!) protects me from psychic harm? I have a quixotic mind. And yet certain facts, once they have been bedded down in my brain, possess a life of their own. Like seeds scattered willy-nilly over the soil, a few always sprout and flower whether you tend them or not. Set such a mind in such a body (very pale flesh, heavy upper trunk, a runner's legs, although as a child I never did more than play a bit of soccer) and you are bound to produce paradoxes and collisions. What sort of fellow are you, Dmitri Lvovich—tell *me* exactly. The sort of fellow who comes up with nothing but absurd and fragmentary answers to that very question. If there is a danger, it lies right there. My mind? I suspect it of cherishing a disproportionate regard for the inconsequential. That does not hinder me in my work. Good enough mind for that. Anyway, what sort of mind is required to realize that the poultry population restores itself more swiftly than the civilian one? Never fear, my report will be in on time and deadly accurate—mortar for the building blocks of Zverin's arid empire.

As always, the answers of greatest moment dangle from threads of detail apparently too gossamer to support a turnip's weight. (Something is connected up in me by a single thread of chiffon. And it holds. It holds.) Take the instance of the lost glove. Being lost, the vanished glove is no less real than when I wore it on my own left hand. And I was sincere when I said—or could have said—I'd guard its mate for years. Why not be done with it after a reasonable time? Maybe out of some uneasy feeling that on the very next day after I did away with the remaining glove its mate would be turned in at the checkroom of the Moscow Station. I am almost sure that's where I dropped it. In that station, midway along our Nevsky Prospekt, while I was waiting for Vera, my wife, to return from a journey one snowy night last winter. No, that is not why; I can only suggest that I possess a talent for faithfulness. Yes, even to useless objects. To put it more severely, I find that I display a delicacy of feeling for trivia.



I have suffered considerable abuse for the sake of that orphaned glove. I know it—and its forsaken mate—by heart, in every detail. Rumanian by origin, suède on the outside, russet brown when new, and fleece-lined within. There is now a small abrasion, a tear in the seam of the little finger. During the early part of the winter, I went about with my left hand shoved into my overcoat pocket. I held the rail in trams always with the right, the gloved hand. Occasionally, there was embarrassment on that score. My own reflexes betrayed me. The moment that required most careful maneuvering and control always came when I was on my way home for lunch, crossing the Builders' Bridge. At twelve exactly, the cannon fires from the ramparts of Peter and Paul, and almost everyone on the tram glances at his watch. It is an automatic response to the thunderous boom. (Although I once observed a man duck down—an ex-soldier, perhaps, whose viscera had never been quite purged of war.) As the moment approached, I always went on guard in the swaying, crowded car lest that naked hand snake into view. Once, I was caught out. Before I could recover the safety of my pocket, a little boy sitting with his mother pointed straight at me and bellowed, "Mama, Mama, look at funny uncle! Only one glove!" At his invitation, people turned to stare. The woman standing in front of me actually stooped down to see if I hadn't dropped the other glove, afraid she might tread upon it. I hurriedly confessed that I had only one glove, and she looked at me in a rather unpleasant



"On the other hand, isn't naturalness the greatest affectation?"

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manner. The child, delighted at the commotion he had caused, added, "Look at funny Uncle One Glove!" The other passengers laughed and made remarks. I tried to smile at the child, as though I, too, considered him frightfully clever—yes, and to show them all that I was not put out. But the boy simply gaped at me and dribbled a bit from one side of his mouth, until his mother, on the pretext of adjusting his coat collar, jerked his head around. Who knows? Maybe people nowadays believe only madmen go about with one glove when it is minus seventeen. And that it is harmful for a child to observe too closely the faces of such persons. After all, what kind of a fellow is it who, apparently well dressed in other respects, does not hurry out and purchase a new pair of gloves? Fortunately, I was standing near the door. I got off at the next stop.

FOR over a year now, I have called regularly, once a week, to learn from Nikolai Petrovich whether there has been any news of my lost glove. My friendship with the guardian of the Moscow Station checkroom is founded on mutual understanding. Often when I have all but abandoned hope, he has rescued me. Only last Thursday, for instance, it was he who reminded me of the meaning of devotion. He looked pale and had a hacking cough. I insisted on going to the pharmacy to get him a powder, but he would not permit it, saying he would far rather spend the time in conversation. I was in a low mood myself. Seeing his genuine discomfort made me feel ashamed. He is an old man. His eyes are poor and he does not shave every day. But then his job does not require it. He once knew French, and we employ a French phrase now and again. So I smiled and said, "Well, my dear Nikolai Petrovich, any news of the poor *victime perdue*?"

He brightened immediately, but he shook his head. "Ah, Dmitri Lvovich, *elle est perdue encore*. But don't abandon hope. Believe me, I know how tender one becomes toward a scarf, a pair of gloves." He used his thumbs to clean the lenses of his steel-rimmed spectacles. "Isn't it amazing, the way we come to cherish a single glove, the gift from one who loved us—a dear mother, perhaps."

"Do you know, Nikolai Petrovich, that may be it!"

"Eh? What?" He is a little hard of hearing.

"I say, that may be the reason why I keep the poor glove alive, in memory at least. And why I cling so fondly to this poor bereaved mate." I held up the right glove. We both gazed at it. "It's all too likely that, once, my mother gave me a pair of furry winter gloves. And I, the thoughtless child—"

"You lost one glove!"

"I lost one glove. How deeply that loss must have troubled me."

"So deeply that you search for it still," he said.

"If you're right, do you see what we've gone and done? Just now?"

"No. What have we done?" He looked at me anxiously. Then he said, "Tell me what it is we've done."

"We've buried it forever, that first lost glove. The little riddle I never even knew to be a riddle—it's solved. So this other glove no longer matters. It may just as well stay lost."

"Oh, you're wrong there, Dmitri Lvovich! How wrong you are! That's the sort of modern nonsense you read about these days. *La pauvre victime*—"

"As far as I'm concerned, she can stay lost."

"And loyalty?"

"Goodness, whatever has loyalty to do with it?"

"To an old friend? Yes, and affection for one who has seen you through bad times?" He was quite angry. I was afraid I had hurt his feelings.

"Dear, dear Nikolai Petrovich, I'll still come to visit *you*," I said quickly. "Do you think for one moment—"

"I didn't mean me. I meant old friend glove. Hasn't she any claim on you, now that she's in distress? Oh, *c'est vilain, ça!*"

He was right, of course. I blushed and told him so. Actually, I was delighted not to abandon hope. Reassured, Nikolai Petrovich took up from where I had interrupted him. And the strange thing was that, dredging for a memory of what had never really happened, he provided me with a link to the real truth.

"As I was saying, if not a gift from your dear mother, then from some gracious lady—one from whom we were separated by destiny?" He smiled shyly. "Of course, I would not pry. You know that."

"But you may be right, Nikolai Petrovich. Destiny, yes. Or great distances. Either can be final."

"Say from here to Moscow? Such a distance?"

"Oh, farther, farther."

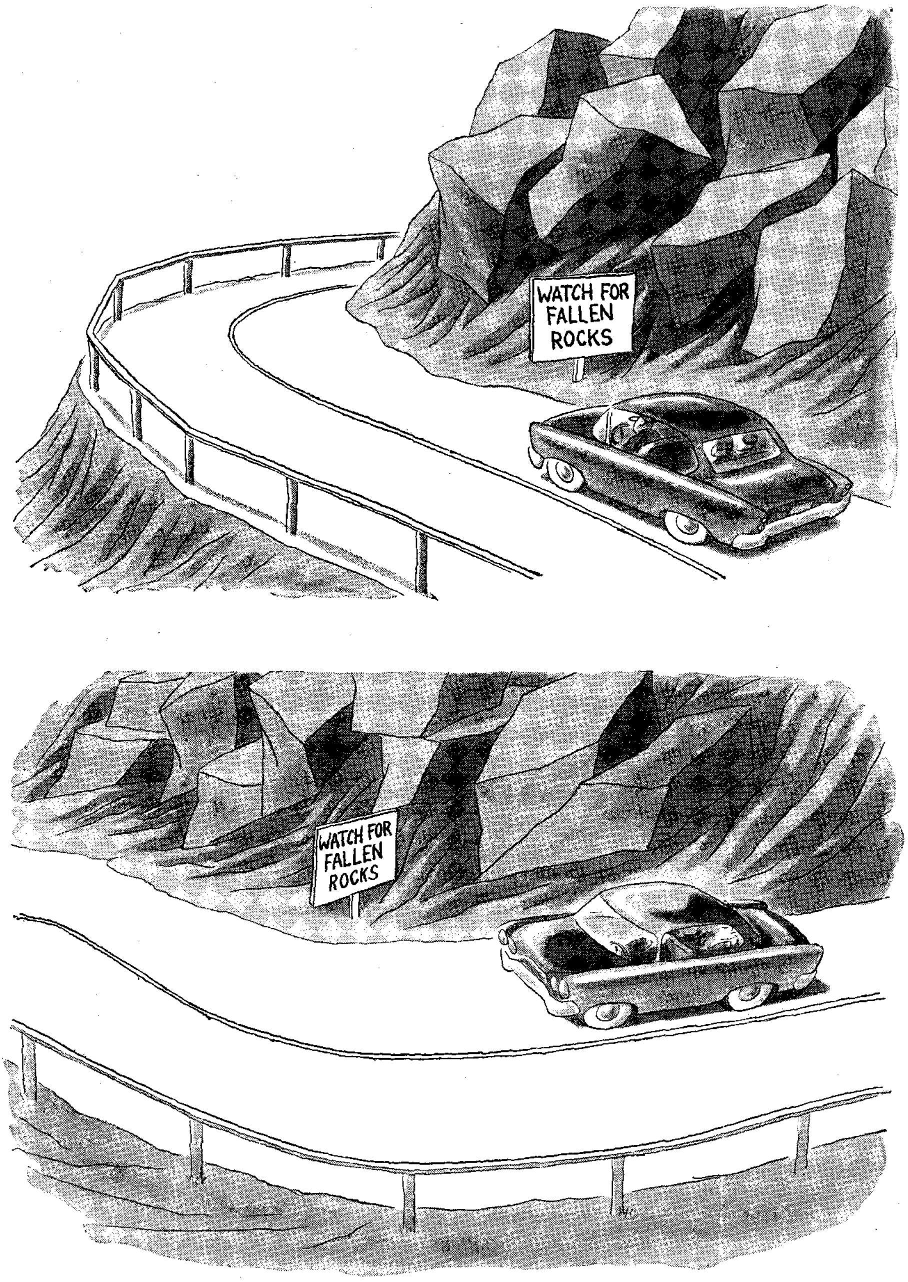
"As far away as Yalta, then? A lady with a little white dog, walking by the port, all wrapped in mists?"

"Much farther, dear Nikolai Petrovich! Many days distant. On the shores of another sea, among the ruins of ancient dwellings where our ancestors took shelter from the icy winds. This glove is all there is . . ."

He patted my shoulder. "Well then, there you are. Reason enough, I should say, never to lose hope. Goodness me, don't ever cast away the memory of love," he said, and added with an old man's eagerness, "Why, even the memory of affection is enough!"

"Yes, affectionate memory may be enough."

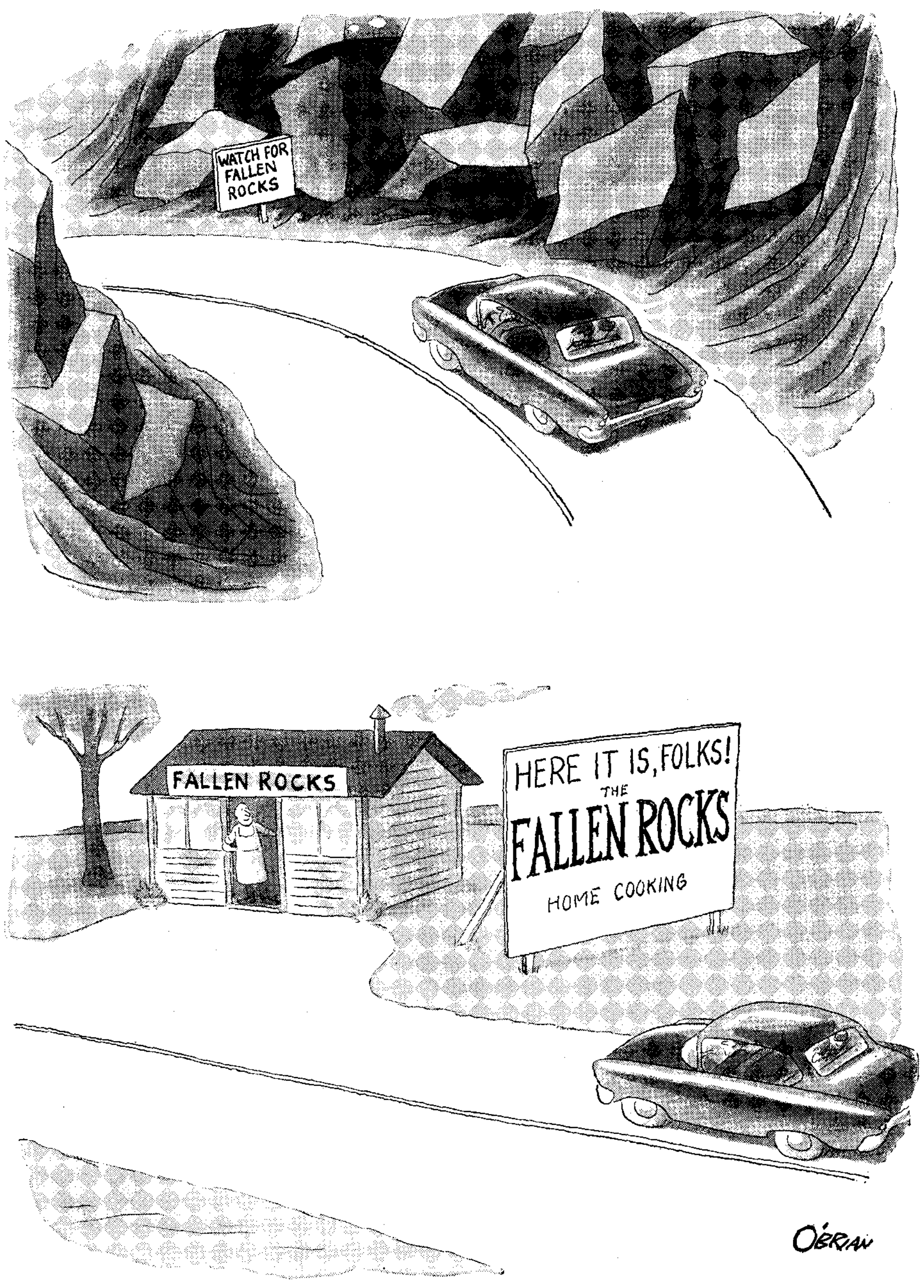
"The time comes when it is all we have," he said.



Then a platoon of soldiers surrounded his window, in a hurry to surrender up their tiny cardboard suitcases and get out on the town. I promised I'd return in a week for news of the *victime perdue*. As I pushed my way through the crowd, I heard him telling the soldiers, "One at a time now! Everyone will be served!"

OF course, I never let on to Vera about the visits to the Moscow Station. The truth is, I have deceived her about the glove. I had to be even more careful at home than on the tram to keep that glove out of Vera's sight. I actually believe she would have forgotten all about it had it not been for the crisis over the vase.

During the summer months, I moved the glove from drawer to drawer. Then, finally (a major housecleaning was about to begin), I secreted it away in an old ceramic vase, a souvenir from the Caucasus, that Vera keeps on top of the china cabinet, where it may be admired but not touched. There! The hibernation motif again, like a melodic strain—one that has been with me all my life. Anyway, with the first snowfall, I mounted a stool and turned the vase on its side, quite carefully, to repossess the glove. Naturally, Vera came home at that moment and caught me. Oh, she was wild with rage—largely, I realize, out of anxiety for what might have happened to her precious jar, but also at the deception I had practiced. She all but attacked me physically—had me backing into chairs. I barely managed to protect my face with my arms as she flipped at me with the glove. I don't say she struck me; I'm sure she only intended



to punctuate her words with those empty fingertips. "What kind of man is it that keeps one glove? One glove!" (Slap-slap.) "You lied to me!"

"Dearest—" (Uiii! the edge of the table that time, in the small of my back.) "I never said—"

"Not only lied to me, shamed me. One glove is more stupid than three gloves. Yes, and hides it like a squirrel. And if you'd broken my priceless vase? You will one day. I know it. Then what? Will you take me to the Caucasus again? Find me a beautiful new souvenir just like it? No, I'll be left with the pieces. A tragedy! A shambles!" She stopped molesting me then, and began to cry. "Horrid glove!" she moaned, and flung it across the room. (I retrieved it later from under a table.)

I know we have not always been happy. Sometimes we do not hear what the other means but only what he says. I have long intended to buy her a new umbrella, one with an amber knob. She has no umbrella anymore, since I left hers on a train. Of course, I wouldn't have broken her vase for anything. "Vera," I said, "forgive me. Please."

But she was bawling, sobbing. "I'll be left with the pieces." She stooped down then and, with her palms, gathered together the imaginary shards of her beautiful Caucasian vase. Suddenly I looked at Vera with a warm feeling of admiration. While my mind plods logically into the future (often, it's true, via the past), building from the known facts, however frail and incomplete, some bulwark against the possible unpleasant consequences of my own actions, Vera's mind vaults clear of reality. She enters a trance. What an actress she might have made! Why, she perceived the whole dreadful fate of that vase in a flash. She met the danger head on and brought it into being as a true thing. Down on her knees before the shattered vase of her imagination, it was as if she were saying, "Look! Look what you will have done someday!"

I remember thinking, My Vera is a conjurer, whose only props are likelihoods. Yet so genuine was her grief that I found myself looking up to make certain her vase was still atop the cabinet. Then I stood and watched her through the mirror of the cabinet door. I saw her lips moving, so I know she was speaking again. Railing at me, I suppose, keening over her loss. But I have no recollection of hearing her voice. So affected had I been by what I had just understood about her nature (after twenty-eight years of marriage!) that I had tuned her voice out. That is how intent I was on comprehending what I had understood. Does this indicate another trait in my character? Is it possible that when we appear to gape stupidly at our own sad face in the glass we are really trying desperately to decipher what is written all across the walls of the unfamiliar room in which we have always lived? Trying to rearrange and reconnect the lines of the despicable wallpaper pattern, to read the message hidden there?

Benumbed, yet tingling with some new sense of certainty about the meaning of our life together, I clung to the frame of the cabinet. My mind raced back to that report of my infantile oddity. I'd heard the truth from that Petersburg specialist. Hibernation was my way. All at once, I realized that I didn't mind. And I understood that each of us is but the coefficient of his own circumstances. That much and nothing more. Perhaps Vera heard when I began to speak. Her lips still moved in the glass, but perhaps she heard.

"Don't you see, my dearest, the world is divided into two sorts of people. Yes, two and no more. Those who determine their own probabilities, and those who let others do it for them. Don't you realize, Verochka, how far along the inevitable path I already was when we met? Forgive me! Do unto others what you would that they had done unto you becomes an impossible task!"

Then, because her will was so much stronger than mine, I turned and knelt down. I heard her sobs again. I saw her tears—one fell upon my cuff as I reached out—and with my hands I felt the prick from those sharp shards as I helped her collect them into a neat pile.

WHEN, at New Year's, Vera gave me a pair of new gloves, she made me turn in the orphan. She held out her hand and said sternly, "Give it to me." I said I would. "Right now!" she said. So I went and got it out of my overcoat pocket and she snatched it away. I watched helplessly while Vera ripped the front page from the *Evening Leningrad* (I hadn't read the paper, but that didn't matter) and wrapped up the glove. Then, in her bathrobe and slippers—the surrender took place at night—she marched downstairs. I heard the outer door slam, then the clank of the metal lid being closed on the ashcan that stands on the steps. She took her time coming back. I could hear her gossiping on the stairs with Anna Mikhailovna, the sow with hair curlers who lives below us. (She's the one who thought up the clever name for Vera and me: "Mrs. Indignant and Mr. Indignity.") As I got into bed, I wondered why my wife had troubled to *wrap* the glove. When she returned, she must have thought I was already asleep, because she moved about very quietly preparing herself for bed.

Until late in the night, I lay awake trying to make a decision. Perhaps I turned and shifted more than usual, because Vera woke up once and looked across at me and said, "Fooh! Mitya! Stop all that worrying. I can hear it, I tell you. Are you trying to ruin my health?" A moment later, she was sound asleep again. Once, too, she cried out in her chilblained sleep, "Poor boy! Oh, poor, dear boy, take it! Take it!"

It was past three when I eased out of bed and put my overcoat on over my pajamas. I slipped the latch on the door quietly and padded downstairs. Luckily, someone else had emptied his garbage and had not set the top tight on the barrel. He had had eggs for dinner. Six shells lay among the coffee grounds, herring cans, and wrappers from bars of sweet cream cheese. Before I began to burrow, I wondered vaguely where he had purchased the eggs. I found the dear glove, its paper stained with fish oil, lolling beneath a tide of empty cans. I brought it up carefully, a sentimental dog after his dearest bone. Well, strange things nourish us. That much I have learned about myself.

The cold got at my ankles and my neck. As I climbed heavily back up the stairs, I understood the phrase that had come up from Vera's dream: Some poor child had pleaded with her for the unwanted glove, and she had consented lovingly.

THE street lamps had been on for some time when I finished my chapter of the report. I put on my overcoat and carried the folder to Dobrinin's office. He and Zverin were totally absorbed in fitting together reports from the other sections. I laid my contribution before them, on Dobrinin's desk. Neither of them said a word to me. Never mind. It's finished. I'm free. I smiled as I thought about the pleasant visit with my dear friend Nikolai Petrovich which lay ahead.

I decided to walk across the Palace Bridge, merely for the joy of battling the icy wind. The city was pulsing in the clean winter night. People were crossing the well-beaten path over the ice to the Petrograd side, even though it is against the law. Once, I had tried it. A militiaman, standing with folded arms at the far side, waited until I was all the way over. Then he blew his whistle and sent me back.

At the middle of the bridge, two young officers in their winter greatcoats passed me. They were walking arm in arm, and their boots squeaked on the snow. If I had a son, he would be about their age. When he was little, I would have walked him along the embankment in winter and told him about his grandfather, the polar bear. Yes, in spring, too, I would have walked with him beside this river and told him about my papa, for it was spring when, for the last time, papa put out to sea.

Oh, I know—yes, I know who he was, the poor child in Vera's dream. Funny Uncle One Glove, with no one to leave his river to. But the streetcar wires are singing in the wind. Soon, the ice will melt. The tugs will come and go between Lake Ladoga and the sea, and the bridges will open just before dawn. And things will be as they have always been. —RALPH BLUM

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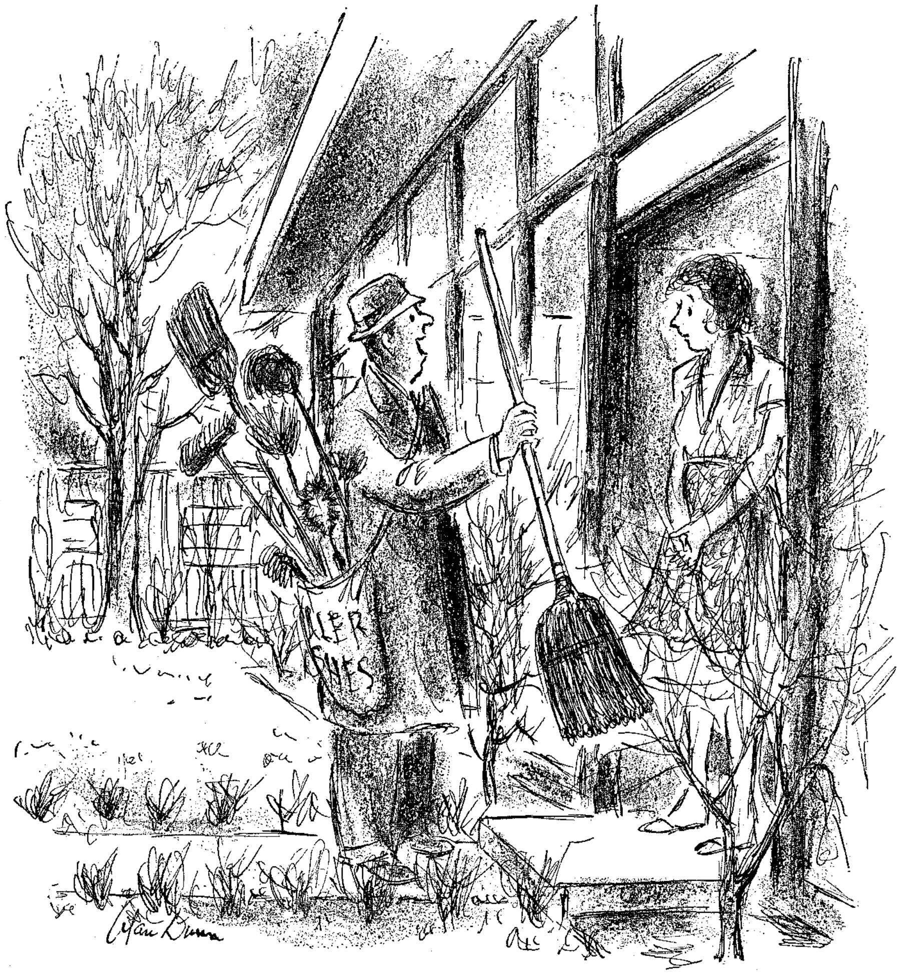


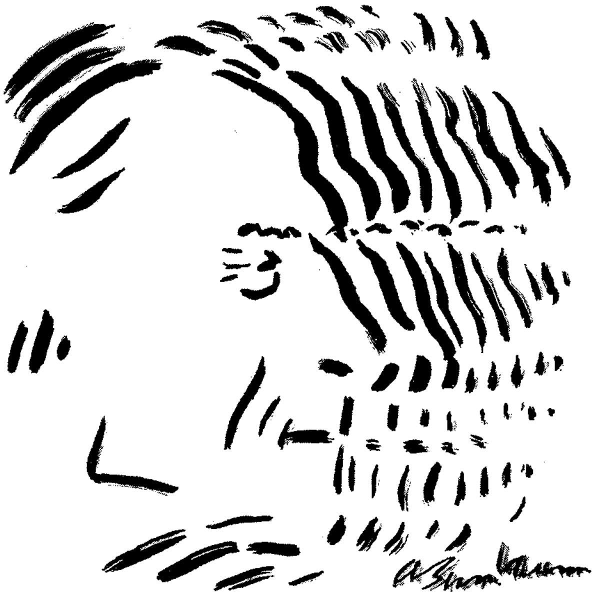
"Another feature—it's cordless."

1252—MARBLE VINE. A fast growing annual for shading a porch, screening a fence. Interesting fruits the shape and size of a marble are quickly and freely produced. These are apple green with sharp white stripes, changing with age to amber and cream. Attractive, deeply cut leaves. A conversation piece. Not available, crop failed.—*Park's 1964 Flower Book.*

Just when conversation lagged!

PROFILES

NOT SEEN AND/OR LESS SEEN



Marcel Duchamp

A FEW years ago, speaking before a seminar on contemporary aesthetics in Houston, Marcel Duchamp proposed a somewhat surprising definition of the spectator's role in that mysterious process known as the creative act. The artist, Duchamp said, is a "mediumistic being" who does not really know what he is doing or why he is doing it; it is the spectator who, through a kind of "aesthetic osmosis," deciphers and interprets the work's hidden qualities, relates them to the external world, and thus completes the creative cycle. The spectator's contribution is consequently equal in importance to the artist's, and perhaps even greater in the long run, for, as Duchamp has remarked in another context, "it is posterity that makes the masterpiece." Like so many of the ideas put forward by Duchamp, who has for years been the most enigmatic presence in contemporary art, this theory tends to make a great many artists uncomfortable. As a rule, artists do not like to think of themselves as mediumistic beings, and their attitude toward the spectator is not always one of respectful collaboration. For Duchamp himself, though, the theory has lately assumed a peculiar relevance. Having engaged in no formal artistic activity for the last forty years, he is now, at the age of seventy-seven, in the unusual position of being a member of the posterity that is passing judgment on his own work—a process of deciphering and interpretation which has recently been proceeding at a pace little short of phenomenal.

The current Duchamp boom began with a major retrospective exhibition of his work at the Pasadena Art Museum in the fall of 1963. The catalogue for this show listed a hundred and fourteen items—drawings, graphics, optical devices, photographs, and a large selection of "readymades," the manufactured objects, such as snow shovels and bottle racks, that Duchamp has designated as works of art by the mere act of signing them, along with nineteen paintings, including the famous "Nude Descending a Staircase" and a life-size replica of his climactic work on glass, "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even." Admiration for the energy and persistence of Walter Hopps, the Pasadena Museum's youthful director, in assembling so much Duchamp material went hand in hand with a general amazement that no one had done so before—this being Duchamp's first major retrospective—and soon the international art market could be heard buzzing into action. In Milan last spring, the owner of the Galleria Schwarz produced a limited series of Duchamp readymades—careful replicas of the originals, made under Duchamp's supervision and signed by him—and put them on exhibition. The Schwarz copies are now touring Europe, preparatory to being shown in New York and Tokyo. In New York, a collection of a hundred and twenty Duchamp items recently acquired from various sources by Arne Ekstrom, the dealer, is currently on exhibition at the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery under the Duchampian title "Not Seen and/or Less Seen of/by Marcel Duchamp/Rrose Sélavy." This collection, which has been purchased in its entirety by Mrs. William Sisler, includes a great deal of very early work, a number of significant later canvases, and a few items whose importance appears somewhat marginal (for example, the camera used by Man Ray to film his and Duchamp's 1926 experimental movie "Anemic Cinema"). It will soon make appearances at the Houston Contemporary Arts Museum, the Baltimore Museum of Art, the Yale University Art Gallery, and the Tate Gallery, in London, among others. Critical articles on Duchamp have been appearing in a mounting flood in the art journals, and there is talk of presenting an hour-long television documentary on him this spring. It will not be surprising if cabdrivers soon begin to recognize him on the street.

Duchamp's immense reputation is no new development, of course. For more than half a century, he has been a legendary figure, and his "Nude Descending a Staircase," which baffled and outraged so many visitors to the 1913 Armory Show in New York, may very well be the most famous painting of the modern era. Since 1954, both the "Nude Descending" and "The Bride Stripped Bare" (usually referred to simply as "The Large Glass"), together with most of Duchamp's other major paintings, have been on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, in the Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection. But many people whose adjustment to the paintings of Duchamp's contemporaries Picasso and Braque is by now well advanced still find Duchamp's work baffling, and even outrageous, and a large number of these were probably unaware until quite recently that Duchamp himself—who has been a United States citizen for the last ten years and a resident of New York, off and on, for half a century—was still an active force on the art scene. Since 1923, the year he stopped work on his "Large Glass" and abandoned all formal artistic production, his reputation has been confined almost entirely to the art world, where he has continued to exert a lively, paradoxical, and subversive influence.

The spectacular growth of Duchamp's influence within this world during the last ten years has coincided with certain new developments in American art for which his work is generally agreed to be a primary inspiration. The most obvious of these developments is pop art (or the "new realism," as it is sometimes called), which takes as its subject matter the most banal objects and images from commercial culture, and thus reflects—though often mistakenly—the iconoclastic mockery of Duchamp's readymades. Other examples include the present fascination with motion in art, prophesied by Duchamp's "Nude Descending" and his motor-driven optical devices; the new optical painting, whose chromatic vibrations were anticipated by a cover design that Duchamp did in 1936 for the magazine *Cahiers d'Art;* the current experiments with motion-picture photography ("Anemic Cinema"); and even the recent rash of "Environments" and "Happenings," a form of spectator involvement that Duchamp practiced—less earnestly and somewhat more wittily—in the installation of several Surrealist exhibitions in New York and Paris during the nineteen-thirties and forties.

While it may sometimes appear that everything Duchamp has ever done or said is being mined as source material by the new generation, not many artists even today share the intellectual attitude that motivated his countless inventions. "I wanted to put painting once again at the service of the mind," Duchamp once said. As early as 1910, he placed himself in opposition to what he considered the dominant trend of painting in his time, which he described as "retinal" art—art whose appeal is to the eye alone. Until the time of Courbet, he maintained, all painting was literary or religious. Then Courbet introduced the retinal emphasis, or what Duchamp sometimes calls "olfactory" art—done by painters who are in love with the smell of paint and have no interest in re-creating ideas on canvas—and this anti-intellectual bias had been accepted by the Impressionists and subsequent schools. "All through the last half of the nineteenth century in France, there was an expression, '*bête comme un peintre*,'" Duchamp said not long ago. "And it was true. The kind of painter who just puts down what he sees *is* stupid. In my case, I was thinking a little too much, maybe. But I don't care—that's what I thought." Retinal painting, however, was only one of the trends that Duchamp rebelled against. From the start of his career, he could not resist mocking the high seriousness of artists, who so often saw themselves as demigods and were conspicuously lacking in humor where their own art was concerned. Somewhat later, he became disgusted by the rising commercialism of the art scene—the "monetarization" of art—which was a large factor in his own withdrawal from painting in 1923. All three of these trends—retinal painting, high seriousness, and commercialism—continue to dominate the art scene today, as the visual orgies of Abstract Expressionism and the status buying by new collectors clearly indicate. In the last few years, though, the beginning of a reaction against all three has been detectable. Pop art, whatever else can be said about it, is by no means primarily retinal, nor does it function on the plane of dead seriousness. A good deal of the new art both in this country and in Europe seems to make its appeal less to the eye than to the mind, and if the intellectual level of this appeal is rarely exalted, it is more often than not carried out in a spirit of mockery, iconoclasm, or sheer bumptiousness not far removed from the hilarity that Duchamp aimed at. It was Duchamp, after all, who suggested that art could be a form of play—a game between artist and onlooker. As for commercialism, the astonishing prices paid for some of the pop masterworks may be the most hilarious aspect of the current reaction. When a collector pays ten thousand dollars for a work that may or may not be aesthetically ephemeral but is certainly physically ephemeral—it will almost inevitably fall to pieces within a few years—there is some justification for thinking that the market itself has become absurd, and that the artist is actively hastening its collapse. Some artists, like the Swiss sculptor Jean Tinguely, have gone as far as to create works of art that destroy themselves before one's eyes, and nobody is more in accord with these efforts than Duchamp. "I'll tell you what's going to happen," Duchamp said a few years ago. "The public will keep on buying more and more art, and husbands will start buying little paintings for their wives on their way home from work, and we're all going to drown in a sea of mediocrity. Maybe Tinguely and a few others sense this and are trying to destroy art before it's too late."

The reaction has been gaining strength in the last two or three years, and it is hardly surprising that Duchamp's reputation among young artists has soared during this period. In 1959, the publication, in French and English, of Robert Lebel's comprehensive and lavishly illustrated book "Sur Marcel Duchamp" introduced many of the rising generation to Duchamp's work and ideas. In New York, painters like

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THE LIFE THREAD

With what reluctance,
What misgiving,
Torn from the substance
Of timeless living,

Parted from night,
At last you fall
From the secret waters'
Circling ball.

After long waiting,
Starfish-wise,
Transfixed, creating
To praise the skies

No mystery more
To marvel at
Than her labored-for
Magnificat,

Plucked from the womb
But strange to breath,
You enter this room
So near to death.

And who shall unravel
From spire and shell
The coil of marvel
From which you fell?

Wonder unmet:
Beneath that sea,
Unsundered yet,
Though dropped, not free

From the swaying cord
By which you fed,
Green infant lord
Of the dark sea bed,

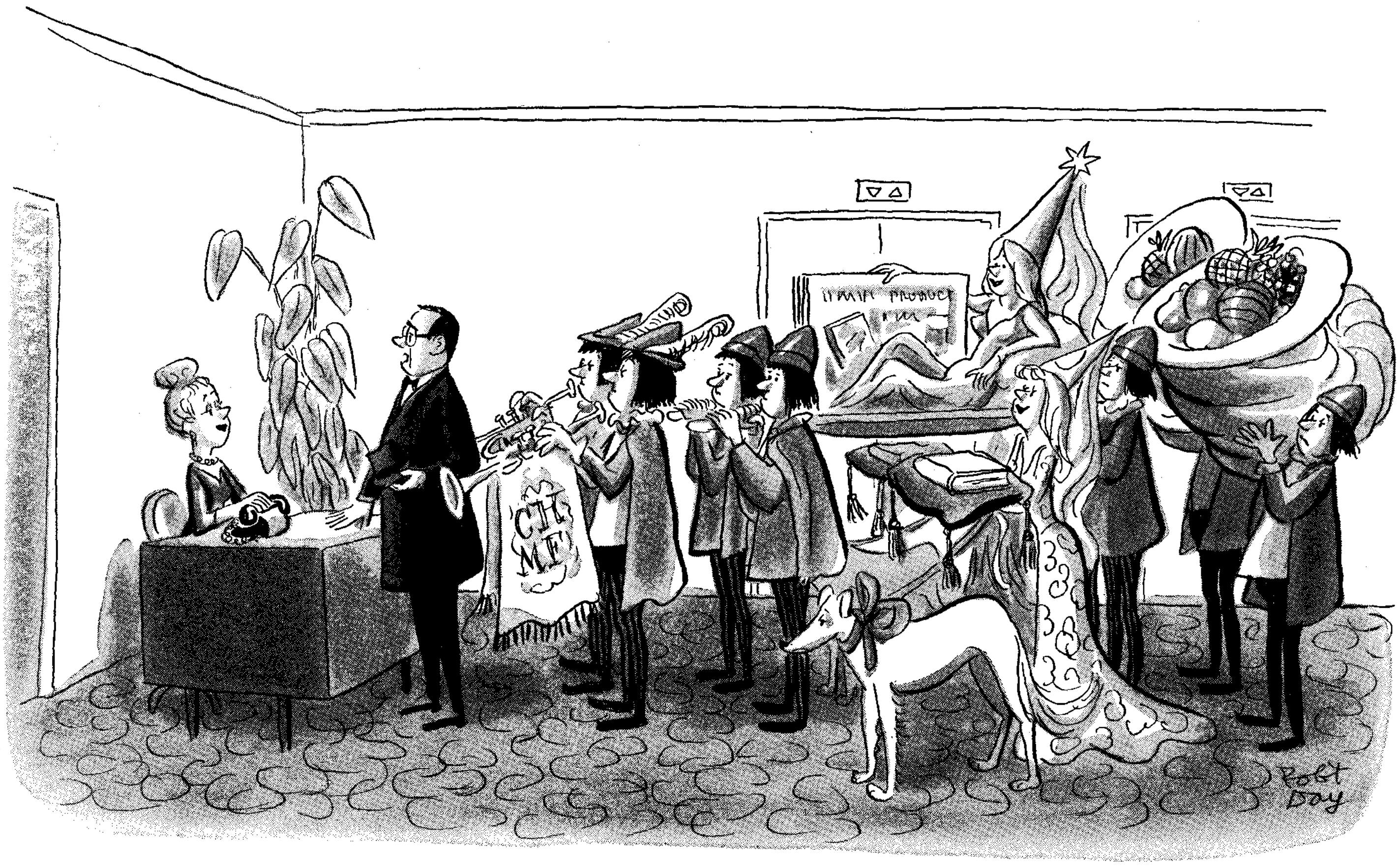
Your instincts probe
For what is not there,
A watery globe
That has not known air.

Then at once life races
To fill your veins;
Night's shell unfastens;
The pearl remains.

I saw blood travel
Along your veins,
And breath unravel
From ancient skeins

Life, as the shivered
Hour-glass ran,
That cry delivered
Which made you man.

—VERNON WATKINS



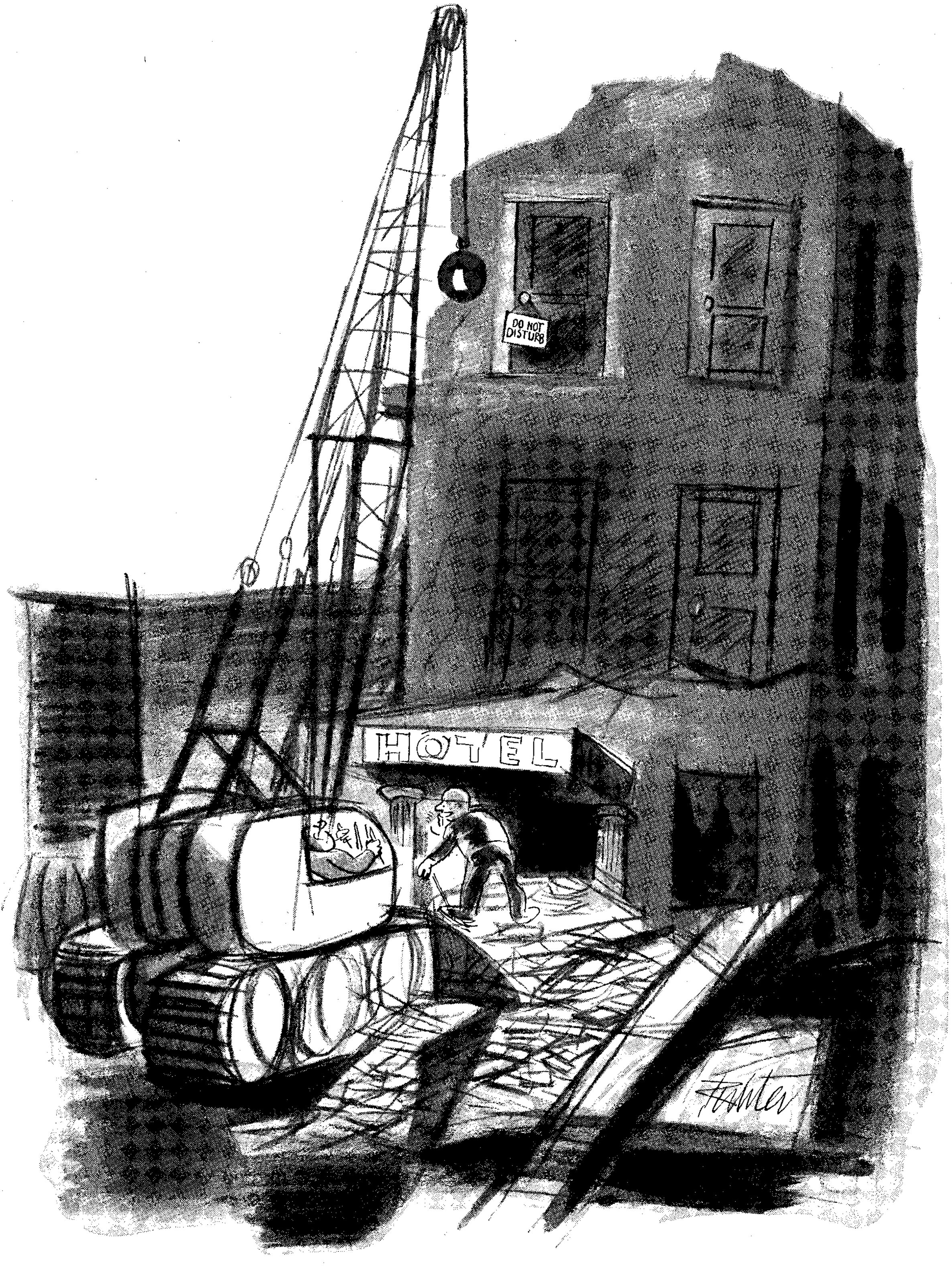
"Mr. Foster, of Colman, Holmes, Millot & Foster, to see Mr. Hollaway to make his advertising-campaign presentation."

• •

Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns found in his ideas encouragement for their own efforts to break away from the prevailing climate of Abstract Expressionism and explore new terrain. Young European artists like Tinguely and Oyvind Fahlstrom, experimenting with motion, satire, and the notion of art as a game, unhesitatingly acknowledged their debt to Duchamp. Scores of lesser figures seized upon Duchamp's iconoclasm as an excuse to do as little as possible, or, in some cases, nothing at all. Earnest young scholars delved into the Duchamp *œuvre* and the Duchamp legend, where they were able to find elaborate networks of meaning in the readymades, and sometimes, with miraculous ingenuity, in reported fragments of Duchamp's casual conversation. Every move, every gesture of the great man was seen to take its place in the over-all pattern of the masterpiece that Duchamp's life had now come to be considered in these quarters; if he chose to stay at the Green Hotel in Los Angeles (as he did when he attended the opening of the Pasadena Museum show), this "fitted in" with the collection of his notes on the creation of "The Large Glass," which he had published under the title "Green Box." Duchamp, it seemed, could do nothing indifferently. The cult proliferated, but even the most ardent cultists, awed by their own image of a continuously self-creating masterpiece, and also, perhaps, by Duchamp's unfailing politeness—the French politeness, which can be impenetrable—kept themselves at a respectful distance from their idol. As one of them remarked humbly last spring, "I just don't feel I have the right to take up his time."

IT is curious to find at the center of this adulation a man as serenely unself-conscious, as offhand and off guard, as cordial, and as free of any taint of mystification as Marcel Duchamp. He looks considerably younger than any of his recent photographs; the lean, indelibly French features show fewer lines and more humor—particularly in the intelligent gray eyes. Along with his impenetrable politeness, he has a quite contradictory characteristic—a complete willingness to talk about anything, on any level. Since 1954, when he married the charming and gracious Alexina (Teeny) Sattler, his life has even come to seem settled and conventional. The walls of the Duchamps' pleasant, sunny apartment, in a brownstone on Tenth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, are hung with a number of splendidly retinal paintings by Duchamp's older contemporary, Henri Matisse, together with more cerebral canvases by Yves Tanguy, Max Ernst, and other members of the Surrealist group, with which Duchamp has long maintained a friendly but characteristically detached relationship. Over the fireplace is Duchamp's own "Neuf Moules Mâlic," an early study on glass for "The Bride Stripped Bare;" like almost every one of his works on glass, it has been broken, and the cracks have come to be regarded as parts of the composition. Three chess sets (one designed by Max Ernst, another by Man Ray) are set up in the room, reminding the visitor of the part of the Duchamp legend that says he abandoned art in favor of chess. Sitting relaxed in an armchair, wearing a red-checked soft wool shirt and flannel slacks, and smoking an inexpensive cigar, Duchamp gives the impression of being a moderately well-to-do philosopher who is enjoying his retirement and would be amazed to learn that he is the idol of a growing cult. He does know this, of course, but his interest is that of an amused and tolerant spectator. Having been the object of one cult or another most of his life, he now views with serene detachment the cult that is made up of his own posterity.

“That business of my being influential is very much exaggerated,” he told a recent visitor. “Whatever there is in it is probably due to my Cartesian mind. I refused to accept anything, doubted everything. So, doubting everything, I had to find something that had not existed before—something I had not thought of before. What I did with any idea that came to me was to turn it around and try to see it with another set of senses.” Duchamp paused to relight his cigar, which he had been rolling between his long, elegant fingers. “But I'm not so interested in art per se,” he continued. “It's only one occupation, and it hasn't been my whole life—far from it. You see, I've decided that art is a habit-forming drug. That's all it is for the artist, for the collector, for anybody connected with it. Art has absolutely no existence as veracity, as truth. People always speak of it with great religious reverence, but why should it be so revered? It's a drug, that's all. The longer I go on, the more I'm convinced of it. The onlooker is as important as the artist. In spite of what the artist *thinks* he is doing, something stays on that is completely independent of what he intended, and that something is grabbed by society—if he's lucky. The artist himself doesn't count. Society just takes what it wants. The work of art is always positioned between the two poles of maker and onlooker, and the spark that comes from this bipolar action gives birth to something, like electricity. But the artist shouldn't concern himself with this, because it has nothing to do with him—it's the onlooker who has the last word. Fifty years later, there will be another generation and another critical language—an entirely different approach. No, the only thing to do is try to make a painting that will be alive in your own lifetime. No painting has an active life of more than thirty or forty years—that's another little idea of mine. I don't care if it's not true; it helps me make that distinction between living art and art history. After thirty or forty years, the painting dies—loses its aura, its emanation, whatever you want to call it. And then either it is forgotten or it enters into the purgatory of art history. But that's all just luck—a game between artist and onlooker, or a drug. I'm afraid I'm an agnostic in art. I just don't believe in it with all the mystical trimmings. As a drug, it's probably very useful for a number of people—very sedative—but as religion it's not even as good as God.”



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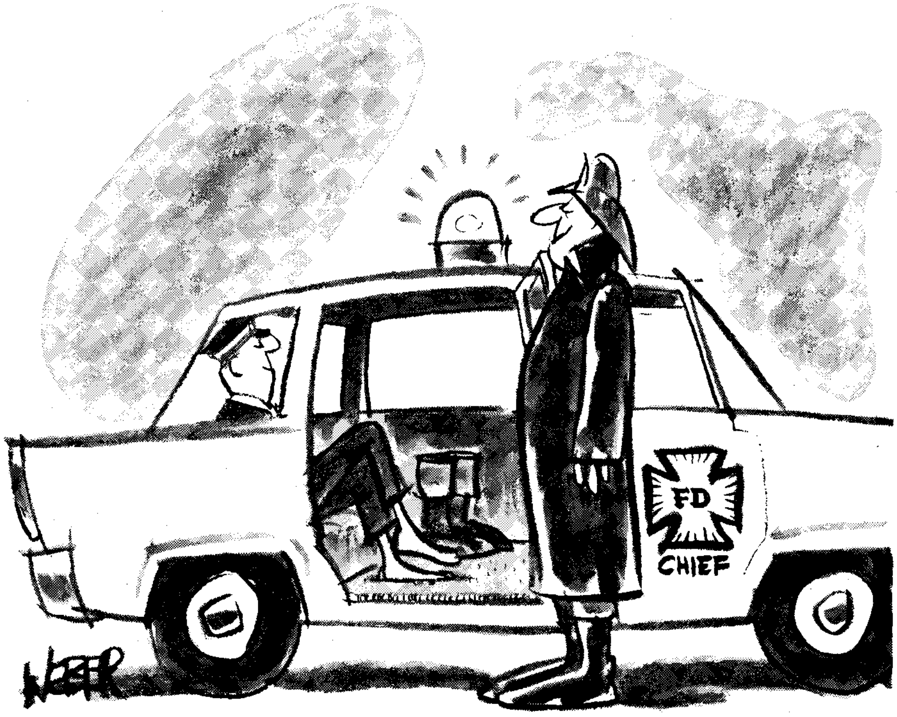

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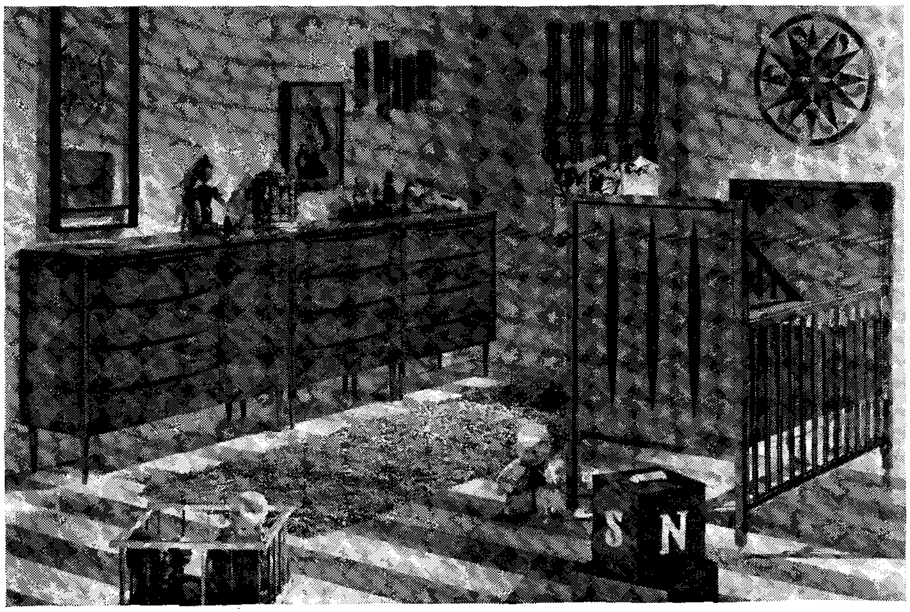

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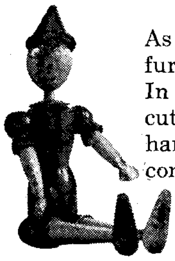

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Duchamp written in 1934, André Breton cited Edgar Allan Poe's celebrated opinion that true artistic originality is generally achieved not by instinct or invention but by an absolute refusal to repeat what others have done before. According to Breton, "the unique position of Marcel Duchamp at the spearhead of all 'modern' movements . . . for the last twenty-five years" followed logically upon one's recognition that "never has a more profound originality appeared more clearly to derive from a being charged with a more determined intention of negation." One of the oddest aspects of Duchamp's determined negations is the cool and seemingly effortless confidence with which, from the outset of his career, they have been carried out. As a child—"a very normal child," according to Duchamp—growing up in the affectionate surroundings of a large and respectable bourgeois family in Rouen, he was not even obliged to combat or reject the traditional parental ambitions for him. His father was a notary, but his maternal grandfather, Émile-Frédéric Nicolle, had been a highly talented engraver, and the choice of art as a career was entirely understandable to M. Duchamp *père*. In fact, when four of his six children made that choice, he even agreed to support them while they were getting started—carefully noting down the precise sums advanced, which were later deducted from the children's inheritance. Gaston Duchamp, the eldest, went to Paris before the turn of the century and began painting under the name Jacques Villon. He was soon joined by Raymond, the next in line, who gave up a career in medicine to become a sculptor and took the name Raymond Duchamp-Villon. Then Marcel and his younger sister Suzanne—neither of whom found it necessary to adopt a new Parisian name—arrived. What set Marcel apart in this remarkable family of artists was the way he first appropriated and then decisively rejected not only the traditions of the recent past but the discoveries that his contemporaries were making every day. At fifteen, in paintings such as "L'Église de Blainville," which dates from 1902 and is his earliest surviving oil, Marcel was an Impressionist. The influence of Cézanne showed clearly in a series of accomplished family portraits and landscapes that followed. From 1907 to 1910 (when he was supporting himself by drawing cartoons for the illustrated papers of the day), he was a Fauve, but in 1910 the bold and violent colors of the Fauve school, then at its peak in Paris, gave way in

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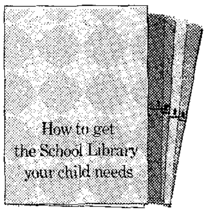

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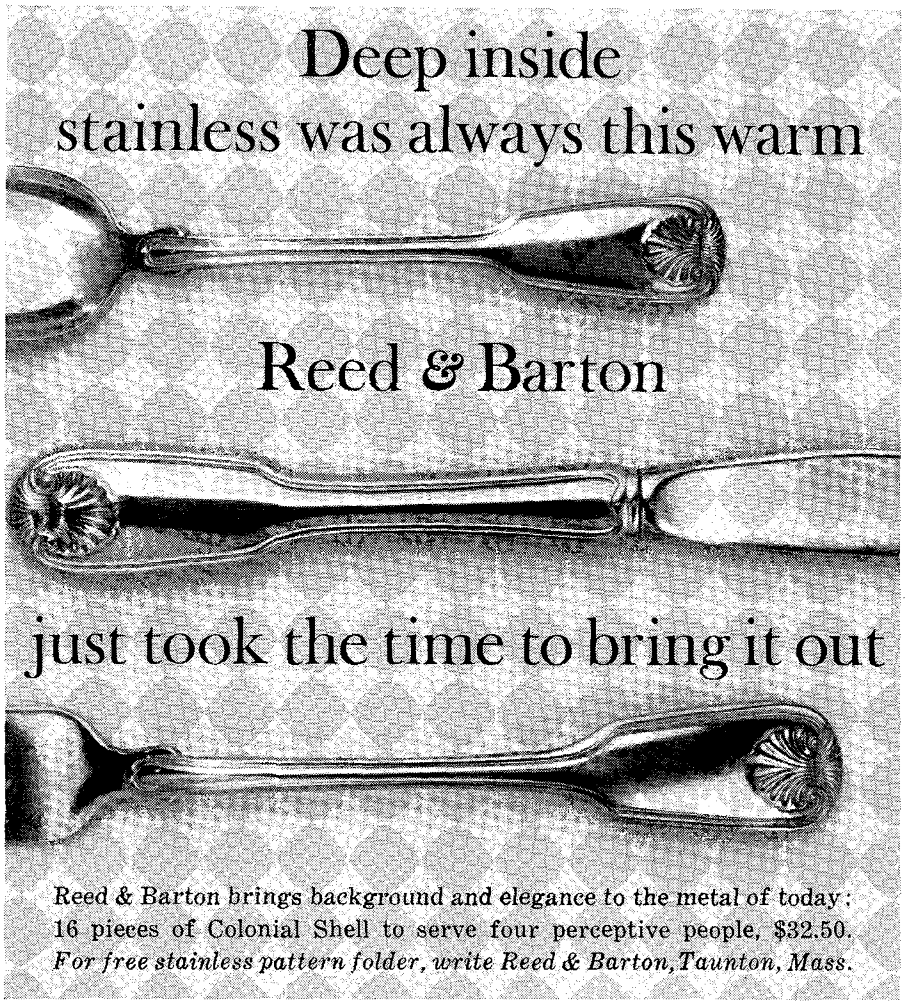
his canvases to the subdued palette and the flat, broken planes of Cubism. By this time, the studio of Jacques Villon and Raymond Duchamp-Villon, in the Paris suburb of Puteaux, had become a focal point for such "reasonable" Cubists as Léger, Lhote, Delaunay, Gleizes, Metzinger, La Fresnaye, and Le Fauconnier—"reasonable" in that they were not yet willing to banish nature entirely from their canvases, as Picasso and Braque had done. Then, toward the end of 1911, Marcel started work on a picture that proved to be too revolutionary even for his fellow-Cubists. It began as an illustration for a poem by Jules Laforgue called "Encore à Cet Astre," and the first drawing, now in the Philadelphia Museum's Arensberg Collection, shows a fairly recognizable nude figure walking up a flight of stairs. "That first study was almost naturalistic," Duchamp has said. "At least, it showed some bits of flesh. Right after that, I started in to make a big painting of the same subject, but it was a long way from being naturalistic, and there were other changes, too. In the sketch for Laforgue's poem I had had the nude ascending, but then I began to think that it would help my expression to have her *descending*. More majestic, you know—the way it's done in the music halls." Duchamp worked for a month on the painting, which he entitled "Nu Descendant un Escalier," and in February of 1912 he sent it off to the Salon des Indépendants, at which the "reasonable" Cubists were also exhibiting.

Nothing could better exemplify the passions and politics of that era in art than the controversy set off by Duchamp's big "Nude Descending." A month before, the first Paris exhibition of Futurist paintings had been held at the Bernheim-Jeune Gallery. The Italian Futurist movement had appropriated some of the discoveries of Cubism and applied them to its own ends, among which was the desire to express the "universal dynamism" of life through a "style of motion." The Puteaux Cubists (always a separate group from Picasso and Braque, who pursued their course in isolation, and with whom Duchamp had practically no contact, then or later) looked with great disdain upon the Futurists, who, in turn, accused the Cubists of harboring an obstinate attachment to the past. It now appeared to some of the Cubists—notably Gleizes and Metzinger—that the youthful Duchamp had sent in a picture that veered dangerously close to Futurism in its attempt to express movement. Duchamp himself had never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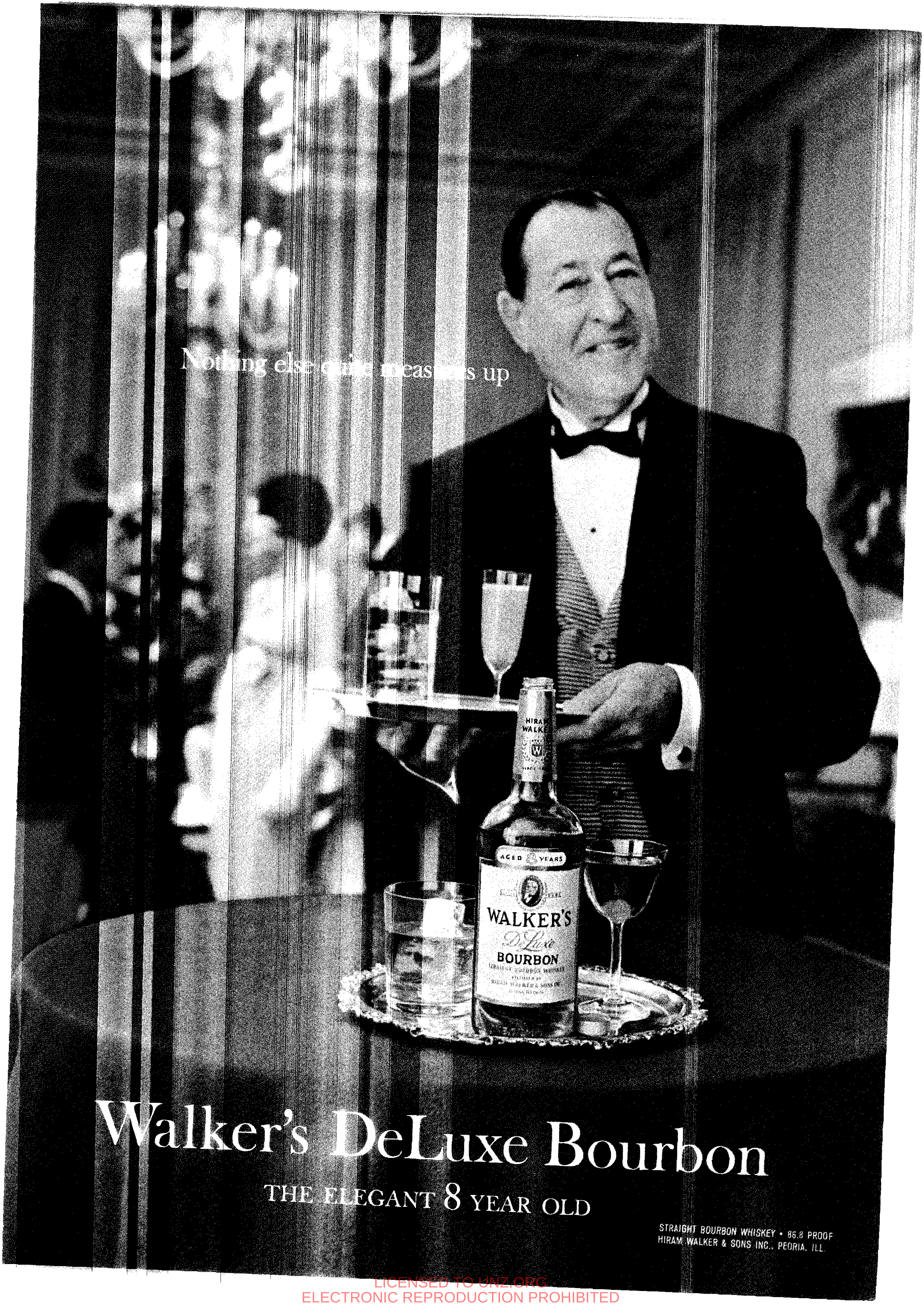
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You'll trade with the dog, the horse, the hen, and the bull wherever you traffic in Ireland. But you'd best consider the cat in an Irish pub should you choose to make friends with an Irishman.

Though we do have a plethora of girls named Kitty in Ireland, we do not lionize the cat. In truth, despite certain well-publicized indications to the contrary, we do not even lionize the lion.

We do breed lions in Dublin, right enough. Or, at least, the keeper of the Phoenix Park Zoo breeds lions in Dublin, thereby making our zoo the only zoo in the world to successfully breed the kingly beasts in captivity. And we do export lions, right enough; recently even exporting six of our Irish lions to Africa. And from these gratifying facts, we do draw a certain ironical pride.

But for the lion himself we have no undue regard. Perhaps it comes of our unfortunate familiarity with the kings of another species, but we prefer more democratic beasts. The dog and the horse who race and hunt for us. The hare that we hunt. The salmon. The bull. The homely hen and the pig who feed us. And it is these creatures we choose to honor by graving their likenesses upon our national coinage.

Since you can still buy an astonishing great number of things without breaking a pound note in Ireland, you will have these creatures much in hand as you go about conducting your transactions.

And should you stay among us any reasonable time at all, you will soon find yourself knowing that the small coppery coin with the pig on it is a hapenny. And the big coppery coin with the hen and her brood on it is a penny. And the tiny silvery coin with the hare on it is a thrupenny bit. And the biggest of the silvery coins—the one with the horse—is a half-crown (2 shillings, sixpence) and that four of these last ($1.40) will buy you the best seats in the house in any theatre in Dublin. (As to what the crown will buy, we have no such Irish coin, being understandably disinclined—considering our history—to create any more crowns in Ireland.)

Just sixpence lower in value than our half-crown is our florin (the silvery coin with the salmon on it), worth 2 Irish shillings or 28 American cents. And we hope it will come as a pleasant surprise to you that in almost any pub in Ireland, this coin all by itself will bring you a pint of our good Guinness stout (for which you must generally pay at least 60¢ in the states).

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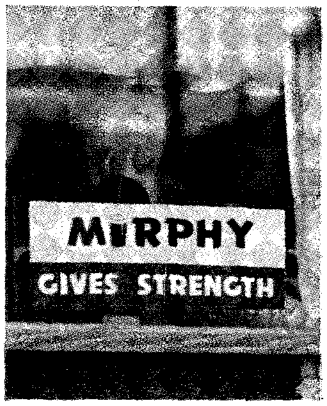
And if what you really want is neither lunch nor stout but some of our honest Irish pot-still whiskey, then you may generally have your choice of Jameson's, Paddy's, or Tullamore Dew for about 35¢ (2 shillings, six pence) on the rocks and nicely tumblered.

But if you've come to the pub not so much after any of these, as in hope of finding someone with whom to share a bit of honest and companionable conversation, then the time has come to consider the cat.

By this we do not mean to suggest that you carry a saucer of milk about with you on the odd chance that the publican might have a pet feline. (Although, indeed, this might not be a bad idea at all, since it would almost certainly cause you to be described as "a great character"—the most friend-attracting of all Irish compliments.)



But what we are wanting to tell you is that there is that in the average Irishman which makes him behave in a pub like nothing so much as a shy and independent, though reasonably friendly cat when confronted by a well-intentioned stranger. And if, in that situation, you already know how to make friends with the cat, then you already know the whole technique of making friends in a pub with an Irishman.

But if you do not already know, then we hope you will not take it amiss if we offer a single pointer: let the Irishman come to you, which he (like the cat) will do, drawn by a natural and friendly curiosity, if you but offer him time and the appearance of an amiable indifference. For if you make the first move, the Irishman will (like the cat) retreat in alarm—either literally or by hiding behind the facade (which he hopes will please you) of the stage or old-time-American-movie Irishman.

And that would be a pity. For we in Ireland do very much hope that, once you come among us, you will make real, personal friendships with us. And that it will be these friendships—as well as our blarney, and our bargains, and the beauty of our land—that will bring you back again and again to us.

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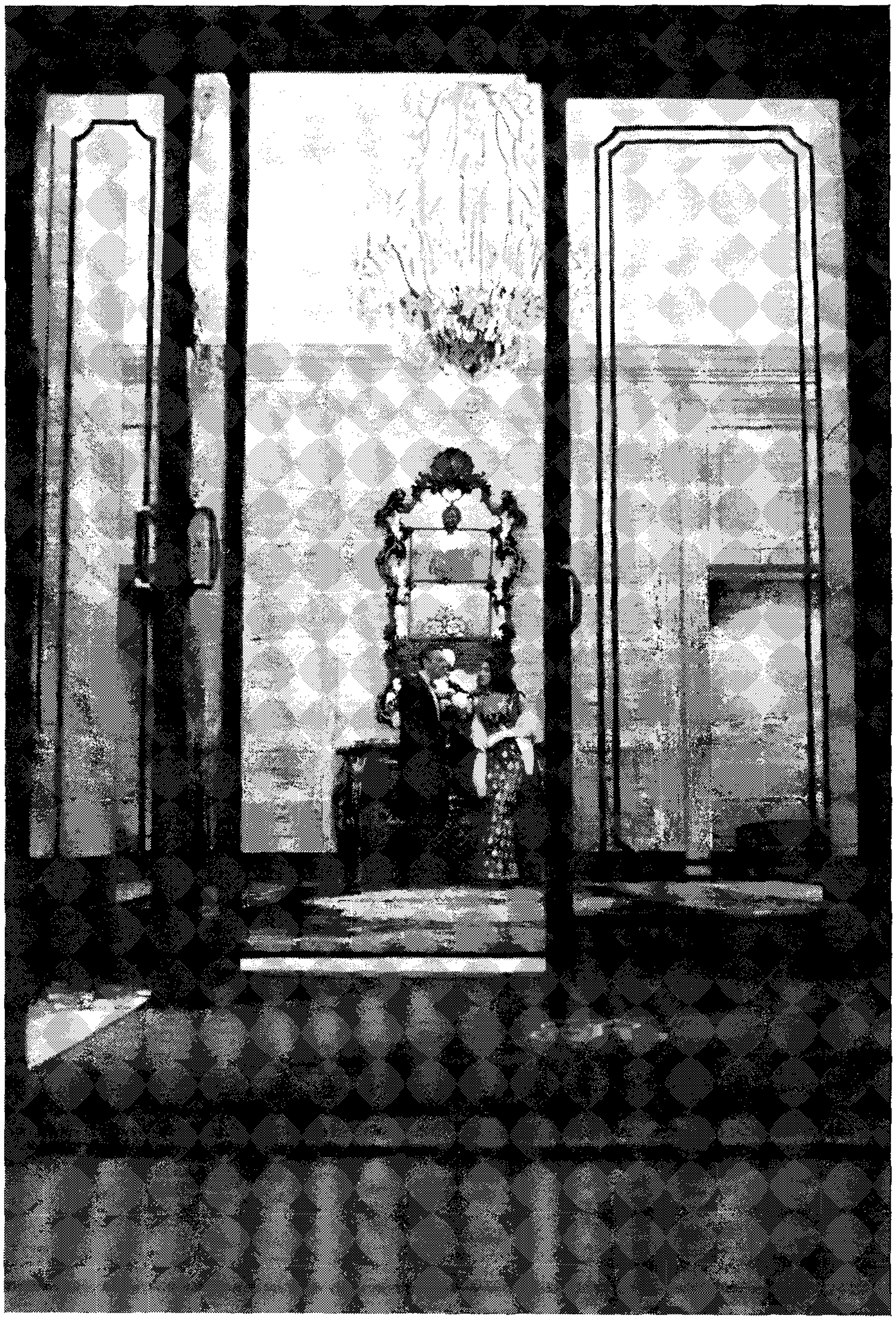
seen a Futurist painting at the time he painted his "Nude." Its composition had been suggested to him by Étienne Marey's chronophotographs of moving figures, which were then appearing in illustrated magazines. His style was clearly Cubist, having little in common, for example, with a Futurist work like Balla's 1912 "Dynamism of a Dog on Leash." But the fact remained that Cubism was static and Duchamp's "Nude" was not. To Gleizes and Metzinger, the painting not only smacked of Futurism but seemed a mockery of Cubist theory. For a Cubist to paint a nude in the first place was questionable enough, but a nude *descending* . . . Was Duchamp making fun of everybody? Humor was clearly impermissible in the revolutionary climate of early Cubism, when a united front had to be maintained against the hostile public. A conference of the leading Cubists was called, and Duchamp's brothers were dispatched to ask Marcel to withdraw his picture—or at least to change the title, which was painted on the canvas itself. "I said nothing to my brothers, but I went immediately to the show and took the painting home in a taxi," Duchamp recalls. "It was really a turning point in my life, I can assure you. I saw that I would not be interested very much in groups after that."

For the next few months, Duchamp's work gave little comfort to either the Cubists or the Futurists. His large oil "The King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes," together with studies and sketches also involving semi-abstract chess figures (the king and queen), showed a continuing preoccupation not only with the idea of motion but with the nude—a subject shunned by every other advanced artist of the time. (The Futurists had denounced the nude in their 1910 manifesto as "nauseous and tedious," and had called for its total suppression for ten years as a subject in painting.) Increasingly isolated from the violent crosscurrents in this era of aesthetic revolution, Duchamp left Paris in July and spent two months in Munich. It was his first trip outside France, and from it came a series of works that took him out of the world of painting altogether. This astonishing series began with a drawing and a watercolor called "Virgin," reached a climax with two Cubist oils, "The Passage from the Virgin to the Bride" and "Bride," and closed with the first drawing for that complex and enigmatic work on glass that would occupy him for the next ten years—"The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even." It is part of the



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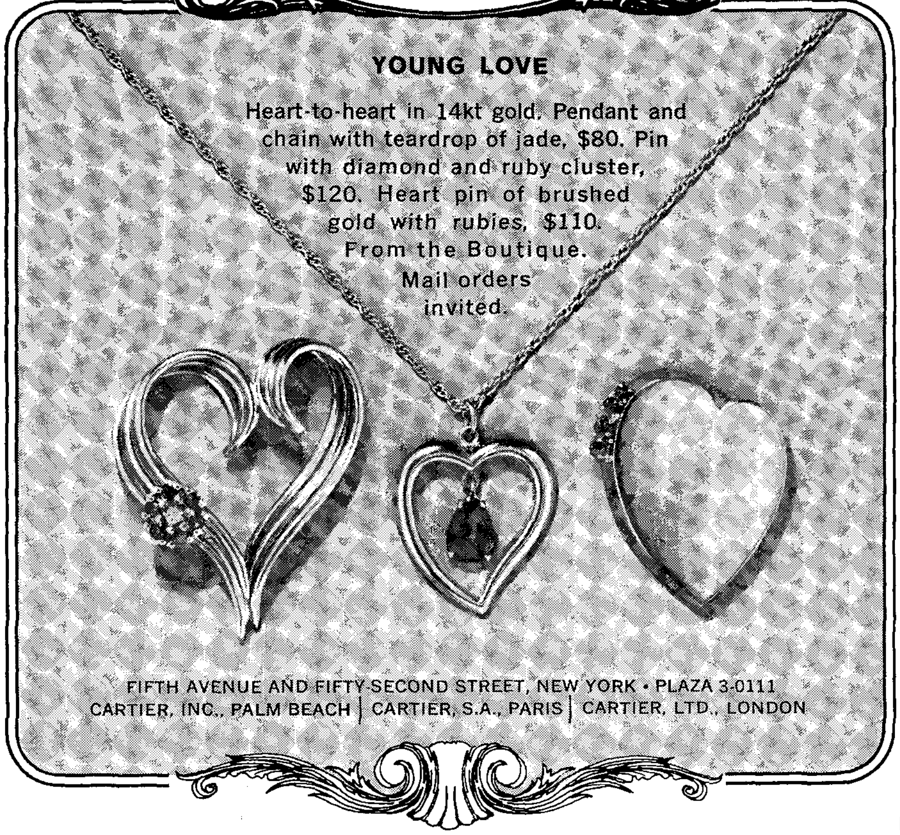

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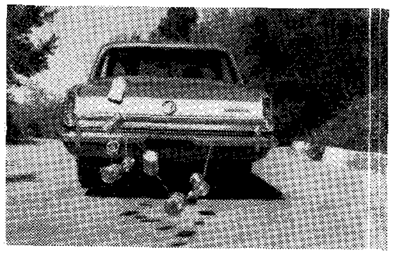
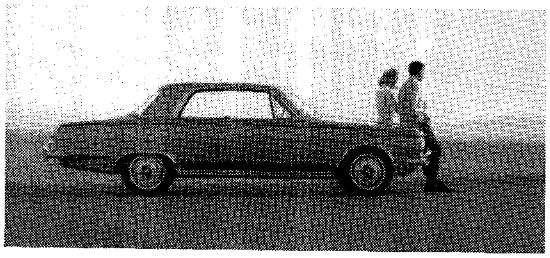
Duchamp legend to suppose that "The Passage from the Virgin to the Bride" showed such a mastery of painting technique that it made Duchamp fear being "seduced by beauty," and thus influenced his withdrawal from painting. The picture, which now hangs prominently in the Museum of Modern Art, is generally conceded to be his masterpiece as a painter. The Chilean Surrealist Matta (Roberto Matta Echaurren) has said that seeing a reproduction of this picture in an issue of *Minotaure* in the mid-nineteen-thirties helped bring about his own "passage" from architecture to painting, and gave him his subject as well. "The Cubists had concerned themselves with the object in space, and the Futurists with objects in motion," Matta said last summer. "But Duchamp's 'Passage' attacked a whole new problem in art, and solved it—to paint the moment of change, change itself. I've devoted myself to that problem ever since, and I've seen it become the preoccupation of our time in science, in mathematics, in philosophy. The morphology of form, relativity—it's all the same problem."

Matta, who has been for some years a close friend of Duchamp's, has his own theory of why Duchamp abandoned painting so soon after "Passage." He believes that in this picture Duchamp became involved with something so profound that any further involvement would have limited the personal freedom he valued more than anything else, and that he consequently made haste to disengage himself. Duchamp's own explanation is somewhat different. "From Munich on, I had the idea of 'The Large Glass,' " Duchamp said recently. "I was finished with Cubism and with motion—at least motion mixed up with oil paint. The whole trend of painting was something I didn't care to continue. After ten years of painting, I was bored with it. In fact, I was always bored with it, except at the very beginning, when there was that feeling of opening the eyes to something new. There was never any essential satisfaction for me in painting. I just wanted to react against what the others were doing—Matisse and the rest. All that work of the hand. In French, there is an old expression, '*la patte*,' meaning the artist's touch, his personal style, his 'paw.' I wanted to get away from '*la patte*,' and from all that retinal painting. The painting around me was completely retinal. Forget about anecdote, forget about emotion in the subject—that was the idea. Just concentrate on what comes in at the eye. The only man in the past





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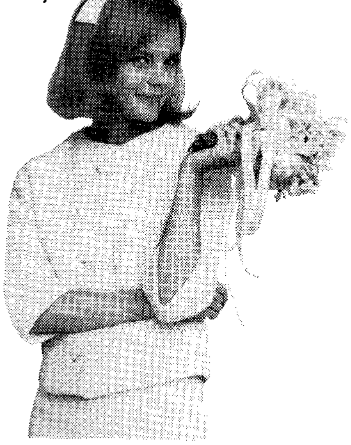

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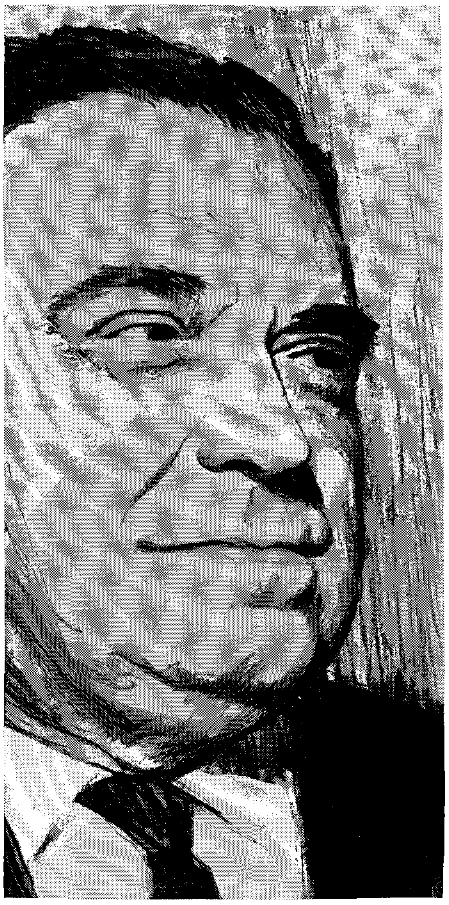

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whom I really respected was Seurat, who made his big paintings like a carpenter, like an artisan. He didn't let his hand interfere with his mind. Anyway, in 1912 I decided to stop being a painter in the professional sense."

Having assimilated and rejected the most advanced art of his time, Duchamp, at the age of twenty-five, set out to find his own alternative. Upon returning to Paris in September, he made no effort to renew his old ties with the Cubists. The one painter he did continue to see quite often was Francis Picabia, whose iconoclastic spirit and fantastic imagination rivalled his own, and who was also in revolt against the lofty seriousness of the Cubist school. Different as the two men were in temperament—Picabia, who was well off, led an extravagant and sumptuous existence, while Duchamp lived quietly, saw few people, and often spent two weeks or more closeted in his studio—they enjoyed each other's company, and their meetings invariably turned into pyrotechnical displays of verbal wit and clowning. They were often joined by Guillaume Apollinaire, the poet and first great champion of the new painting. (In his book "The Cubist Painters," published in 1913, Apollinaire wrote that Duchamp's role would be "to reconcile art and the people." Duchamp has always considered this a ridiculous statement, which could just as well have been applied to anyone else. "Apollinaire wrote awfully foolish things about art," he told Francis Steegmuller in 1963, "but he was a charming man.") Picabia's wife, Gabrielle, once described the Duchamp-Picabia-Apollinaire meetings as "forays of demoralization," with which they "pursued the disintegration of the concept of art," and added that their fantastic verbal flights "seem to have contained all the germs of what later became Dada." Specifically, the sparks struck during these wild conversations may very well have ignited Apollinaire's "calligrammes" and conversation poems, Picabia's "machine-style" painting, and Duchamp's highly demoralizing readymades.

The readymades are the most baffling of Duchamp's creations. Thousands of words have been written in analysis and explanation of these curious artifacts without dispelling the general confusion, but André Breton's 1934 definition is probably the best: "Manufactured objects promoted to the dignity of objects of art through the choice of the artist." Unlike the Surrealist *objet trouvé*, which is a common object chosen for its accidental aesthetic value, the readymade has no aesthetic value whatever, according to Duchamp, and it therefore functions in one sense as a derisive comment on all art traditions and dogmas. Like most of Duchamp's work, the readymades tend to raise more questions than they answer, and their significance is endlessly debated. He insists that when the first one appeared, in 1913—two years before he invented the term "readymade"—there was no concept or intention of any kind involved. He simply took the front wheel of a bicycle and mounted it on a stool in his studio, where a touch of the hand would set it spinning. "It just came about as a pleasure—something to have in my room, the way you have a fire or a pencil sharpener, except that there was no usefulness," he recalls. "It was a pleasant gadget—pleasant for the movement it gave." Another early readymade was more openly derisive. He bought a galvanized iron rack of a kind then used for drying bottles—it had five tiers of projecting rods—and signed his name to it; by this simple act he removed the rack from its "useful" context and placed it (derisively) in the context of a work of art. Recent statements by a number of younger artists and critics that "Bicycle Wheel" and "Bottle Rack" are among the most beautiful sculptures of the twentieth century may serve to indicate just how successful Duchamp has been in his systematic disintegration of the concept of art and of the codified values of formal beauty.

While cheerfully undermining several centuries of European art with his readymades, Duchamp continued to accumulate ideas, studies, and sketches for the work he had outlined in Munich, to which he had already given the title of "La Mariée Mise à Nu par Ses Célibataires, Même." Duchamp is now inclined to trace the real origin of this perplexing creation to a little painting he did in 1911, as a gift for Raymond Duchamp-Villon. Since the picture was to hang in his brother's kitchen, Duchamp decided to paint a coffee grinder. "But instead of making a figurative coffee grinder, I drew the mechanism in order to show what happens," he has explained. "You see the handle turning, the coffee after it is ground—all the possibilities of that little machine." This use of machine

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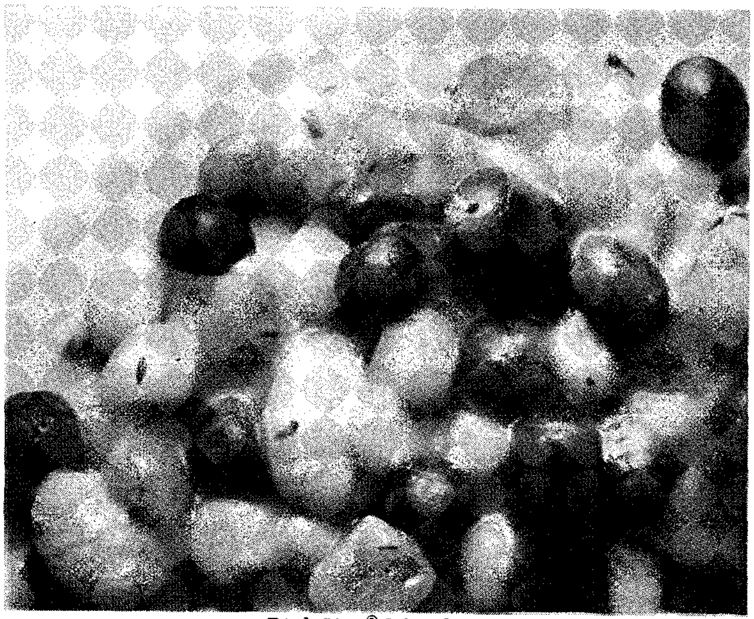

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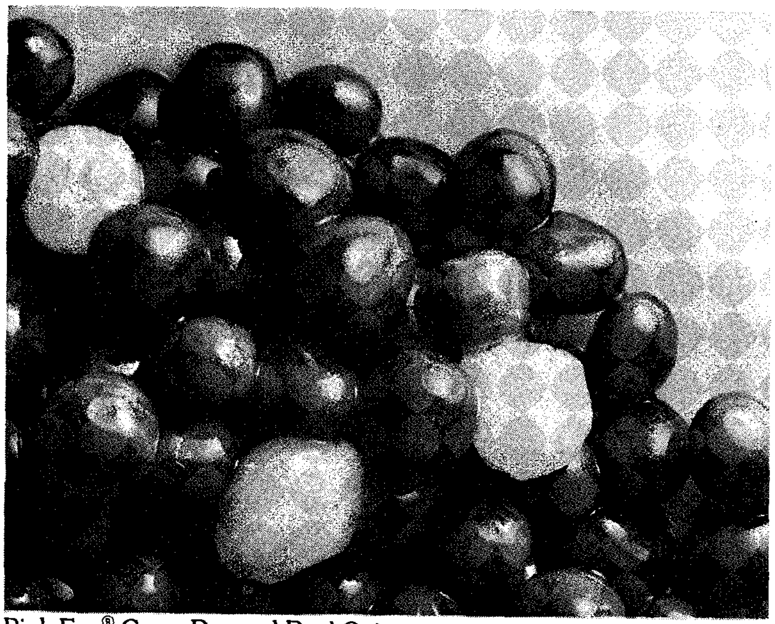

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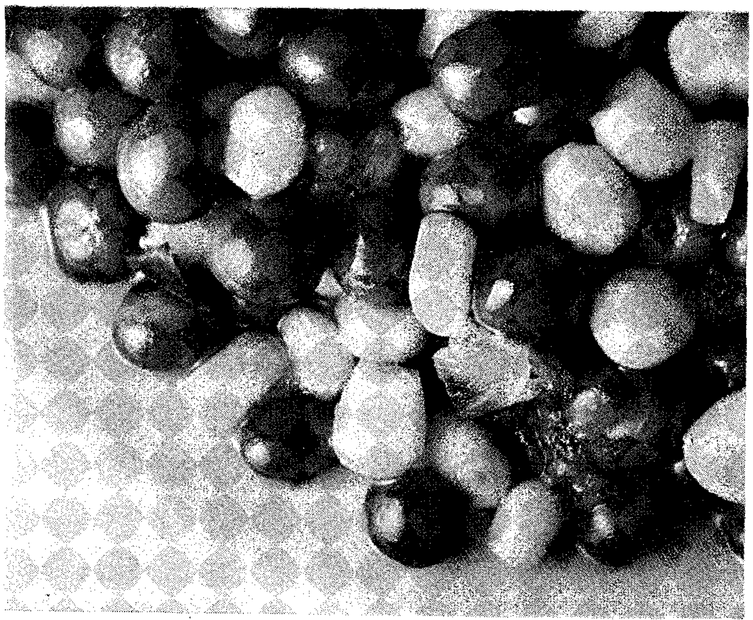

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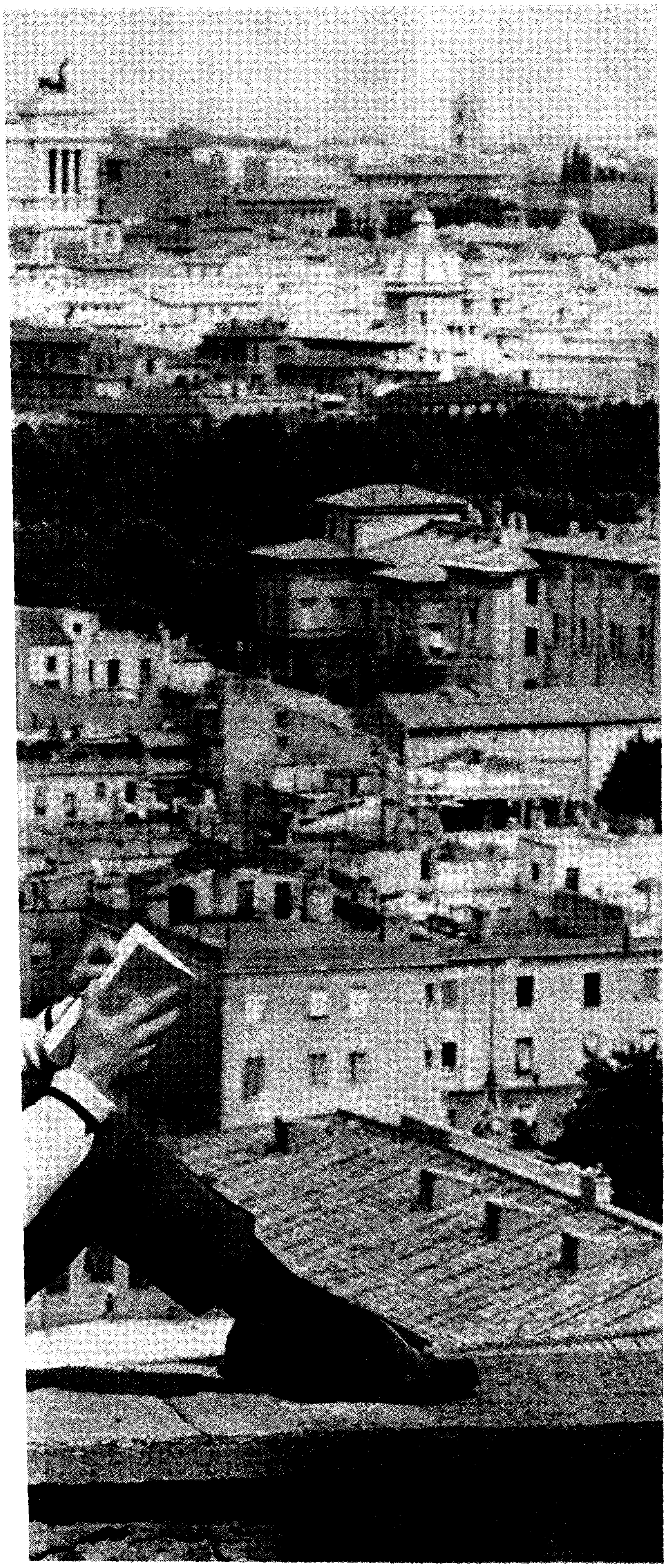

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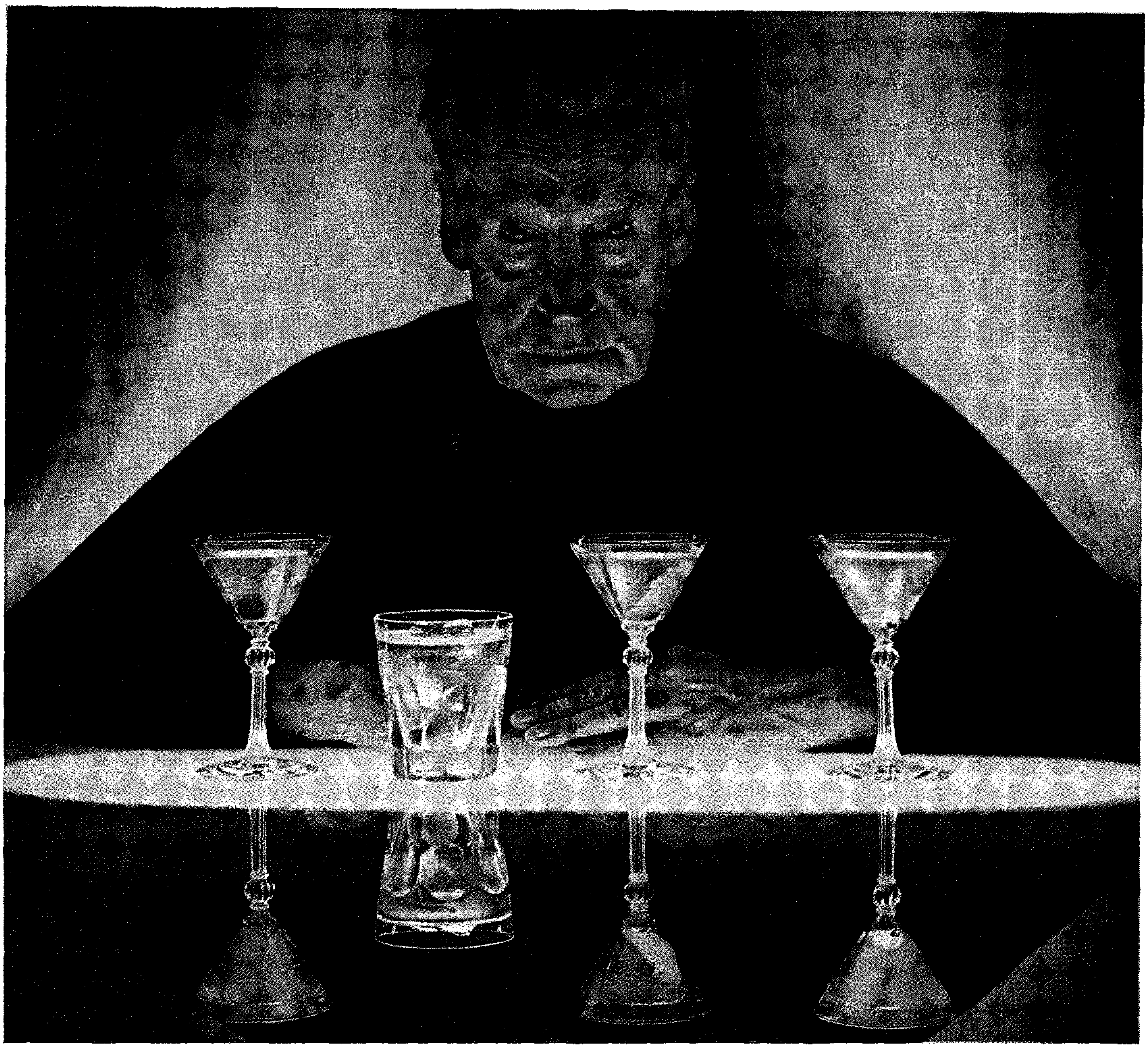

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imagery to illustrate a process, which Duchamp hit on more or less inadvertently, subsequently became a key factor in his most ambitious work. "The Large Glass" has been called everything from a masterpiece to a tremendous hoax, and to this day there are no standards by which it can be judged. Duchamp invented a new physics to explain its "laws," a new mathematics to fix the units of measurement of the new physics, and a condensed, poetic language to formulate its ideas, which he jotted down on scraps of paper as they occurred to him and stored away in a green cardboard box for future reference. The picture, if it can be called that, demonstrates, among other things, Duchamp's personal concept of the fourth dimension, which was being much discussed in scientific circles at that time; for Duchamp the fourth dimension was the act of love—in this case, the erotic dance of unearthly machines that have taken on a life of their own. All this, naturally, required entirely new techniques of composition, and Duchamp evolved them slowly, by trial and error, in solitude. "The problem was to draw and still avoid the old-fashioned form of drawing," he recalls. "Mechanical drawing was the answer—a straight line drawn with a ruler instead of the hand, a line directed by the impersonality of the ruler. The young man was in revolt, trying to add something never thought of by the fathers. Probably very naïve on my part. I didn't get completely free of that prison of tradition, but I tried to, consciously. I unlearned to draw. The point was to forget *with my hand*." The young man was also bored with paint and canvas, and about this time, in the spring of 1913, he got the idea of making the main picture on glass. "The idea came from having used a piece of glass for a palette and looking through at the colors from the other side," Duchamp explains. "That made me think of protecting the colors from oxidation, so there wouldn't be any of that fading and yellowing you get on canvas."

While Duchamp was slowly evolving his alternative to paint and canvas in an obscure Paris studio, his earlier Cubist works were achieving a *succès de scandale* in America. In February, 1913, the Armory Show hit New York like a cyclone, and Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase" immediately established itself as the storm center. The furor over this painting, which was caricatured, attacked, and singled out as the epitome of Cubist madness (Julian Street won a minor niche in art

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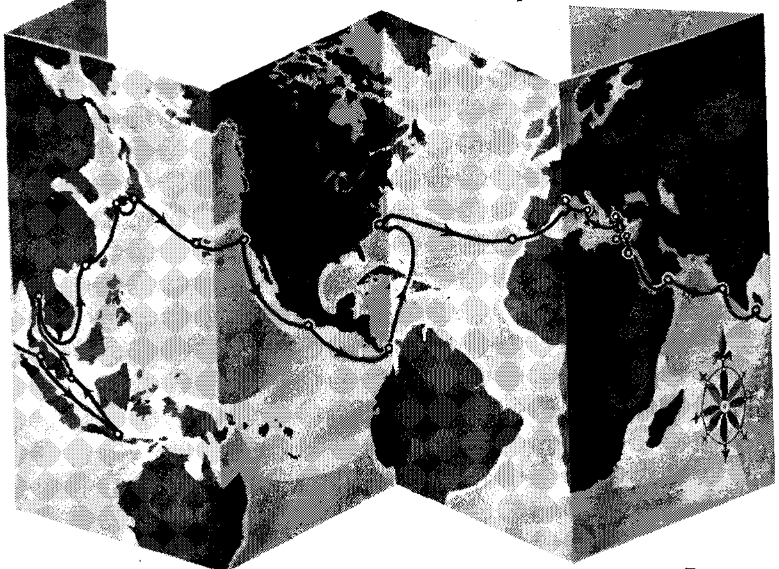

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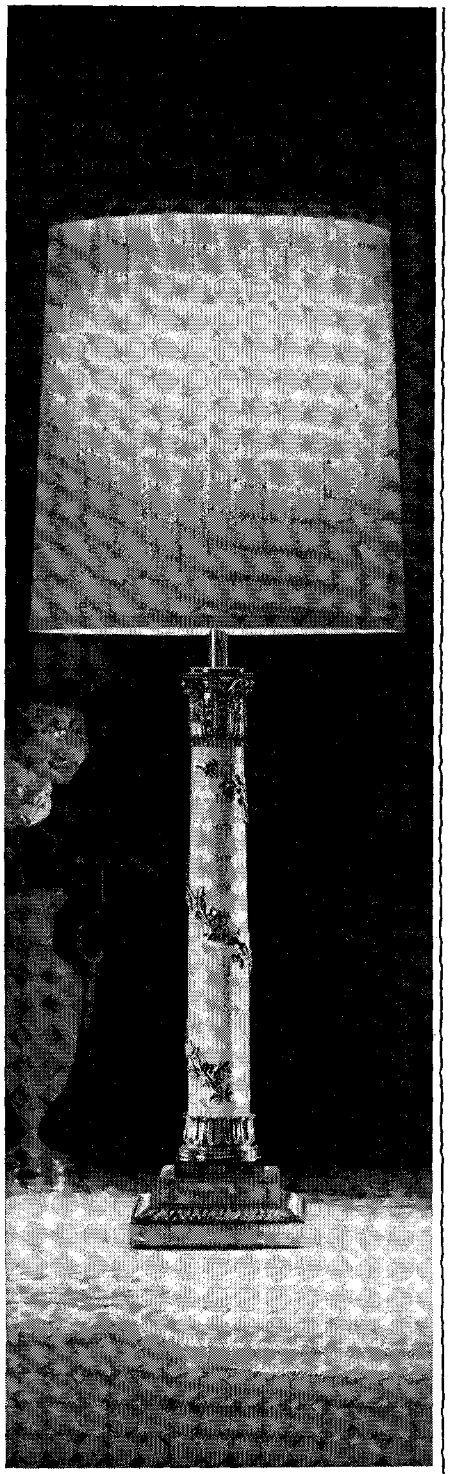

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history by calling it "an explosion in a shingle factory;" Theodore Roosevelt compared it unfavorably to a Navajo rug), was due in large part, Duchamp feels, to the title. The American public was as shocked as the Cubists had been by the idea of a nude descending, even though there was no recognizable nude to be seen. As the British art critic Kenneth Clark points out, the nude is not so much a subject for art as a form of art, and as such it has followed certain conventions since the time of Polyclitus. In art, nudes stand gracefully or recline or sit; they do not come downstairs. In any case, Duchamp's "Nude" attracted more attention than any other work in the show. People stood in line to see it, and in the end an enterprising San Francisco dealer named F. C. Torrey bought it for three hundred and fifty dollars. Duchamp had sent three other paintings to the Armory Show—"Sad Young Man in a Train," "Portrait of Chess Players," and "The King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes"—all of which were sold. The combined sales netted him about six hundred dollars, which was a windfall but which never once tempted him to resume painting Cubist pictures.

Duchamp had taken a job as a librarian in the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, which gave him just enough to live on. The job also removed him effectively from the competitive Paris art world and afforded him plenty of time and solitude for his intellectual researches, so he considered it an ideal arrangement. Oddly, though, Duchamp has never been much drawn to books. Not only does he believe that when an artist becomes erudite he is in great danger of never finding out anything on his own but over the years he has come to the conclusion that words, spoken or written, are hopelessly inadequate as a means of communication. "As soon as we start putting our thoughts into words and sentences, everything gets distorted," he observed not long ago. "Language is just no damn good; I use it because I have to, but I don't put any trust in it. We never understand each other. Only the fact directly perceived by the senses has any meaning. The minute you get beyond that, into abstractions, you're lost." There is an apparent paradox in this attitude, for all his life Duchamp has been fascinated by another sort of language, in which words break free of their accustomed meanings, play tricks on themselves, and begin to operate in a new, non-rational context. His love

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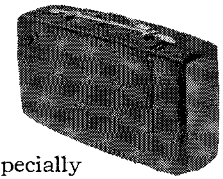

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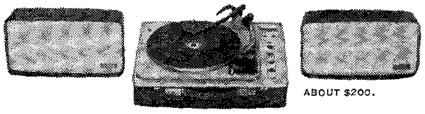

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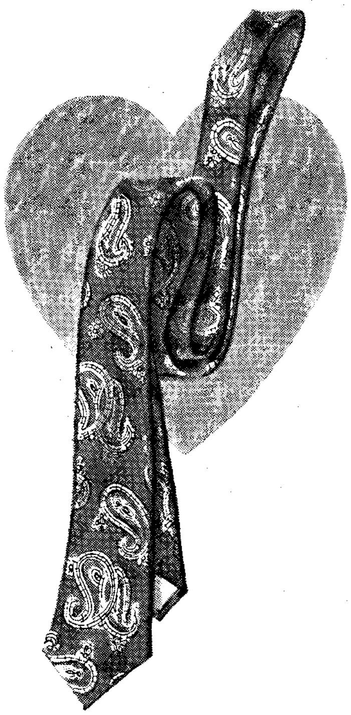

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for puns, spoonerisms, and nonsensical wordplay reflects his obsession with the strange verbal power he found in certain French poets, such as Mallarmé and Rimbaud. "Words get their real meaning and place in poetry," he has said. It is hardly surprising, moreover, that a mind that questions the power of language to express anything should be equally unimpressed by the laws of science. Where Cubist theory sought a basis in mathematics, Duchamp took the ironical view that "we don't know the half of it," and proceeded to act on that assumption. Why, for example, should one accept as immutably valid that standard unit of measurement, the metre? In a spirit of mock precision, taking great pains over every detail, Duchamp made his own units of measurement—what he called "a new image of the unit of length"—based on the laws of chance. From a height of one metre, he dropped a thread one metre in length upon a canvas, fixed it with varnish in the shape it had assumed, and laid a sheet of glass over it for protection. This process was repeated twice more. Three wooden cutouts conforming to the curves of the dropped threads were then made, and the whole works was placed in an elegant croquet box. These were the "Stoppages-Étalon," an example of what Duchamp has called "canned chance." The whole idea of chance, which was later to become the indispensable tool of a number of artists who saw in it a means of making their work conform more closely to the conditions of life, interested Duchamp in a unique way. He believes that chance is an expression of the subconscious personality. "Your chance is not the same as my chance, just as your throw of the dice will rarely be the same as mine," he explains. When he and his sisters Yvonne and Magdeleine amused themselves in 1913 by pulling the notes of the musical scale at random from a hat and then setting them down in the order drawn, the resulting composition, which they called "Musical Erratum," was in Duchamp's mind a lighthearted expression of their own personal chance, rather than a purely random creation. In a similar vein, Duchamp formulated the "amusing physics" of "The Large Glass," based on such concepts as "oscillating density," "uncontrollable weight," and "emancipated metal." "I got the idea that life would be more interesting, more of a game, if you could stretch the laws of physics and chemistry a little," he has said. "After all, we have to accept these so-called laws of

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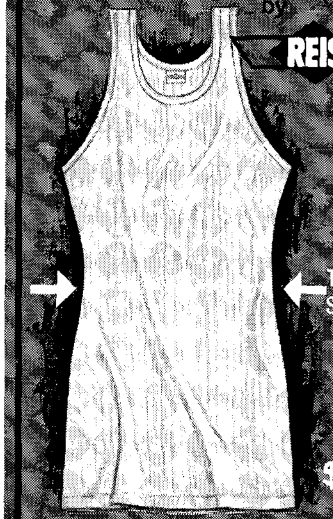

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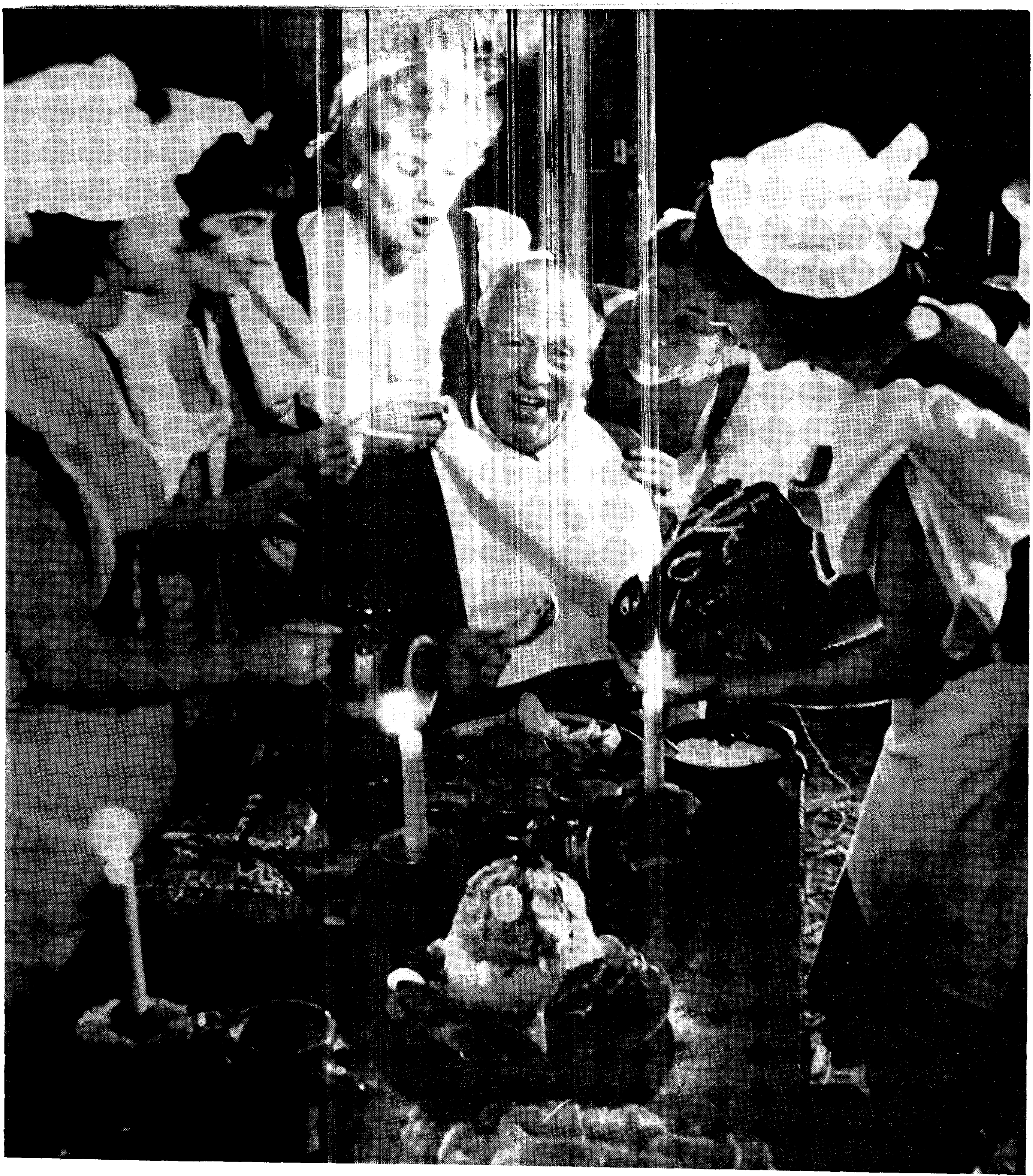

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science because they make life more convenient, but that doesn't mean anything as far as *validity* is concerned. The word 'law' is against my principles. Science is apparently a closed circuit, but every fifty years or so a new 'law' is discovered that changes everything. I just didn't see why we should have such reverence for science, so I gave it all a sort of pseudo-explanation. I never could stand the seriousness of life, but when the seriousness is tinted with humor it makes a nicer color."

WHEN the First World War broke out, Duchamp, who had volunteered for his compulsory military service at the age of eighteen and had served for one year, was found to have developed a weak heart, which rendered him unfit for military duty. The patriotic fervor then gripping Paris made life uncomfortable for anyone not in uniform. Walter Pach, one of the organizers of the Armory Show, had visited France in 1913 and urged Duchamp to come to America, and now the prospect appealed to Duchamp more and more. In the spring of 1915, carrying a visitor's visa, a minimum of luggage, and a scale drawing for "The Large Glass," he sailed on the Rochambeau for the United States. "I remember we landed at about noon on June 15th," he recalls. "Until the moment we docked, there had been a breeze, and then I suddenly became aware of being terribly hot. I thought, My God, there must be a fire somewhere. It was dumfounding." He was equally astonished to find himself famous here. The furor over "Nude Descending" had not been forgotten, and Duchamp's reputation as a Frenchman was then, as his fellow-countryman Henri-Pierre Roché put it, "equalled only by Napoleon and Sarah Bernhardt." Reporters were on the pier to interview him, and Duchamp, who then spoke no English, answered, through an interpreter, a great many brash questions with what one reporter called "smiling composure." He was at length rescued by Pach, who took him directly to the Arensbergs' apartment, on West Sixty-seventh Street. Walter Arensberg had already started to build his magnificent collection of twentieth-century art, and he deeply regretted that circumstances had kept him from visiting the Armory Show until the last day—too late to buy any of the four Duchamps there. He and his wife took to Duchamp immediately, and invited him to stay in their apartment. Duchamp remained for a month, then rented a small studio in the old

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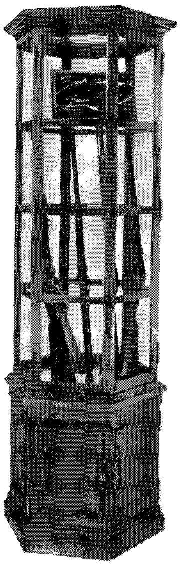

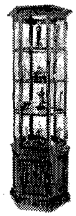

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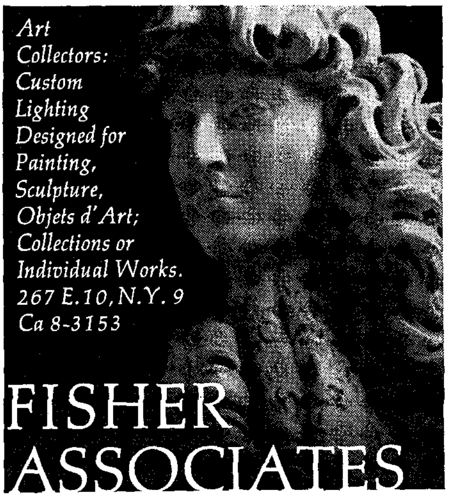

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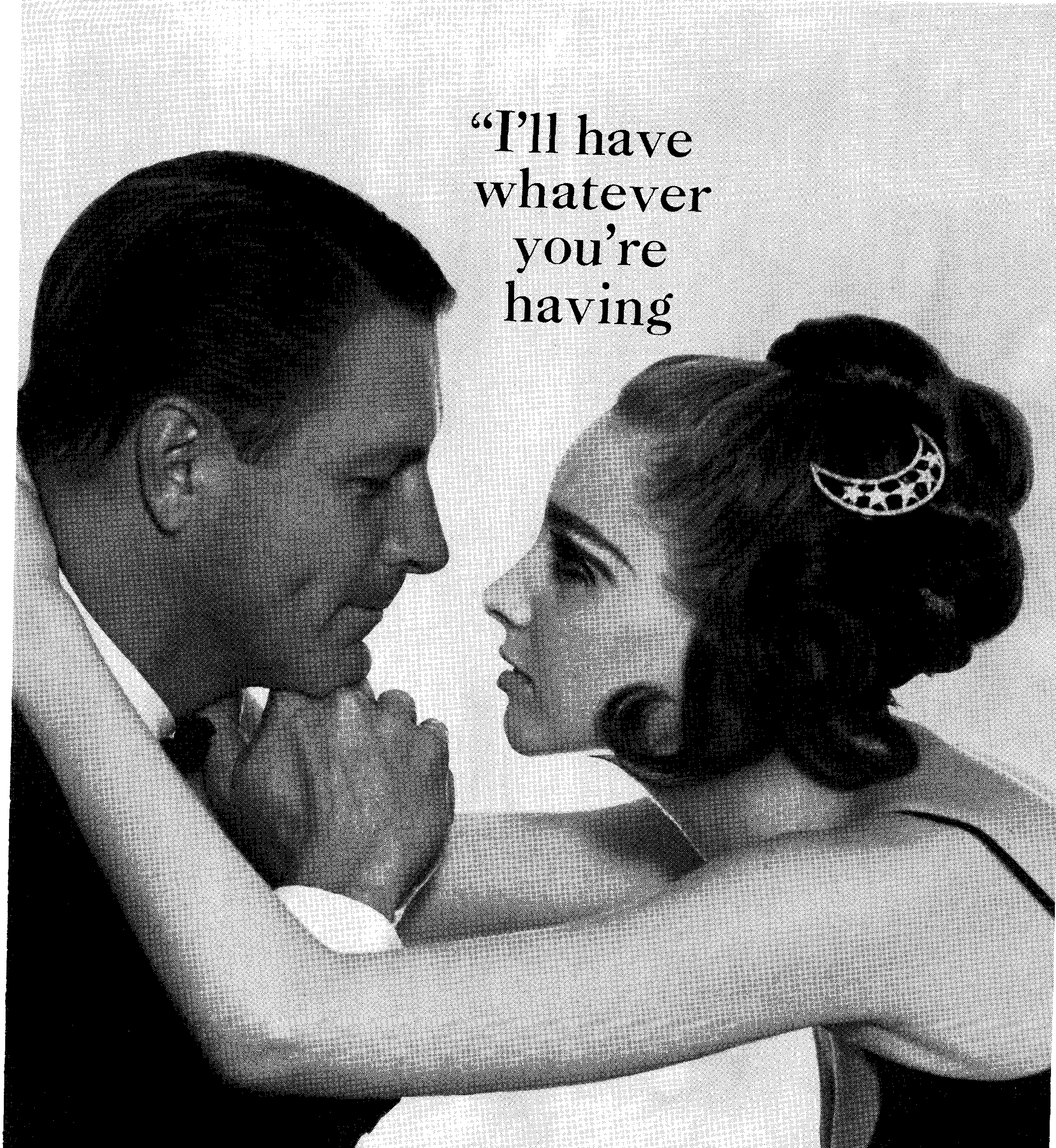
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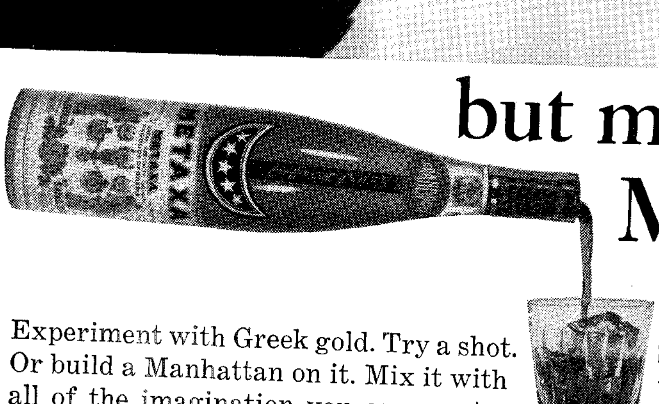
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She closed the book with a deep sigh and walked slowly to the window. Would she ever meet a man like Sidney Carton? Perhaps some day, somewhere . . . who could tell? It might even be at the dance tomorrow night, she thought excitedly, clutching the book to her Cos Cob dress, a charcoal jumper in wool and nylon.

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Lincoln Arcade Building, at Broadway and Sixty-seventh Street. "After a year, I felt very safe in New York," he says now. "As a Frenchman, used to class distinctions, I got a feeling of what a real democracy, a one-class country, could be. People who could afford to have chauffeurs went to the theatre by subway—things like that. Also, there was a much better climate for someone who wanted to keep aloof from movements and theories and people who want to categorize you. It was much, much freer than Paris. People left you alone more." Five years later, American expatriates were giving almost identical reasons for preferring Paris.

The Arensbergs were the center of an extremely lively group of artists and intellectuals, both American and European. This circle, which included such painters as Pach, Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Charles Demuth, lost no time lionizing Duchamp. His good looks and his audacious wit also proved irresistible to a number of young women. Henri-Pierre Roché, a well-connected young Parisian who was in New York on a government mission at the time, has written a perceptive memoir in which he says that Duchamp gave the impression of one who "enjoyed life and knew how it should be lived," and continues, "He could have had his choice of heiresses, but he preferred to play chess and live on the proceeds of the exclusive French lessons he gave for two dollars an hour. He was an enigma, contrary to all tradition, and he won everybody's heart." The French lessons, like the librarian's job in Paris, furnished Duchamp with just enough money to be independent without tying himself down. "I gave two or three a day, and I probably learned more English than my pupils learned French," he recalls. "I was not a good teacher—too impatient. But then I only took pupils who already knew some French, like the Stettheimer sisters—Florine, the painter, and Ettie, who wrote." (Duchamp appears in several of Florine's paintings and is a leading character in Ettie's novel "Love Days," which she wrote under the pseudonym Henrie Waste.) Once, hoping to establish his personal economy on a slightly firmer footing, Duchamp went into business with another displaced Frenchman, a friend of Walter Pach's named Leon Hartl, who had once worked in a dyeing establishment in Paris. They opened a small fabric-dyeing shop downtown on money borrowed from Duchamp's father, and went quietly bankrupt in six months. A young Duchamp disciple has recently found that the dyeing business fits into the Duchamp legend as a conscious play on words between "*teindre*" ("to dye") and "*peindre*" ("to paint")—a discovery that Duchamp regards as entertaining proof that in this sort of scholarship anything goes.

Duchamp began work on "The Large Glass" soon after his arrival in New York. "I bought two big plate-glass panes and started at the top, with the Bride," he has said. "I worked at least a year on that. Then, in 1916 or 1917, I worked on the bottom part, the Bachelors. It took so long because I could never work more than two hours a day. You see, it interested me, but not enough to make me *eager* to finish it. I'm lazy—don't forget that. Besides, I had no intention of showing it or selling it at the time. I was just doing it—that was my life. When I wanted to work on it, I did, and other times I would go out and enjoy America. It was my first visit, remember, and I had to see America as much as I had to work on my 'Glass.'" When Duchamp had been in New York for about a year and a half, he moved into another studio on West Sixty-seventh Street, which Arensberg paid for. In return, Duchamp promised him "The Large Glass."

From time to time, a new readymade appeared. Duchamp's first American readymade was a snow shovel, which he bought in a hardware store on Columbus Avenue, signed, and entitled "In Advance of the Broken Arm." This was followed by "Comb," a metal comb of the type used for grooming dogs, with an inscription by Duchamp along the upper edge that read (in French), "Three or four drops of height have nothing to do with savagery." "The idea was to write something that had nothing to do with dogs or combs," Duchamp has explained. "Something as nonsensical as possible. It's not easy to be nonsensical, because nonsensical things so often turn out to make sense." An "assisted," or "aided," readymade called "With Hidden Noise" consisted of a ball of twine compressed between two metal plates; Walter Arensberg, at his own suggestion, put an object known only to him inside the ball of twine, and it makes a slight noise when the readymade is shaken. (Arensberg, who died in 1954, never told anyone what he had put inside. When "With Hidden Noise" was exhibited at the Pasadena Museum in 1963, Duchamp authorized Walter Hopps to pull back the

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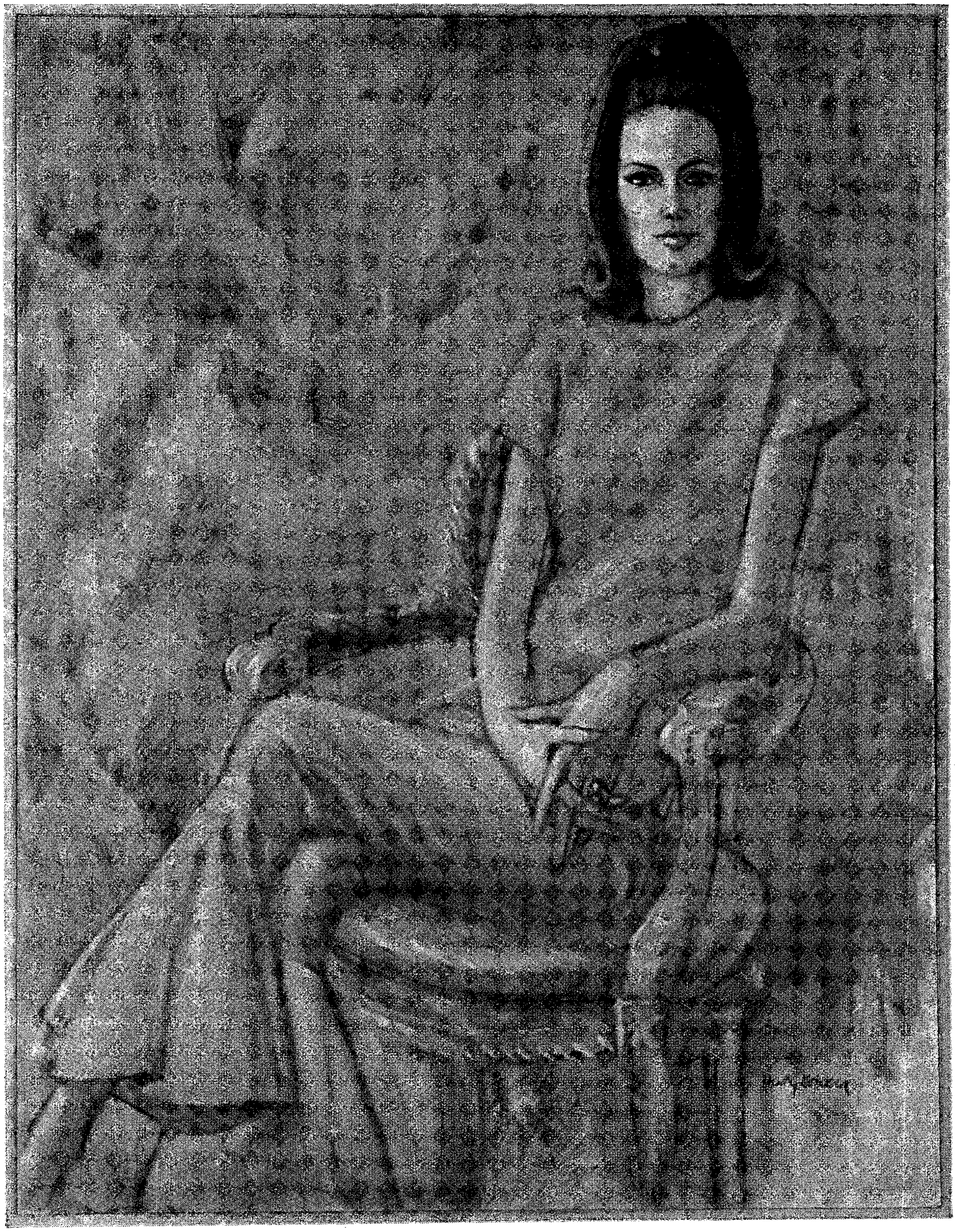

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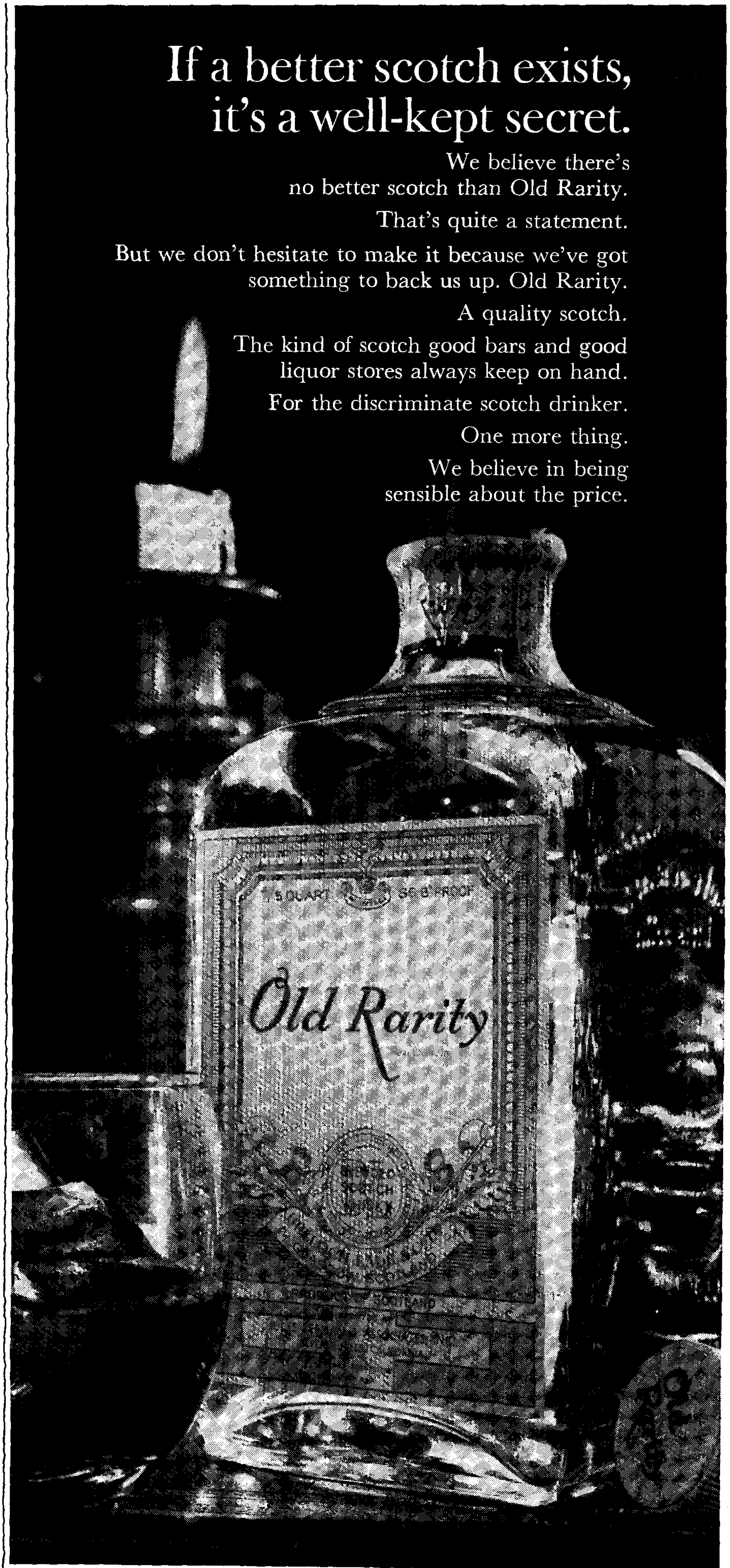
twine and look, so now Hopps is the only one in on the secret. Duchamp still does not want to know.) Duchamp made a note to himself to "limit the number of readymades yearly," so as to avoid turning them into an artistic activity, and he kept them in his studio or else gave them to friends. "I never intended to sell them," he has said. "The readymades were a way of getting out of the exchangeability, the monetarization, of the work of art. In art, and only in art, the original work is sold, and it acquires a sort of aura that way. With my readymades, a replica will do just as well." All these puzzling objects can be looked upon as part of Duchamp's tireless assault on the traditions of art and the artist; that is, the artist is merely someone who signs things. The real shocker, though, was the readymade that Duchamp and Joseph Stella sent anonymously to the hanging committee of the 1917 exhibition of the New York Society of Independent Artists, of which Duchamp was a founding member. This was the notorious "Fountain," a porcelain urinal turned upside down and signed "R. Mutt." The hanging committee refused to exhibit it, although the Society had supposedly pledged itself to show any work by any artist who paid a six-dollar entry fee. Duchamp argued the case soon afterward in *Blind Man*, an ephemeral little magazine financed by Arensberg and Roché and edited by Duchamp. "Whether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance," he wrote. "He CHOSE it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view—created a new thought for that object." As for the moral objections, Duchamp pointed out that similar fixtures were seen every day in plumbers' show windows, and added succinctly, "The only works of art America has given are her plumbing and her bridges."

The spirit that animated Duchamp's readymades was by no means an isolated phenomenon at that time. Everything Duchamp had done since 1913 is obviously related to the Dada movement, which began in Zurich in 1916, and Duchamp himself is often described as a proto-Dadaist, who anticipated Dada's violent rejection of traditional European art and culture. Dada had many origins, of course, and at the outset its preoccupations were not so much aesthetic as political—the expression of a profound disgust for the ideas and ideals that had led to the senseless horrors of the First World War. In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their demonstrations of organized insanity at the Cabaret Voltaire, in Zurich, the Dadaists showered contempt on the so-called logic of a world gone mad. The Dadaists were poets and artists, though, and when their movement spread throughout Europe after the war, its aesthetic manifestations predominated. In these the spirit of Duchamp was often in evidence. "Art is not the most precious manifestation of life," Tristan Tzara, one of the original Cabaret Voltaire group, said in 1922. "Art has not the celestial and universal value that people like to attribute to it. Life is far more interesting." Richard Huelsenbeck, another of the Cabaret Voltaire group, has said that Duchamp's readymades brilliantly summed up the Dadaist belief that art should itself be a piece of reality, rather than an interpretation of reality. "Dadaism was not a new form of art, like Cubism," Huelsenbeck said recently. "Its real origin was a doubt of the interpretive function of art. We tried to bring in life as much as possible. Then we went further and denounced abstraction in art as just another form of interpretation—a search for some deeper meaning. Duchamp went even further than this with his readymades—things for which he provided no interpretation at all. One step beyond would have meant giving up art altogether."

In 1917, Duchamp was not quite ready for this one step beyond. Although he spent by far the greater part of his time enjoying life in New York, he continued, a little bit each day, the slow, meticulous process of building up "The Large Glass." In 1918, as though in mocking contradiction of his own previous farewell to traditional art, he even executed one last painting on canvas. The painting was commissioned by Katherine Dreier, of Connecticut, a strong-willed heiress who had a passion for modern art, inspired by a visit to the Armory Show. Designed to be hung in a particular space over a doorway in Miss Dreier's house—it now belongs to the Yale University Art Gallery—the painting is about ten feet long and two feet high, and, for Duchamp, it is surprisingly colorful. Duchamp made it a sort of inventory of his principal ideas up to that point. The contours of the "Stoppages-Étalon" are painted in at the bottom left, beneath an image of the "Bicycle Wheel" that was obtained by rubbing with a lead pencil over the shadow cast on the canvas by a real bicycle wheel. Rubbings of two other readymades—a hatrack and a greatly enlarged corkscrew—cast spec-

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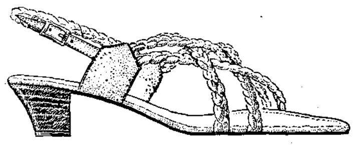

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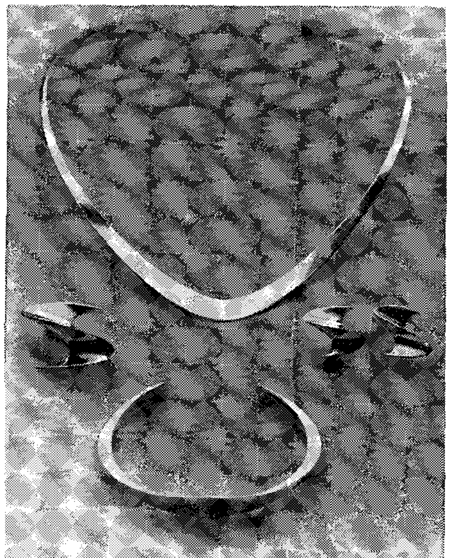
tral shadows over the rest of the painting, in which a long row of overlapping paint samples recedes into a perspective distance and an actual bottle brush projects from a rent in the canvas; the rent is an illusion, painted in trompe-l'oeil, but it is secured by three *real* safety pins. Near the center of the picture is a pointing hand executed by a professional sign painter whom Duchamp employed for this purpose and whose signature, "A. Klang," is visible just below. Duchamp has refused to offer any explanation of the title of the painting, which is "Tu m'." One popular guess makes it a contraction of the French "*Tu m'ennuies*" ("You bore me"). "I never liked that painting very much," Duchamp confided to a friend last spring. "It is just something decorative. Besides, it has all the characteristics of a résumé—never a very attractive form of activity. But other people liked it, and they are the boss, as we say."

In any event, "Tu m' " was Duchamp's last formal painting. It also marked the end of his first stay in the United States. He left New York in the summer of 1918 and spent the next nine months in Buenos Aires, where he completed a small work on glass called "To Be Looked At with One Eye, Close To, for Almost an Hour." The atmosphere of the Argentine capital depressed him—"all those foreign colonies keeping to themselves"—and, to make matters worse, while he was there he learned that his brother Raymond had died, a few weeks after the armistice, of injuries suffered as a soldier at the front. Duchamp returned at once to Paris. A great deal had changed in his absence. Apollinaire was dead, too—another war victim. The creative climate of the prewar period had been dissipated by four years of bloodshed. The old rivalries of Cubism, Futurism, and Fauvism had long been forgotten, and the new postwar energies had not yet gathered force. In this vacuum, the Dada movement now exploded like a well-timed bomb. The new gospel of anti-logic was enthusiastically taken up by a group of young painters and poets that included Picabia, Jacques Rigaut, Georges Ribemont-Desaignes, André Breton, Louis Aragon, and Paul Eluard, and they launched a series of public performances and manifestations that usually ended in riots. The Paris Dada group immediately recognized Duchamp as a kind of patron saint, and he was no less highly regarded because he chose to remain somewhat elusive. Duchamp says now that he did not



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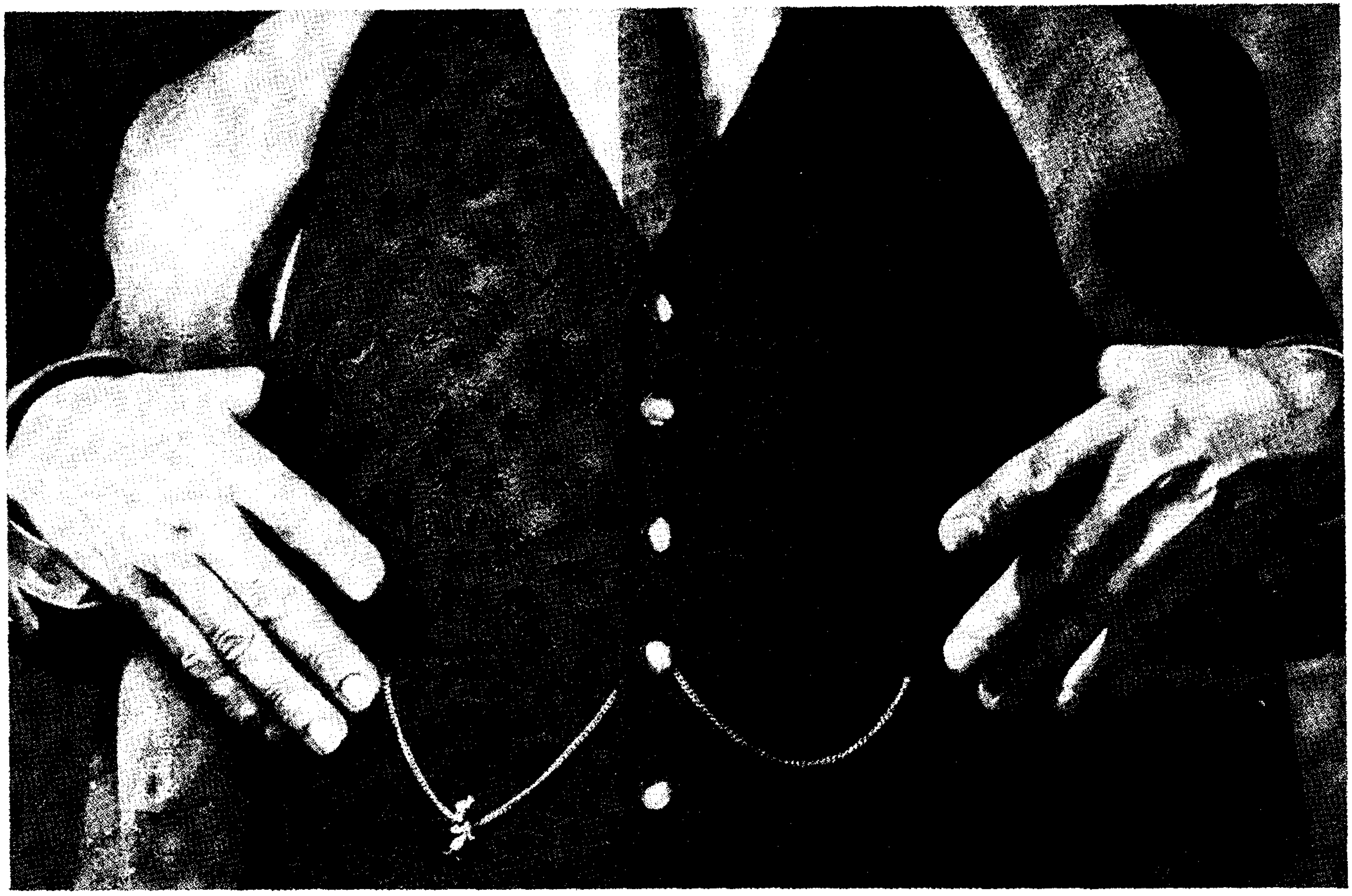

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have enough of the "ham actor" in him to take part in the Dada performances at the Salle Gaveau and elsewhere, but he was clearly a Dadaist when he paid for some dental work in 1919 with a beautifully fabricated check drawn on "The Teeth's Loan & Trust Company, Consolidated," and his dentist, Daniel Tzanck, was equally a Dadaist when he accepted the forgery. (He later sold it back to Duchamp at a big profit.) Nor could the Dadaists' loudest sallies improve upon the quiet savagery of Duchamp's 1919 "corrected readymade"—a photograph of the Mona Lisa on which he had pencilled in an elegant mustache and beard. As Duchamp explained it not long ago, "The Gioconda was so universally known and admired, it was very tempting to use it for scandal." The title he chose heaped a further indignity on the world's most famous painting. Duchamp called his version "L.H.O.O.Q.," letters meaningless in themselves but phonetically adding up to a rude phrase in French.

The Dada movement reached a violent climax in Paris in about 1922 and then fizzled out, having given birth to its successor, Surrealism. The original Dadaists became what they had fought so hard against—productive artists (Arp, Ernst, and Schwitters) and poets (Tzara, Breton, and Aragon). Huelsenbeck completed his medical studies and is now a practicing psychiatrist in New York. But Duchamp, who never joined the movement, has remained a natural Dadaist all his life. "What is left of Dada?" the French writer Georges Hugnet asked in a 1932 essay. "Above all, the remarkable personality of Marcel Duchamp, whose spirit, whose moral austerity and haughty detachment, whose experiments and profound thought surpassed the limits of Dada."

Returning to New York in 1920, Duchamp resumed work on "The Large Glass" and also turned his attention once more to the problem of motion. "Revolving Glass" ("Appareil Rotatif, Optique de Précision") dates from this period. It is a construction of five rectangular glass plates of graduated size mounted on a single axle, which is turned by a powerful electric motor. The plates have black and white lines painted at each end, and when they are revolved at high speed, the lines form an illusion of continuous circles. The apparatus nearly decapitated Duchamp's good friend Man Ray when a fan belt flew off and sent broken glass in all directions. Man Ray recalls in his autobiography that

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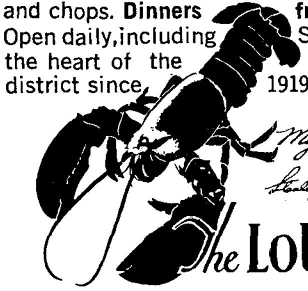

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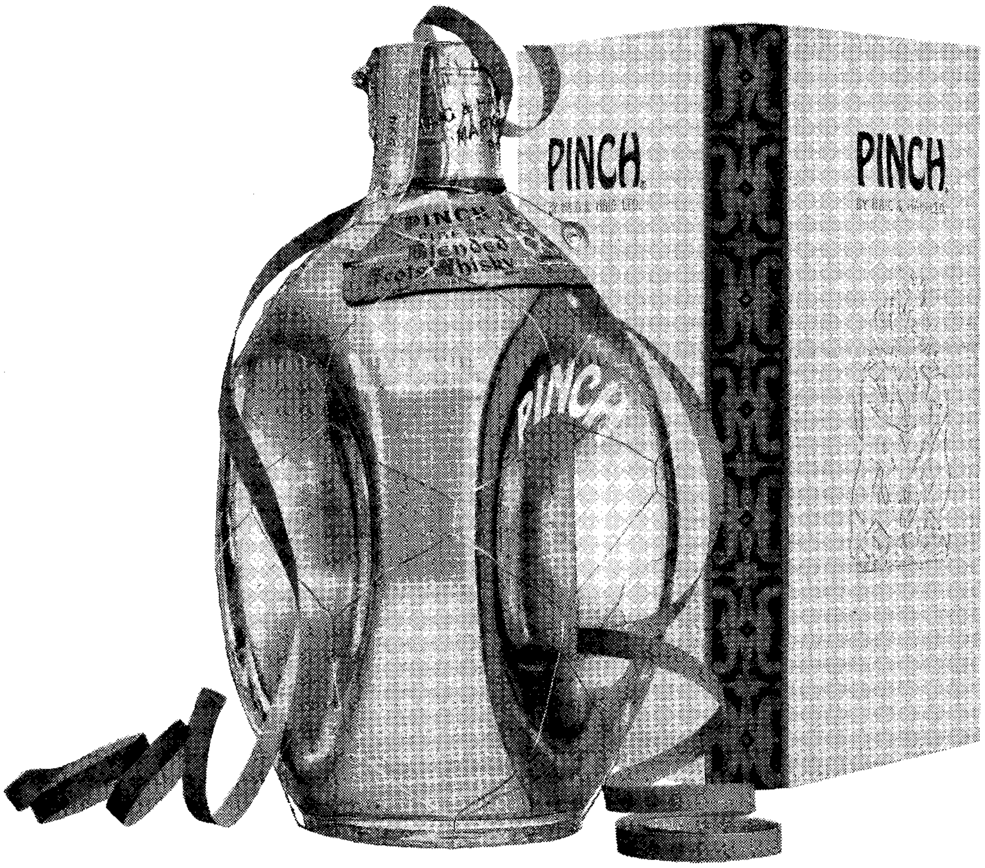

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afterward Duchamp "ordered new panels and, with the patience and obstinacy of a spider reweaving its web, repainted and rebuilt the machine."

At about this time, Duchamp decided to take on a second identity. His explanation of this is characteristically free of logic. "I just wanted two identities, that's all," he said recently. "It was a sort of readymade-ish action. I first wanted to get a Jewish name, but I couldn't find the right one. Then the idea jumped at me—why not a female name? Marvellous! Much better than to change religion would be to change sex. So I chose the name Rrose Sélavy. Rose was the corniest name for a French girl at that time, and Sélavy, of course, was '*C'est la vie.*' The double 'r' in 'Rrose' came from a play on words in Picabia's painting 'The Cacodylactic Eye,' which he wanted all his friends to sign; in signing it I used the word '*arroser*,' and that gave me the idea of using the two 'r's in the name." Rrose took to coining elaborate puns and signing readymades, the first one being the 1920 "Fresh Widow," a verbal and visual pun in the form of a carpenter's scale model of a window frame (French window) whose panes were neatly covered with black leather (freshly widowed). This was soon followed by what is probably Duchamp's most arresting readymade—a bird cage filled with what appear to be lumps of sugar but are in fact marble, into which a thermometer has been stuck. Now in the Philadelphia Museum, it has a compellingly illogical title, which can only be seen reflected in a mirror placed beneath the bird cage. The title is "Why Not Sneeze?"

"The Large Glass," meanwhile, was gradually assuming the mysterious aura of a famous work that hardly anyone had seen, and Duchamp's efforts to finish it became more and more sporadic. In 1921, when the Arensbergs moved from New York to Los Angeles, they sold the "Glass" to Katherine Dreier, so that Duchamp could continue working on it, and he did so, with interruptions, for two more years. Then, one day, he stopped. The "Glass" was far from being finished. A number of important elements had not even been suggested visually. The "electrical undressing" of the Bride, outlined in the notes kept in the green box, had not been carried out, and so, in effect, the Bride was *not* stripped bare. After ten years, Duchamp was bored with it. "It was too long, and in the end you lose interest," he told Walter Hopps in 1963. "I felt that sometimes in the unfinished thing there is more—there is

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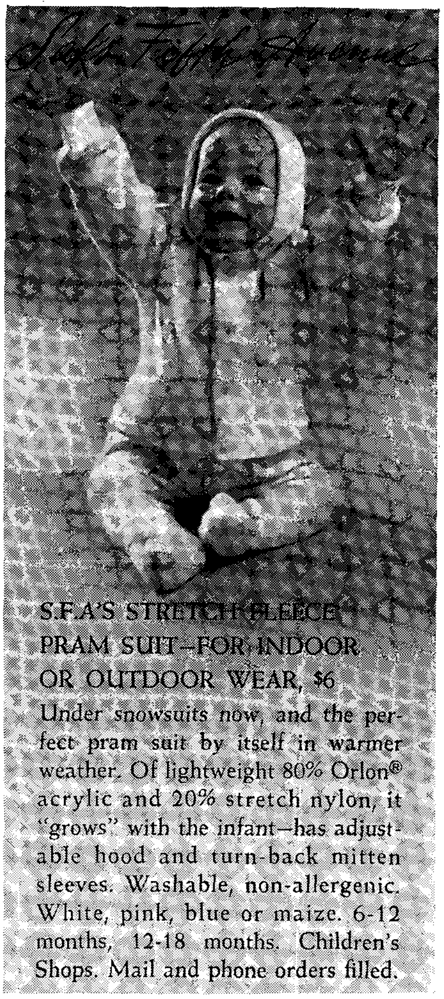

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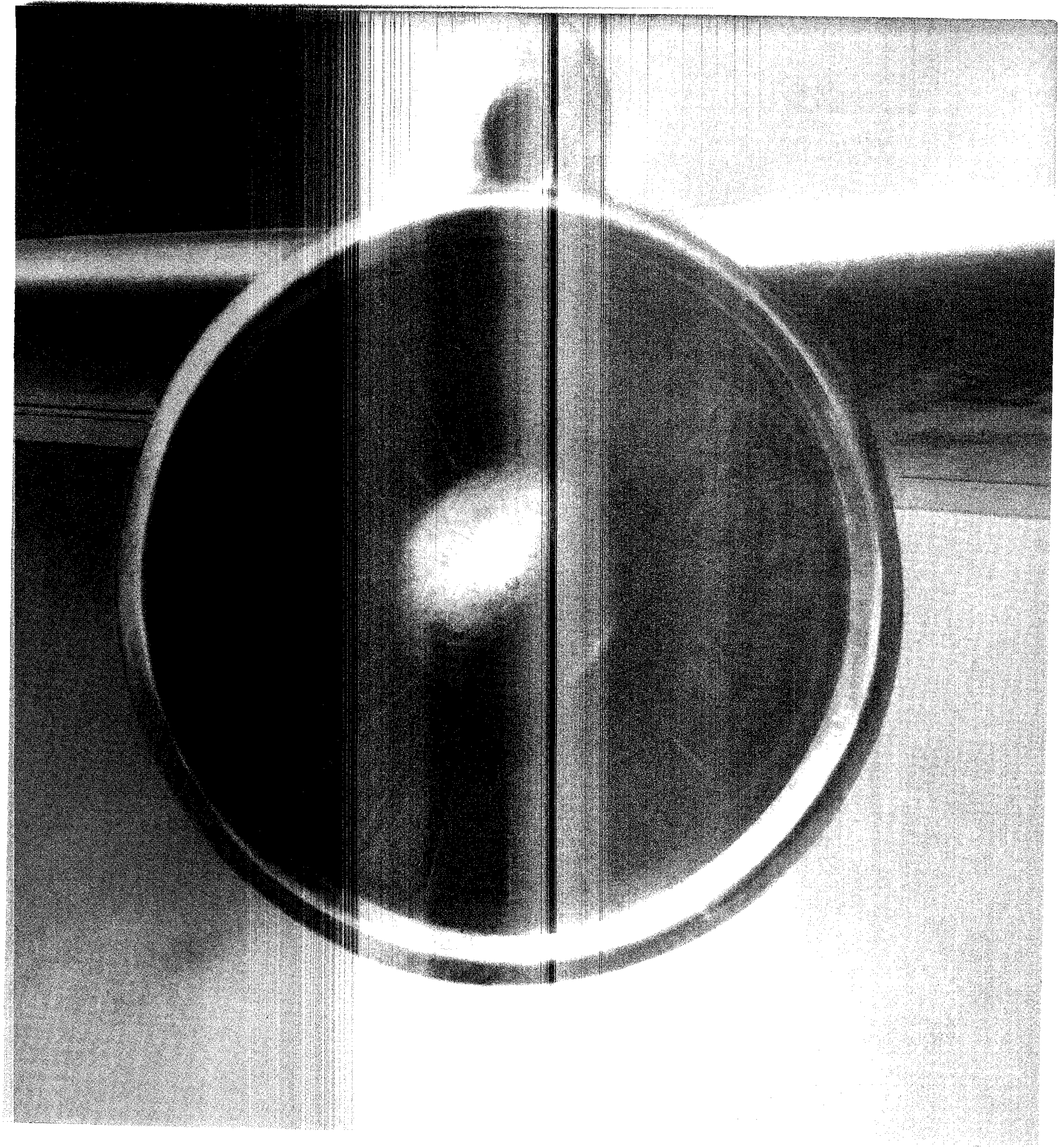

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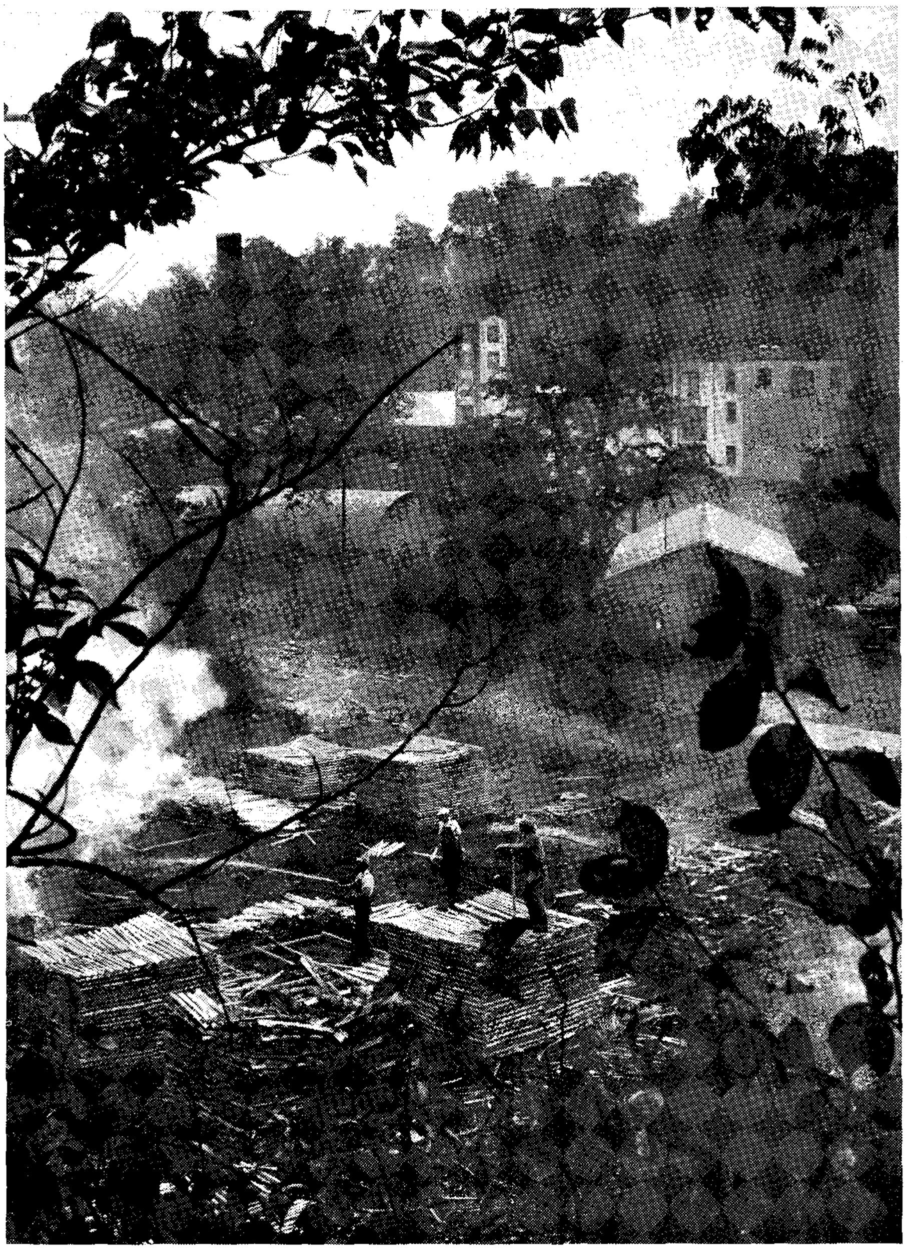
THE fact that in 1923 Duchamp ceased to produce anything like "art" has been treated—even by people who disapprove of Duchamp—as an event of some magnitude in the history of modern art, and the temptation to speculate about his reasons for this abandonment has been irresistible. Richard Huelsenbeck believes that Duchamp simply decided "that life was more interesting than aesthetics—that life had to be lived, not painted." Matta sees the decision as a retreat from deeper commitments. "Marcel has this bulletproof system," Matta explained recently. "He doesn't live anything; he makes beautiful gestures." The rising commercialism of the art market, which puts such pressure on the leading artists to produce and produce, repeat and repeat, has been singled out by others as the real reason. "Duchamp is Picasso's bad conscience," the critic Nicolas Calas has observed. A more hostile critic, Hilton Kramer, suggested not long ago that "at a certain point in Duchamp's development as an artist, the experience and objects of modern life defeated his ability to cope with them." There may very well be an element of truth in each of these opinions, as in many of the others that have been advanced. Duchamp himself has always maintained that the famous decision was not a decision at all, and that he would start painting again tomorrow if he thought he had something new to contribute.

FOR a long time after 1923, the mainstream of Duchamp's intellectual energy was concentrated on the game of chess. He and all five of his brothers and sisters had been enthusiastic chess players while they were growing up, and the game figures prominently in many of Duchamp's early paintings. He dates the beginning of his "violent career" as a chess player from the 1918 trip to Buenos Aires, where he joined a local chess club and took to staying up late at night to study the game. Back in New York after the war, as a member of the Marshall Chess Club, which used to meet over the Pepper Pot Restaurant, near Washington Square, he started to play serious competitive chess and found himself winning more games than he lost. "After that, ambition set in," he recalls. "When you reach that point, you want to go on and become champi-



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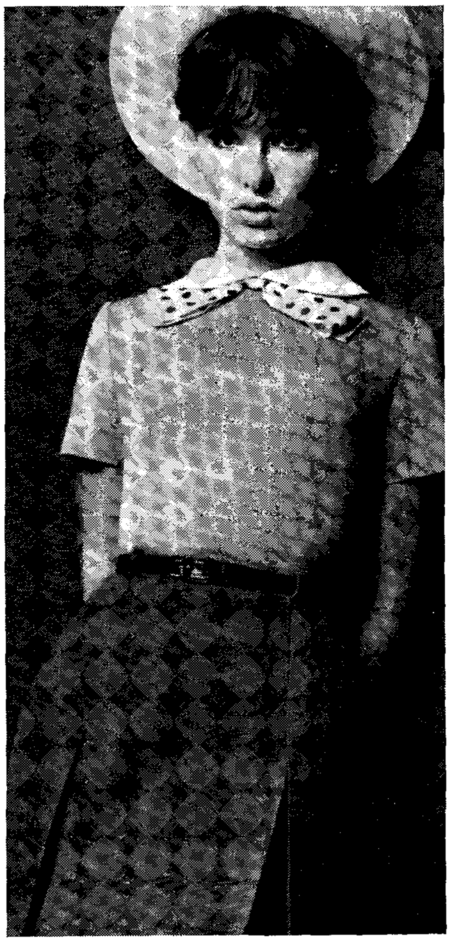

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on of the world, or champion of something. Of course, I never did. But I tried. For twenty years, I took it quite seriously—played in tournaments here and in France, even entered those correspondence tournaments where you play against twelve people who send you their moves by postcard, which you must reply to within forty-eight hours. One tournament takes a year and a half to finish, and during that time you don't do anything but wait for that damn postcard and prepare your answer."

The American chess master Edward Lasker, one of the great international champions of recent times and the author of many books on chess, has expressed the opinion that if there had been official rankings of United States chess players in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, as there are now, Duchamp would certainly have been among the top twenty-five. "He is a very strong player," Lasker has said. "Of course, he never had the experience of playing regularly against professional masters, which is absolutely essential if you are going to become a champion. But Duchamp was a master among amateurs, and a marvellous opponent. He would always take risks in order to play a beautiful game, rather than be cautious and brutal in order to win." Duchamp has taught a number of his friends the game, and through his connections in the art world he has raised considerable sums of money for the American Chess Foundation, which sends the top American players to compete abroad. He seems, on the whole, to have been a good deal more serious about chess than he ever was about art, and he makes no secret of his opinion that as an activity of the mind chess is much purer than art, because it is in no danger of being corrupted by money. There may also have been a deeper motive. According to Julien Levy, the art dealer, who has been a close friend of Duchamp's for many years and an occasional chess partner since Duchamp taught him the game, "Marcel wanted to show that an artist's mind, if it isn't corrupted by money or success, can equal the best in any field. He thought that the artist's mind, with its sensitivity to images and sensations, could do as well as the scientific mind, with its mathematical memory. He came damn close, too. But, of course, the memory boys were tougher, and they had trained for it from an early age. Marcel started too late in life."

Although chess claimed a great deal of the energy that Duchamp had formerly devoted to his "Large Glass," the

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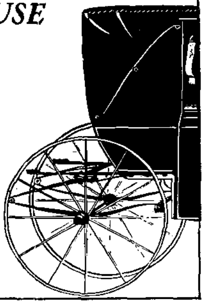

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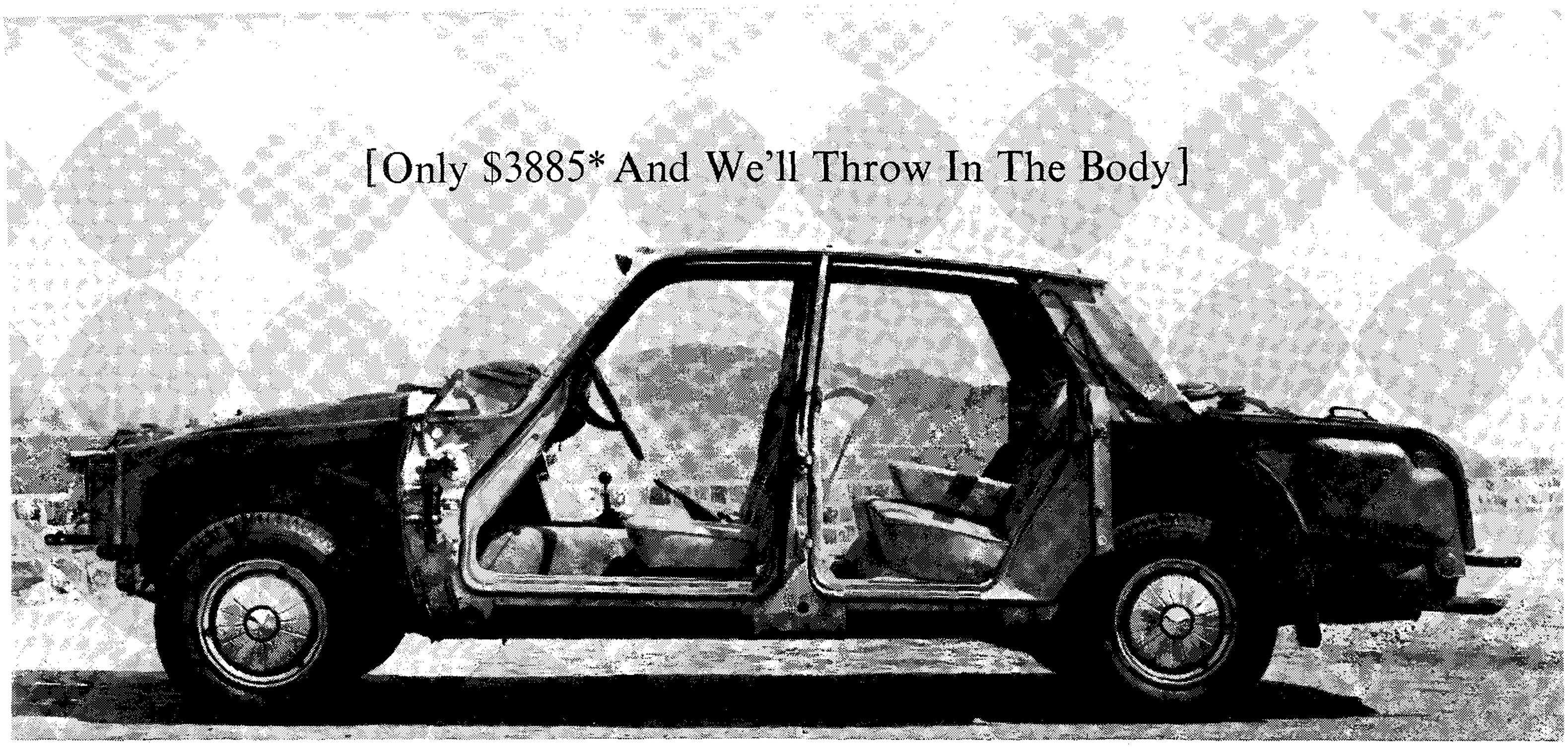

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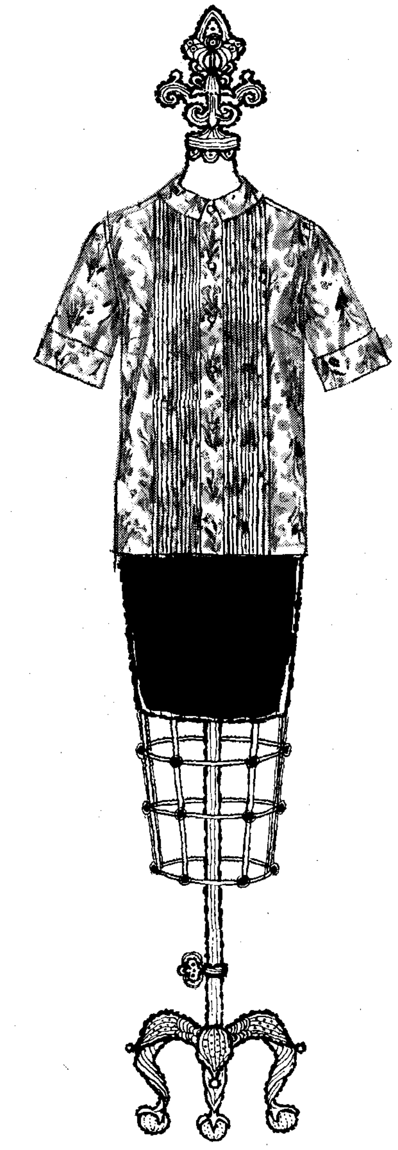

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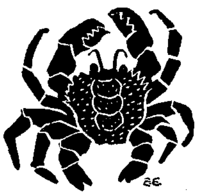
usual statement that he abandoned art for chess is misleading. In fact, one of the essential facts about Duchamp is that while he has successfully avoided playing the role of artist for the last forty years, he has never abandoned the art world. Soon after leaving his "Glass" in its state of definitive incompletion, Duchamp returned to Paris. He remained there for three years, during which he acted as an unofficial agent for Arensberg, buying paintings and receiving a ten-per-cent commission on each purchase. Duchamp insists that Arensberg, like Katherine Dreier, was an extremely strong-minded collector, who did not depend on his advice. "He would write and ask me to get a painting by Max Ernst or someone, and I would send back photographs, and often he would decide from them alone," Duchamp says. "I didn't influence his decisions." It is probably true that Duchamp's influence on these two collectors was not a direct one, but, as Julien Levy explains it, "When you're a disciple of Marcel's, it's enough for him to say one day that he likes Max Ernst's work; a month later you find yourself wanting to buy paintings by Ernst."

Once Duchamp had stopped producing art, in fact, he found it increasingly difficult to avoid the pedestal on which a growing host of admirers and disciples wished to place him. The Surrealist group in Paris treated him with even greater respect and awe than the Dadaists had, and André Breton, Surrealism's high priest, clearly regarded him as the greatest artist of the epoch. Although Duchamp took an active part from time to time in the Surrealists' activities, he never became involved in the personal feuds and rivalries that periodically decimated the ranks of the movement. Even his smiling, ironic detachment was never resented, because there was so little self-interest in his irony. He made no enemies, not even among the young women who fell regularly in love with him—although it may be conjectured that Mlle. Lydie Sarrazin-Levassor, the French automobile heiress, whom he married in 1927, must have had certain objections to him when she divorced him four months later. As for money, his economic ideal had always been simply to break even—plus about ten per cent. Having too much money makes one a slave to the goods that money buys, he feels, while having too little is masochistic and therefore equally stupid; the only way to be free is to break even, plus ten per cent. Duchamp came close to this ideal in 1924, when he worked out a system at roulette that assured him of winning, as he put it, an amount equal to the wages of a clerk who worked in an office for as many hours as the gambler worked in the casino. He floated a loan to finance the testing out of his system at Monte Carlo, issuing handsome "bonds" bearing a Man Ray photograph of a faunlike Duchamp with his hair soaped up into a pair of horns. The certificates, signed by Rrose Sélavy as Chairman of the Board, are now worth a good deal of money. In several weeks of hard play at the roulette tables, Duchamp broke even.

After returning to Paris in 1923, Duchamp carried out another set of motion experiments, which resulted in his "Rotary Demi-Sphere," a second and more complex optical machine, whose undulating spiral images Duchamp and Man Ray recorded in their 1926 experimental film "Anemic Cinema." Now and then, he produced one of the anagrammatic puns ("Anemic Cinema," for example) or elaborate spoonerisms that goaded words into new areas of non-meaning. Some of these are truly magisterial, like the legend on the face of the "Rotary Demi-Sphere": "*Rrose Sélavy et moi esquivons les ecchymoses des esquimaux aux mots exquis.*" These verbal readymades often appeared in Surrealist magazines, and a small volume of them was published in 1939. Duchamp also made several trips to New York, twice to organize exhibitions of sculpture by Brancusi, whose importance he was one of the first to recognize, and once, in 1926, to buy back from the estate of the lawyer and collector John Quinn some of his own early work, which he wanted Walter Arensberg to have. For the most part, though, he played chess. He played in international tournaments throughout Europe, winning his share of matches and achieving many beautiful games but never quite managing to beat the toughest of the "memory boys." In 1932, he published a treatise on chess that only a chess master could understand. His sole contribution to art in that year was to coin the word "mobile" for Alexander Calder's first moving sculptures.



By the early nineteen-thirties, Duchamp's reputation had faded to near invisibility even within the art world. The publication in 1934 of "Green Box"—his complete notes for "The Large Glass"—was therefore some-

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thing of an event in art circles. As Duchamp said later, "The Large Glass" itself was not just an object to be looked at but a "wedding of mental and visual elements" in which "the ideas . . . are more important than the actual visual realization." The notes, he said, "are concerned with what happens without being seen," and he continued, "My first idea was that after the 'Glass' was finished I would have the notes made into a book, rather like a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, to go with it. I never did that, of course." His alternative solution, in 1934, was to reproduce the notes exactly as they had been written—on scraps of paper of the same size, using the same inks, duplicating even the underlinings and deletions—and publish them just as they appeared in the original cardboard box, jumbled together in no special order, so as to avoid the temptation of overly logical interpretations. Deciphering the notes proved to be a major undertaking, couched as they were in a language of Duchampian playfulness and complexity, but there were admirers willing to make the attempt. The most successful of these was André Breton, whose essay "Lighthouse of the Bride," published in the winter, 1934, issue of the Surrealist journal *Minotaure*, laid the groundwork for a new approach to "The Large Glass." In its perfect balance of rational and non-rational concepts, Breton concluded, it ranked among the most significant works of the twentieth century—a magical lighthouse whose purpose was "to guide future ships on a civilization which is ending." Duchamp has accepted Breton's exegesis as he accepts all others—without cavil or correction—although he has been known to protest that the "Glass" "is not my autobiography, nor is it even self-expression." One gathers that Duchamp does not really believe that his great work requires or lends itself to rational explanations. As he once remarked to his friend George Heard Hamilton, "There is no solution, because there is no problem."

Through an irony that was truly Duchampian, the lighthouse itself had been wrecked by the time Breton's essay appeared. In 1926, "The Large Glass" was included in an exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. For its return trip to Katherine Dreier's home after the show, the upper and lower glass panels were separated and placed one on top of the other in a packing case, which was then loaded on the back of an old truck. The packing case remained closed for several years.

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When it was finally opened, "The Large Glass" lay in a heap of shattered fragments. "I didn't feel anything much when I heard the news," Duchamp recalls. "I had to console poor Katherine Dreier, for one thing. But then I'm fatalistic; I never cry at unpleasant things." He repaired it in 1936, reassembling the splintered fragments and securing them between two sheets of heavier plate glass clamped together by a metal frame. The two-month repair job was not an unpleasant chore for Duchamp, who had for some time shown a paternal interest in the final disposition of his works. Whenever he heard that a painting or an object of his was coming on the market (often it would be an item that he had given away to a friend), he made every effort to see that it went to the right person—usually Walter Arensberg. Julien Levy tells of a time during the nineteen-thirties when he was struggling to keep his New York gallery open and needed two thousand dollars to pay his back rent. "I had only one or two pictures worth that amount, and one of them was Duchamp's 1912 painting 'Bride,' which I'd acquired about four months previously," he recalls. "I don't know how Marcel's wireless operates, but he called me up at just about that time and said that he understood I needed some money, and that he had arranged for Arensberg to buy the 'Bride' for two thousand. He said, 'I would like him to have it now.' So that's what happened."

Several dealers would have paid handsomely for a new painting by Duchamp at this point. His reputation was rising again, partly as a result of Alfred Barr's exhibition, "Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism," at the Museum of Modern Art in 1936, in which eleven works by Duchamp were featured. The art dealer Roland Knoedler once appealed to Man Ray to tell Duchamp that there was ten thousand dollars a year at his disposal if he would return to painting—even if he painted only one picture a year. When Duchamp heard about the offer, Man Ray says in his autobiography, "he smiled and said that he had accomplished what he had set out to do and did not care to repeat himself." Occasionally, when asked, he would design a cover or a layout for a magazine, and these seemingly casual efforts never failed to show some striking originality. His cover for a 1936 issue of *Cahiers d'Art* was a design of superimposed red and blue hearts ("Coeurs Volants") in which the juxtaposition of the two colors set

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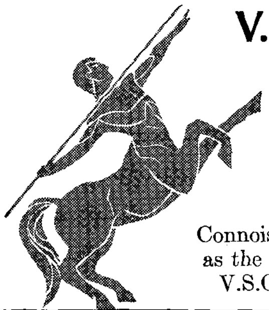

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up chromatic vibrations that created the illusion of depth—a discovery that anticipated the optical painting currently in vogue. The year before, he had spent several months turning out "rotoreliefs"—cardboard discs that fitted on a phonograph turntable and whose printed abstract designs, when revolved, produced the illusion of recognizable objects in three dimensions. Duchamp exhibited his roto-reliefs at the annual inventors' show in Paris, at the Concours Lépine, hoping perhaps to fulfill Apollinaire's prophecy that he would reconcile art and the people; not a single disc was sold. But nothing could induce the apostate to return to painting.

In 1938, with the shadow of another war falling over Europe, Duchamp began quite literally to pack his aesthetic bags. He designed an ingenious leather-covered box, about the size of an attaché case, whose sides opened out to form a sort of personal museum for small-scale reproductions of sixty-eight of his works—paintings and ready-mades. Duchamp had three hundred copies of each item made up in Paris by commercial printers and hardware-supply houses, and then turned over the job of assembling them in individual boxes to a succession of friends—usually people who needed the money and could be counted on to do a craftsmanlike job. The project is not finished yet; the "*boîtes-en-valise*," as they are called, are still being assembled in Paris by his stepdaughter, Jackie Monnier, at the rate of about thirty a year. From the first, he priced them only slightly higher than they cost to make. He insists that the enterprise was mainly a business ("small business, I assure you"), but he adds that for him it was far easier than doing a new painting. The boxes also serve to insure the survival of his ideas, which have always been more important to him than the original works that incorporate them.

When the second war came, Duchamp once again found sanctuary in New York. By posing as a cheese buyer for a Paris firm, he was able to make repeated trips through Occupied France to Marseille, and on each trip he carried out a bundle of his miniatures. From Marseille, he made his way to Lisbon, and from there to New York, arriving here late in 1942 with his miniatures and very little else. Of the many European artists and intellectuals who were uprooted by the war and set down in New York, he alone seemed to feel completely at home. He had never lived the café life in Paris, and he did

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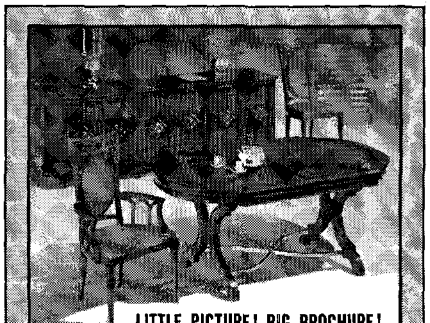

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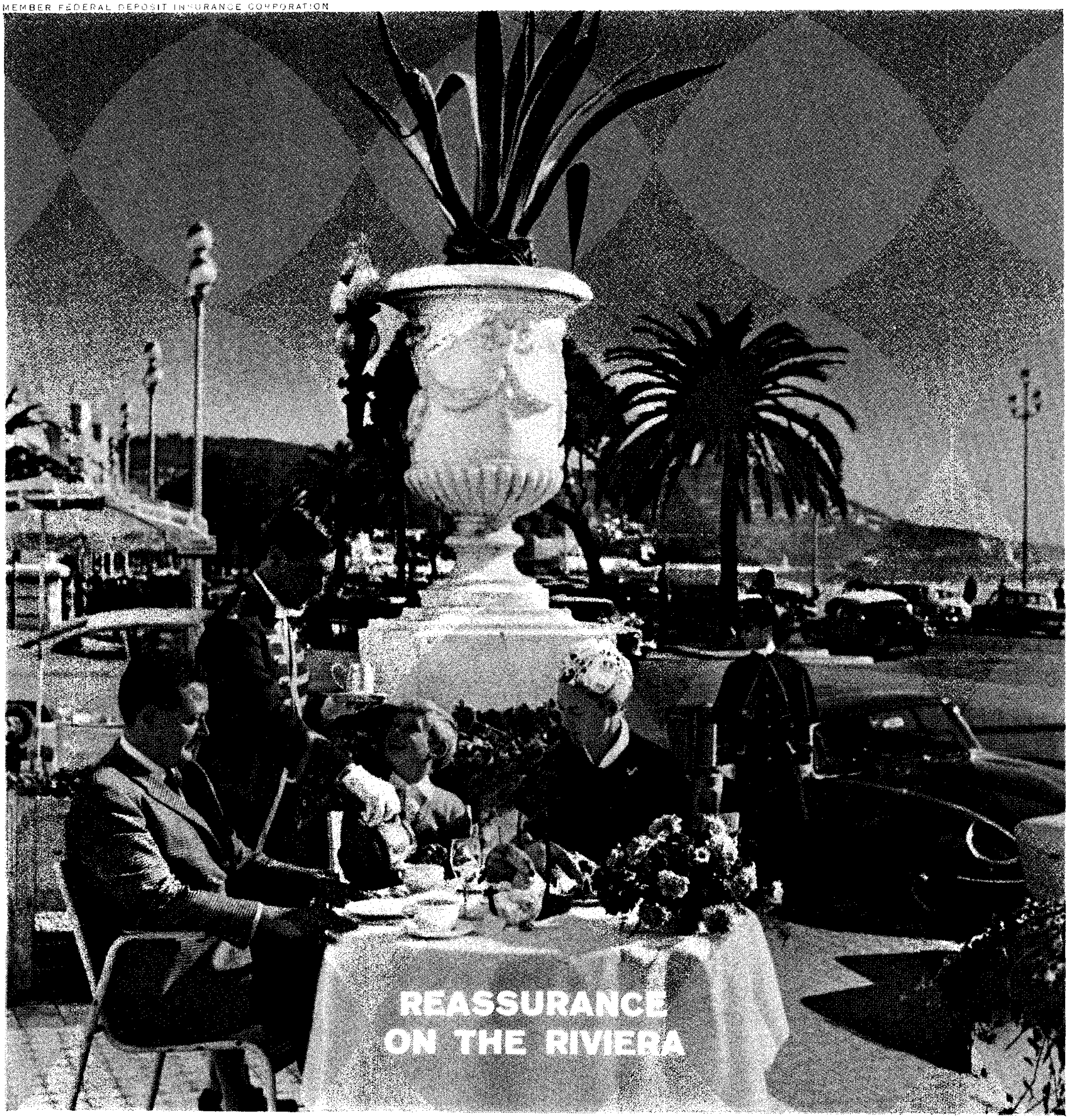

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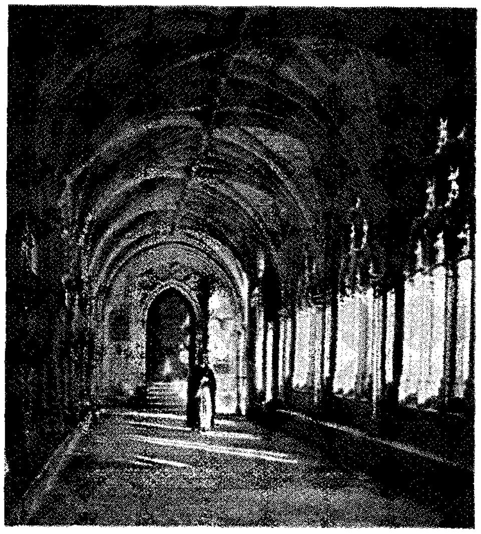

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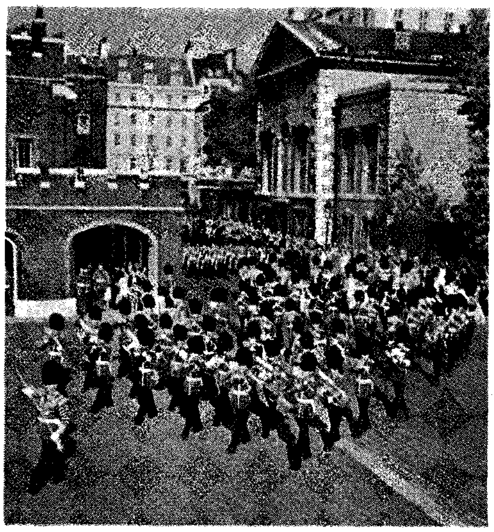
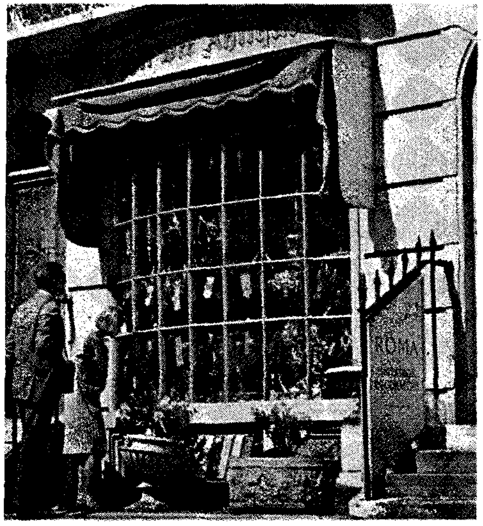
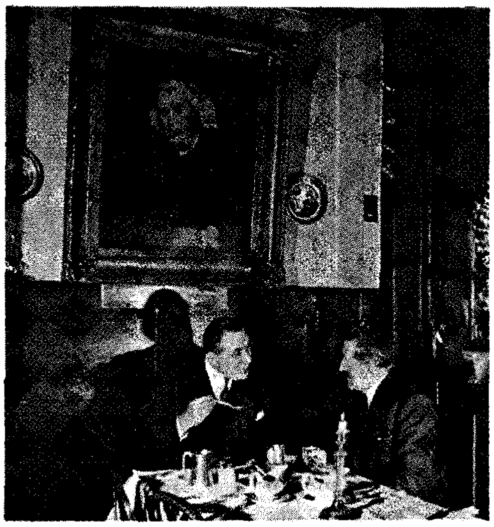


DAILY PAGEANTRY. Tan-tan-ta-ra-zing-boom. Was there ever a more *colorful* city than London? You can see Changing the Guard any morning at Buckingham Palace or St. James's Palace (above).

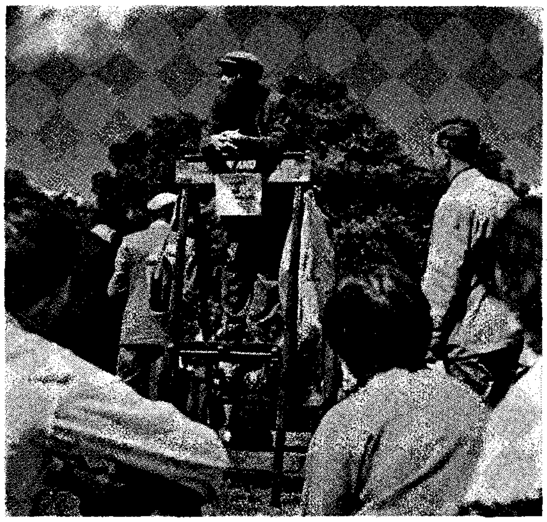
STATELY HOMES. There are at least 12 within a dozen miles of Piccadilly. Kenwood House (above) has superb paintings, chamber concerts in the orangery, symphony concerts by the lake.



SHOPPING. Wives tend to think of London as one vast, enchanted department store. You'll find some of London's best buys tucked down little side streets—like Beauchamp Place (above).



4000 PUBS. This is the Cheshire Cheese, one of Dr. Johnson's haunts. His portrait hangs above his favorite bench. Try a pub lunch of ale, country cheese and bread. It costs less than $1.

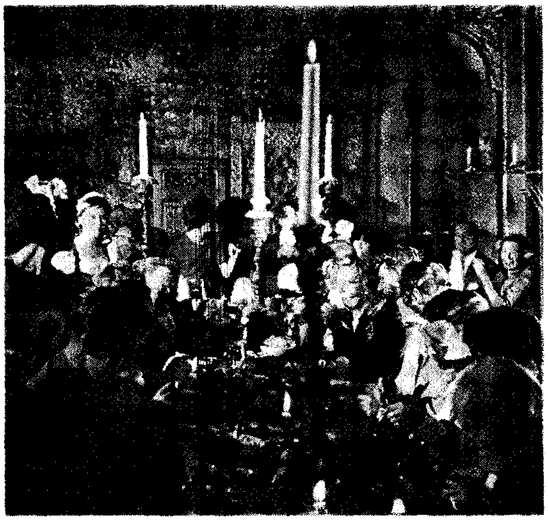


SPEAKERS' CORNER. Rapscallions used to be hanged on the public scaffold a few yards from here. Now Londoners gather here on weekends to harangue and heckle, or just sit and listen.

200 PARKS. [illegible] James [illegible] London's [illegible] together, [illegible] boating, sailing, cricket, [illegible] races, bandstands—and [illegible] quiet.

[illegible] **MUSEUMS.** [illegible] are [illegible] collectors. Their British Museum is the world's largest. But don't forget the [illegible] museums like Long John Silver's figureheads in Greenwich (above).

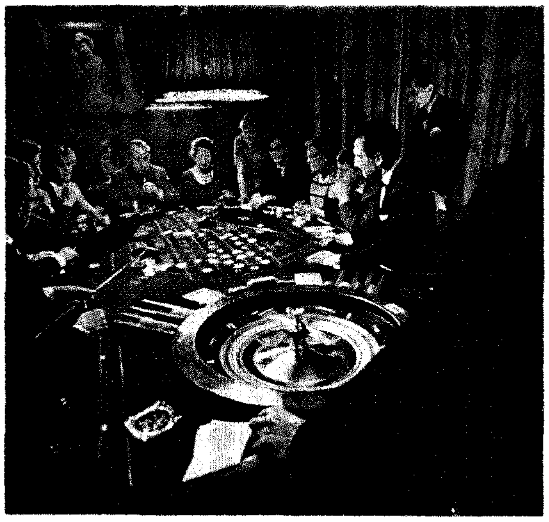
LONDON'S VILLAGES. London is really a congregation of little villages. This riverside oasis is Strand-on-the-Green. Quietest times to visit London's villages are Spring and Fall.



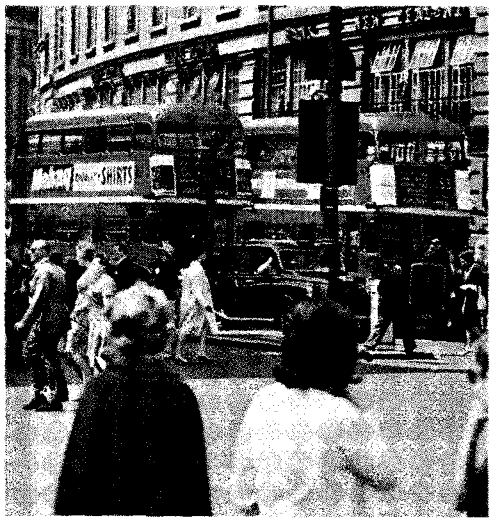
WINING AND DINING. Gourmets discover delicious surprises in London. The group above is tucking into boar's head, peacock, salmagundy and mead. Enough to make Falstaff smack his lips.

45 THEATRES. No other city in Europe offers you so much theatre. There's no language problem, and ticket prices start at only 58 cents. Our photograph shows the Royal Ballet.

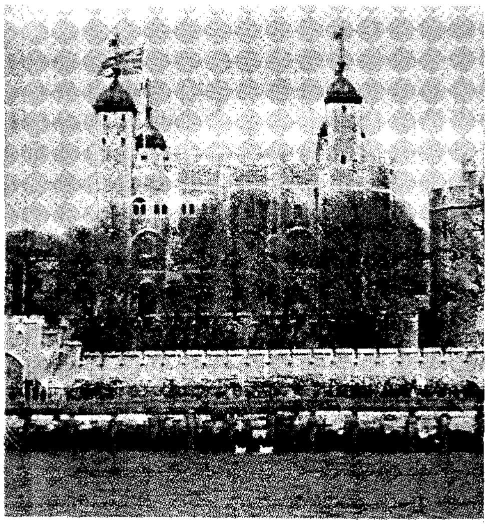
NIGHT LIFE. Splurge at least one evening in a London night spot. Here you see the floor show at "Talk of the Town." Look closely at dancers. Easy to see why the best dancers in Europe are English.



15 GAMBLING CLUBS. Americans are welcome. You can have a whirl at roulette, baccarat, chemin-de-fer or poker. Budget at least $50—and pray you're as lucky as James Bond.



BUS TRIPS. Best way to see London is from the top of a double-decker bus. Ask your travel agent about Red Rover tickets. They give you a full day of unlimited double-decking for 84 cents.



THE THAMES. For a completely fresh view of London, take a boat trip on its royal river. You can sail upstream to Hampton Court. Or down the Thames to the Tower (above) and Greenwich Palace.

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not miss it here. Max Ernst described him as "perfectly contented." He lived in a studio over a commercial building on West Fourteenth Street, and he had no telephone; people who wanted to get in touch with him did so by postcard or telegram. Few people were ever invited to his studio (which he still maintains, and where he still spends a few hours a day when he is in New York). William Copley, the painter and collector, was taken up to it once by Duchamp himself, and he remembers it vividly. "It was a medium-sized room," he says. "There was a table with a chessboard, one chair and a kind of packing crate to sit on, and I guess a bed of some sort in the corner. There was a pile of tobacco ashes on the table, where he used to clean his pipe. There were two nails in the wall, with a piece of string hanging down from one. And that was *all.*" No one had the slightest idea what Duchamp did in these spartan surroundings. It was said that he gave French lessons, that he spent all day studying chess problems, that he was working in secret on a new masterpiece. Duchamp provided no enlightenment. When reporters tried to pin him down, he would say only that he was "*un respirateur*"—"a breather"—and that his economic and domestic arrangements were his own affair. Occasionally, through his many contacts in the art world, he would be instrumental in procuring a particular painting for some collector, and it was generally believed that the modest commissions he received gave him all he needed to live on.

Much of Duchamp's influence on the art world can be traced to the fact that important dealers and collectors placed complete trust in his judgment during this period. Peggy Guggenheim, whose gallery called Art of This Century, on West Fifty-seventh Street, was then showing the work of the European refugee artists as well as such new American painters as Jackson Pollock, Clyfford Still, and Mark Rothko, has said frankly that Duchamp taught her everything she knows about painting, and was responsible "for my whole life in the modern art world." Sidney Janis regularly sought Duchamp's advice on new artists. "He had that inner confidence that I've observed in only one other painter—Mondrian," Janis said recently. "Both Marcel and Mondrian liked things that were very different from what they themselves had done; they didn't have to protect their own point of view all the time, as so many painters do. Even Picasso, when he first looked at a painting of Pollock's,

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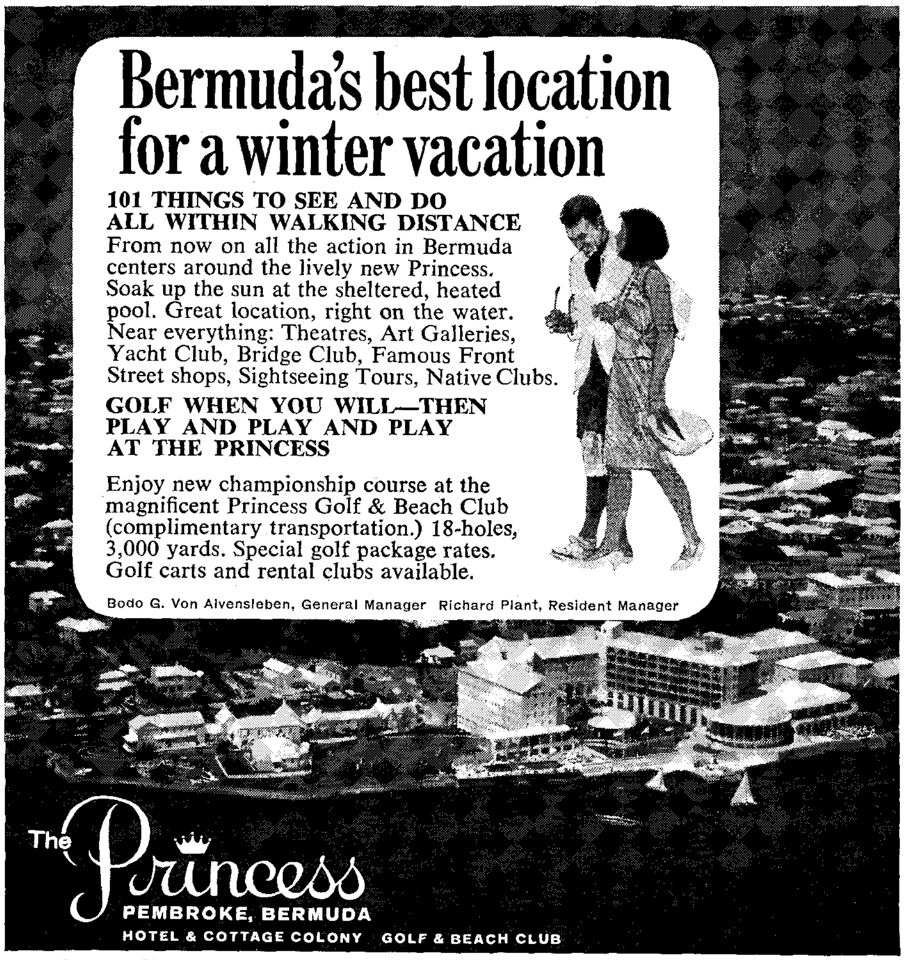

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said it was 'nothing.' But Marcel was never dogmatic." Duchamp prefers to minimize his own influence. "It was partly my age," he explains. "Don't forget, I'm ten years older than most of the young people."

The Surrealists, who like to show their work in a properly Surrealist atmosphere, periodically enlisted Duchamp's help in organizing their exhibitions. For the 1938 International Exhibition of Surrealism, in Paris, he had turned the main room of the Galerie Beaux-Arts into a subterranean cave by hanging twelve hundred coal sacks from the ceiling and covering the floor with dead leaves. In 1942, a Surrealist exhibition was organized in New York for the benefit of French children and war prisoners. Duchamp's setting for this show was a vast web of string—several miles in all—running from floor to ceiling and thoroughly entangling both the paintings and the spectators. The string may have been thought to symbolize the difficulty of approaching this kind of art, but Duchamp says, "These ideas never had rational explanations."

During the nineteen-forties and fifties, Duchamp seemed to do little or nothing to promote his own reputation, but he hardly had to; others did it for him—at least in America, which in 1940 he had chosen to make his permanent home. In 1945, a whole issue of the New York avant-garde journal *View* was devoted to him, his influence, and his legend. His work kept appearing in group exhibitions, and in 1954 a major part of it went on permanent display with the Arensberg Collection in the Philadelphia Museum, which had also received "The Large Glass" as a gift from Katherine Dreier. (Miss Dreier had died in 1952, and the rest of her collection had been divided between the Yale University Art Gallery and the Museum of Modern Art; Duchamp, as her executor, had made the distribution.) Then the publication of Robert Lebel's definitive study in 1959, together with a volume of Duchamp's collected puns and other writings, edited by Michel Sanouillet, in 1958 (it appeared in French, under the suitably punning title of "Marchand du Sel"), and a 1960 version of "Green Box," translated into English by George Heard Hamilton and put into book form by Richard Hamilton, a young British artist, made his work and ideas readily available to a whole new generation. And the big 1963 retrospective show at the Pasadena Museum canonized him as one of the Old Masters of

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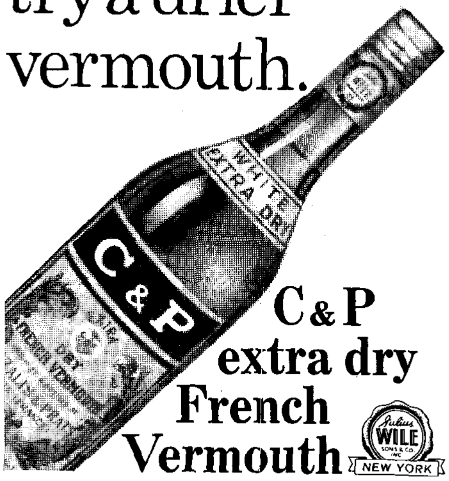

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twentieth-century art. The effect of all this on the contemporary art market can be imagined. Not long ago, William Copley paid an astute New York dealer ten thousand dollars for a 1921 Duchamp readymade called "La Bagarre d'Austerlitz." (It is a carpenter's sample window, something like the one in "Fresh Widow," but the panes are glass instead of leather.) On his way home with it, he stopped in to see an equally astute dealer, who intimated that the "Bagarre" might be worth double that amount to him. Copley wasn't interested.

FOR a number of Duchamp's close friends, the really tantalizing question is Duchamp's own role in all this. Has he really been indifferent to fame, or has he subtly engineered the whole thing? No one really knows the answer. Pierre de Massot, one of the early Dadaists and a friend of Duchamp's for forty years, said recently that "ever since 1920 he has been preparing his pedestal—he has always known just what he was doing." Huelsenbeck, who has known him almost as long, believes that there has never been a trace of ambitiousness in his character. "Marcel never wanted to be anybody," he says, "and he became one of the great personalities of our time." In 1953, when Sidney Janis was planning a retrospective Dada exhibition, including some of Duchamp's work, he insisted that Duchamp help organize it. As Janis tells it, two other former Dadaists soon began to take over the preparations, to the point of moving Duchamp's works out of the front room, where Janis had placed them, to make space for others they considered more representative. "Marcel's attitude was to let them do it," Janis recalls. "He had no objection at all to being put in the back room. I wouldn't have that, and I finally had to lay down the law to the two others and tell them it was my show. Well, now, did Duchamp *know* I was going to do that? Or did he really not care? Arshile Gorky used to say that Duchamp planned everything that way—counting on others to fight his battles for him. I just don't know—and no one else does, either."

Now and then, the Duchamp legend gives rise to a mutter of protest in some quarters. During a 1962 public seminar on pop art at the Museum of Modern Art, a conservative critic launched a fairly vitriolic attack on him from the platform, calling him "the most overrated figure in modern art." When Duchamp was asked during the inter-

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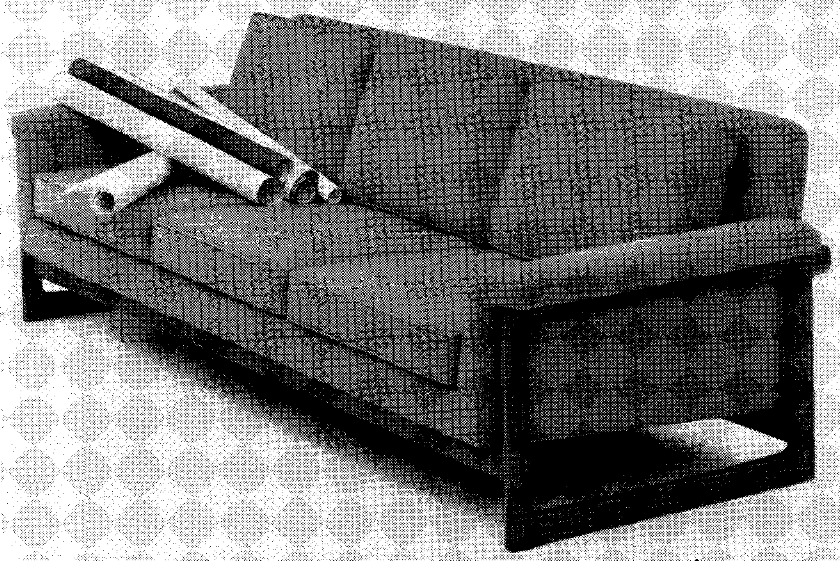

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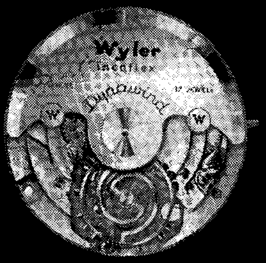

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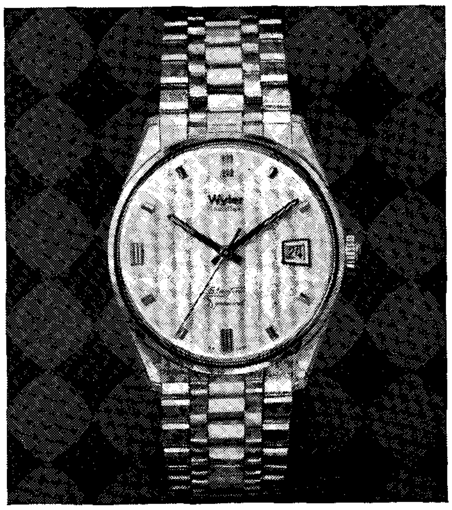

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mission how he felt about this diatribe, his only comment was that it had been "perhaps insufficiently lighthearted." But such protests are few, and in New York, where his reputation has always been much greater than in Paris, it is hard to find anyone who dislikes Duchamp as a person—a unique fact in itself, and a tribute to his own lightness of heart. Even the Abstract Expressionists, whose intensely retinal painting is about as far from the Duchamp concept of art as it is possible to get, seem to go along with Willem de Kooning's celebrated remark that "Duchamp is a one-man movement, but a movement for each person and open to everybody." Since 1954, the year Duchamp became a United States citizen and got married, friends have detected a subtle mellowing of his nature. He appears to take great pleasure both in his marriage and in the comforts of his new life, which is arranged so that he and his wife spend their summers in Paris and Cadaqués, on the Costa Brava. Although he retains many of his old ties with France, he is quite satisfied to live most of the year in New York, which he still considers a better climate for an artist. "In Europe, the young always act as the grandsons of some great man—Victor Hugo or Shakespeare or someone like that," he said last spring. "Even the Cubists liked to say they were grandsons of Poussin. They can't help it. And so when they come to produce something of their own, the tradition is indestructible. They're up against all those centuries and all those miserable frescoes that no one can even see anymore—we love them for their cracks. This doesn't exist here. You don't give a damn about Shakespeare, do you? You're not his grandsons at all. So it's good terrain for new developments. There's more freedom here, fewer remnants of the past. Young artists can skip all that tradition, more or less, and go quickly to the real. Also, people leave you alone here. In my case, anyway, I've found in America a little better acceptance of my right to breathe. Of course, any place you stay in long enough becomes boring. Heaven especially, I imagine."

Duchamp's benevolence toward some of the younger American artists does not alter his belief that almost all the art currently being produced is of little importance. "I'm afraid that our dear century will not be very much remembered," he said the other day. "In the first place, the means employed today are very perishable. Painters use bad pigments, and they do everything so

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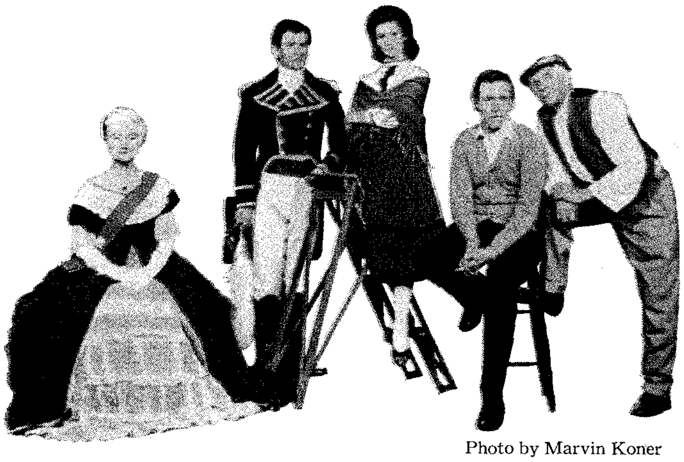

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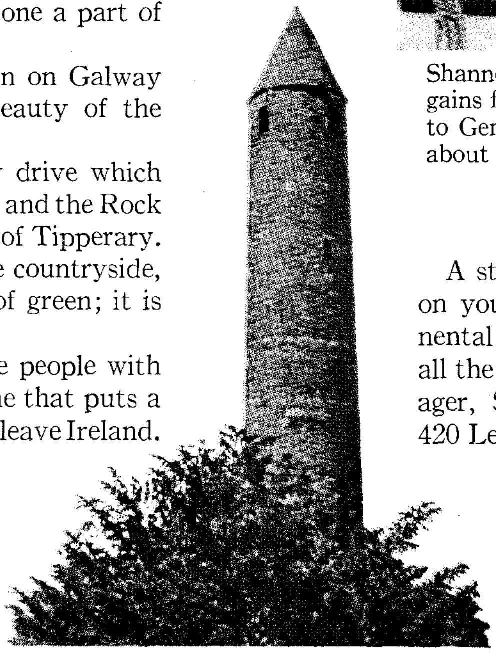

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In any event, while posterity goes about its job of having the last word and completing the creative act that he unwittingly began, Duchamp continues in his quiet way to undermine aesthetic pretensions and knock over icons wherever he finds them—even the icons of his own cult. At the official opening of the Pasadena show, he spent the whole morning signing replicas of his work—readymades, prints, exhibition posters, and the like. He signed and signed, smiling all the while and, according to Richard Hamilton, looking rather pleased with himself. When the job was finished, he touched Hamilton's arm and said, "You know, I like signing all those things—it *devalues* them."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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—*Los Angeles Times.*

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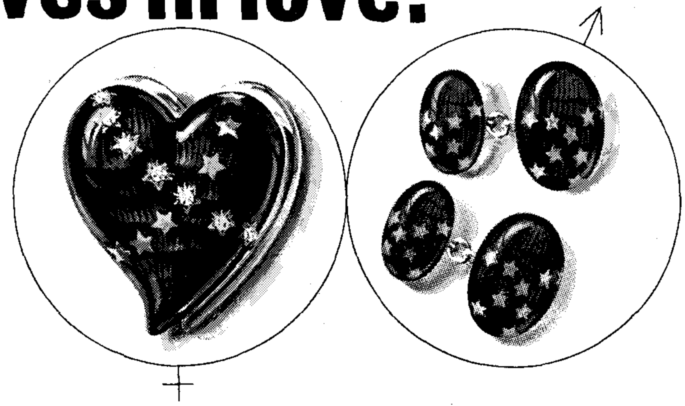

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THE THEATRE

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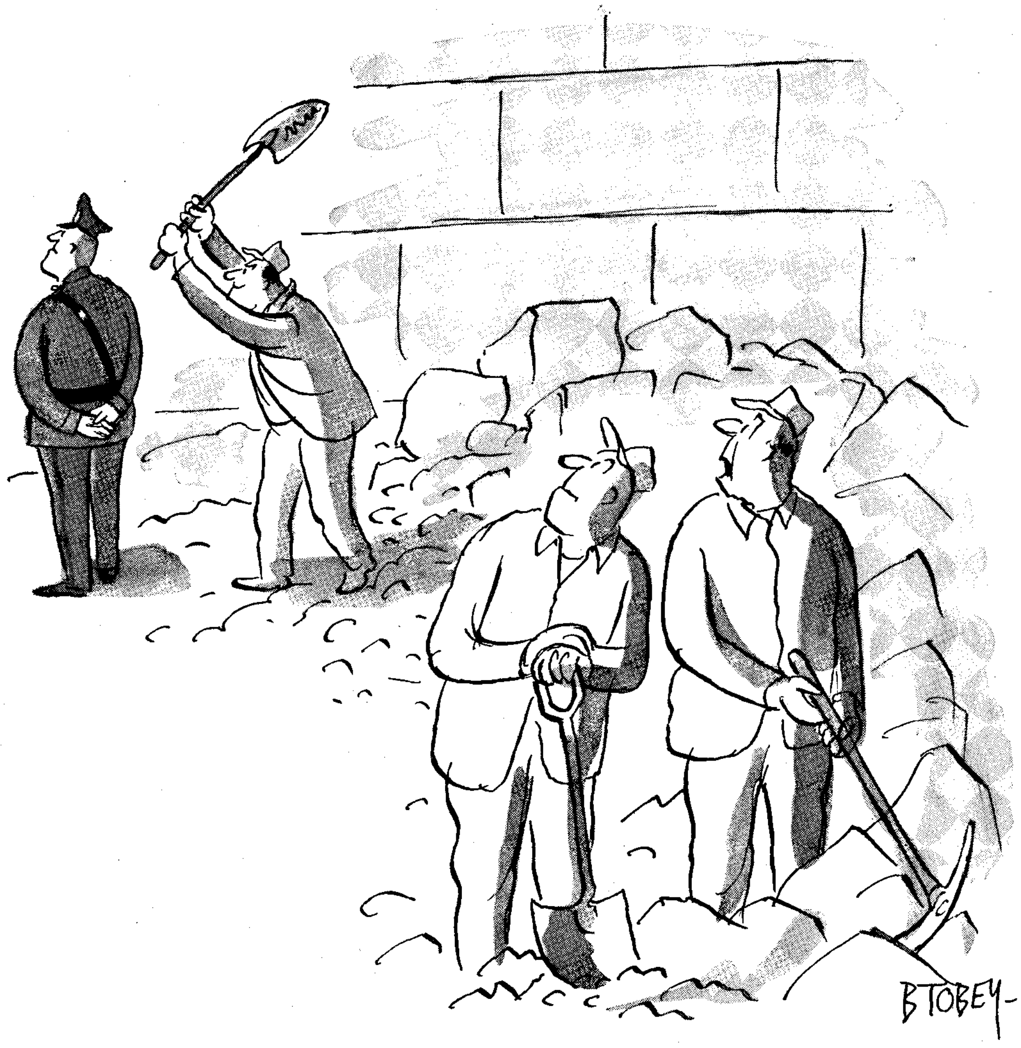
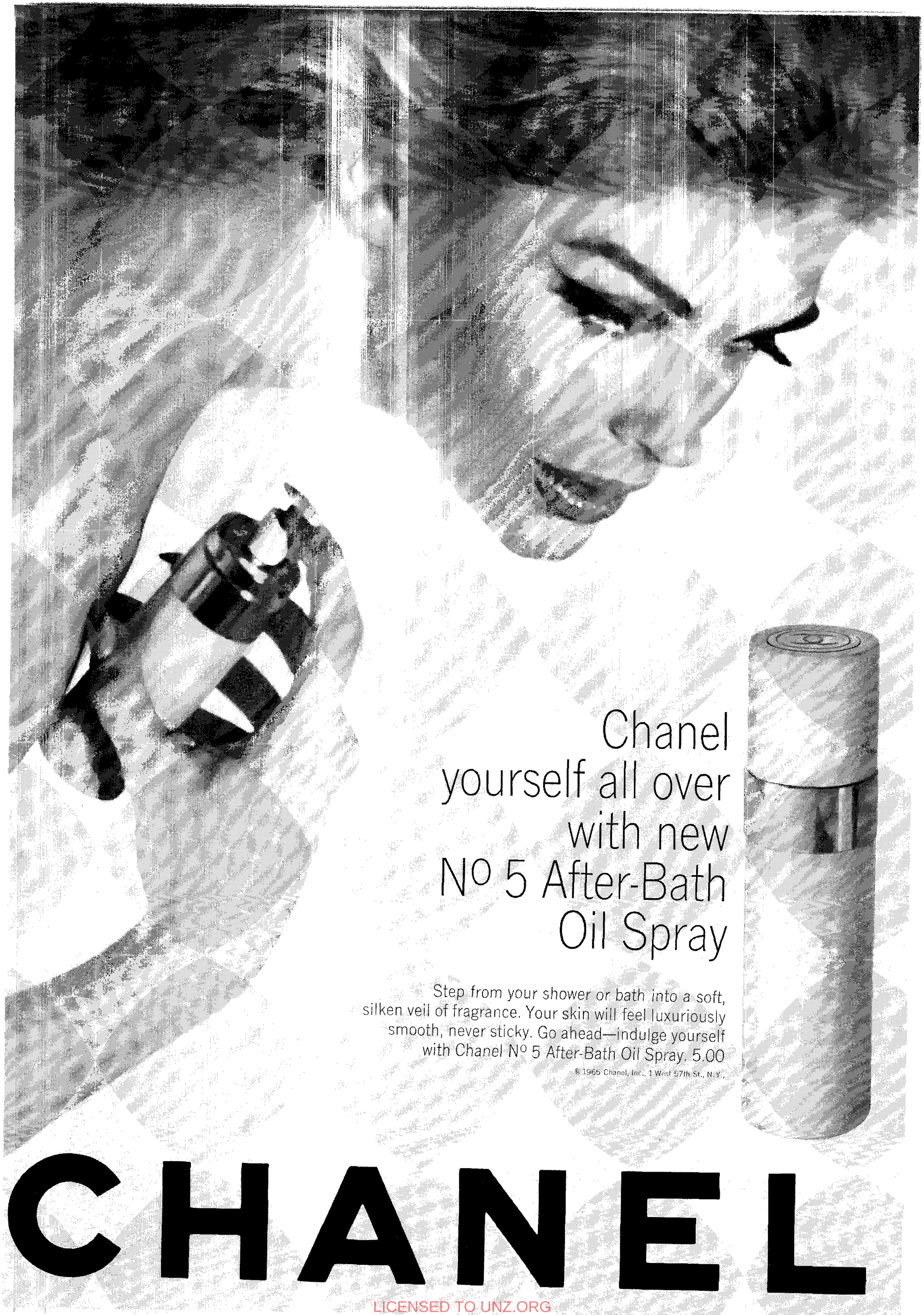
AN expanded version of Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge," now with an intermission and, according to the press release, twenty new minutes of script, opened last week at the Sheridan Square, in a strong production that does credit to what seems to me to be Mr. Miller's most forthright and least annoying play. Since this is the first time I have seen it, I can't tell where those twenty minutes have been added, but they surely don't spoil anything. Both the acting, under Ulu Grosbard's direction, and the plot are so taut and absorbing that they overcome even the handicap of arena theatre. Robert Duvall does very well as Eddie, the Brooklyn longshoreman who is too appalled to admit even to himself that he has fallen in love with his own niece, and who tries to destroy and finally betrays the young man she intends to marry—a relative of his wife's who has sneaked into the country from Italy. Eddie is edgy, temperamental, and under a frightful strain, and Mr. Duvall plays him with matching temperament and subtlety. I also admired Jon Voight, as the young man; Susan Anspach, as the girl; Jeanne Kaplan, as Eddie's troubled wife; and, especially, Ramon Bieri, as the young man's shrewd, controlled brother, also a wetback from the old country, who suffers more than anyone else from Eddie's temporary madness, and who cannot help avenging the wrong that has been done him. I do have a couple of reservations about the play. The first of them is that Mr. Miller's pesky habit of assigning universal guilt for individual dirty tricks or crimes is again in evidence. ("He's a rat," says the girl of Eddie, after the betrayal, and Eddie's loyal wife says something ponderous to the effect that in that case we are all rats. No, we're not.) The second is the presence of a lawyer, whose connection with the action is awfully remote, but who muses aloud about it in a decorative way, lest the audience miss its importance or, again, its universality. (This isn't just any old play about the Brooklyn waterfront.) This fussy narrative, plus a couple of raucous and amusing men who appear from time to time and function as a sort of chorus, may indicate that Mr. Miller also has classical tragedy in mind. "A View from the Bridge" never attains the stature of classical tragedy, but it is an effective and exciting melodrama, which is frequently funny as well as sombre, and that should be good enough. The objections seem almost niggling. Nothing really gets in the way of the story or, particularly, of the people involved in it. The life they lead and the neighborhood they live in are vividly depicted, and the words they speak, in their semi-illiterate but wholly indigenous style, are worth listening to.



"There go his library privileges."

JAMES HANLEY'S "Say Nothing," at the Jan Hus, is a glum and peculiar play about a kindhearted young Londoner named Charlie, on his first job in a city in the North of England, who tries and fails to rescue two miserably trapped and self-trapped people in the dingy house where he boards—mercifully, for just a couple of nights and the day between. They are the landlady's husband, whose name is Baines, and her spinster sister, Winifred, and it is Mrs. Baines who is the trapper. She is a mean-spirited, lustful, miserly woman—the kind of female destroyer who so often occurs in British fiction—and many years before the action begins, she seduced and married Winifred's fiancé. At his death, she grabbed Baines, then a boarder, and hauled him off to the marriage bed. Now the poor fellow, a pious soul much given to Bible reading and solitary trombone playing, does his best to keep peace between the two weird sisters, who loathe and fear each other. Before Charlie rushes out, finally, in the middle of the night, after being spread-eagled and pinned down on his own bed by Mrs. Baines, who hopes to bully him into taking Winifred away, there are a couple of scenes in which Baines confides his all-round



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weakness and helplessness to Charlie, a couple of bedroom scenes between the Baineses, a scene at the grave of the first husband, a scene in which Winifred comes to Charlie's room, and one—the best in the play—in which he takes her outside the house and tries to spring her from her prison of addled vindictiveness.

This Gothic situation—and even the setting, shifted from England to New England—could have been made for Eugene O'Neill. The ingredients that he so often blended and kept boiling on the stage—avarice, religious fervor, madness, and provincialism, and sexual avidity, frustration, and ineptitude—here just combine into a tale of woe, which has a certain veracity about it all the same. The characters, although they don't elicit much sympathy from the audience, are intermittently convincing. Part of the trouble is in the writing, which is humorless and undistinguished, to say the least, but most of it is in the production, which, under William Hunt's direction, is dull and without drive or coherence or imagination. Nancy Andrews plays Mrs. Baines with a superficial, rasping vulgarity that scarcely even suggests the bone-deep harpy she must be in order to justify everyone else's behavior. The other members of the company are O.K., I guess, although nobody seems to be really in touch with anybody else. Rex O'Malley, the thin actor who was so kind to Garbo in "Camille," is oddly cast as Baines, a man described at various times as "soft" and "full of boiled potatoes." (You'd think they would either change the lines or change the actor, and surely the lines could more easily be spared.) Mr. O'Malley, whose style is rather ironic, manages to hold the attention of the audience and to prevent this weak, henpecked male caught between two raging females from ever seeming entirely ridiculous. David F. Segal, the scenic designer, makes the most of the available space. His set takes in a living room, two upstairs bedrooms, and, outside the house, a shack, a graveyard, and the ground near an abandoned factory.

"The Fourth Pig," a two-act stretch of relentless playfulness that brought the tricks and trappings of pop art onto the stage of the Maidman, opened and closed last week. The performers seemed to be having a high old time, and so did their friends in the opening-night audience. There will be no condolences from me.

—Edith Oliver

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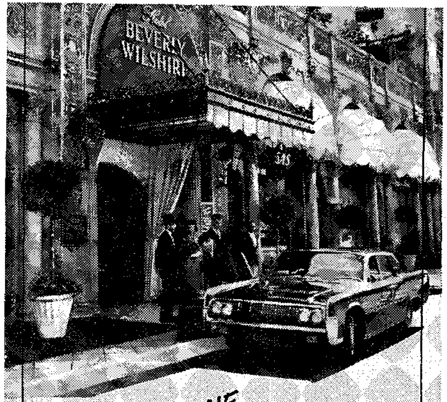

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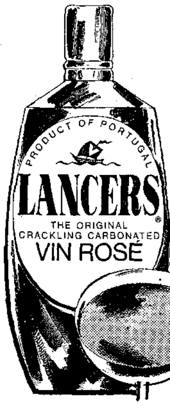

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beethoven Pro and Con

HERBERT VON KARAJAN and the Berlin Philharmonic continued their Beethoven cycle in Carnegie Hall last week with some ups and downs. The Eighth Symphony, on Tuesday evening, proved to be the high point of the performances I have heard. It was done with that remarkable, apparently built-in homogeneity that the Berlin Philharmonic exhibits when at its best; the horns played magnificently in the trio of the scherzo, and Mr. von Karajan kept the pacing of the score at an exciting tempo in all movements. It was here that I found at least a trace of validity in the prevalent idea that Mr. von Karajan is the inheritor of the traditions of Toscanini and Furtwängler. I had only one criticism to make, and that concerned his habit of doubling the wind instruments (two to a part), except in the most delicate solos, throughout as light a work as the Eighth. It is true that such doubling increases the smoothness of any orchestra in the pianos and pianissimos, but it also tends to deprive an occasional melody of the personal inflections that a single player gives it, and in the fortes it tends to make the winds overpower the strings—to such an extent that on this occasion even the Berlin orchestra's powerful string sections (starting from an array of ten double basses) became inaudible under the din of brass and percussion. This program commenced with what seemed to me a rather understated performance of the "Leonore" No. 3 overture—all delicacy and refinement, and not much punch—and continued with the Concerto No. 3 in C Minor for Piano and Orchestra, in which Hans Richter-Haaser played the solo part. Mr. Richter-Haaser is a German pianist of solid attainments, sober in his approach to the music and endowed with what used to be known as the "grand manner." His playing in this early and rather transparent Mozartian concerto was scrupulous and well schooled instead of breathtaking, but it had its sensitive moments nonetheless. Mr. von Karajan led the orchestral part of the concerto with extraordinary finesse.

The Ninth Symphony, on Thursday night, was—to me, at least—a disappointment. True, it ended with an

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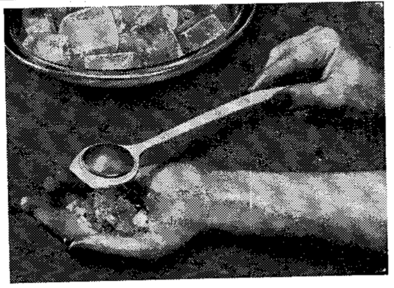

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appropriate bang and the expected ovation. The Westminster Choir sang well, as it almost invariably does; a quartet of soloists—Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Sándor Kónya, tenor; and Yi-kwei Sze, bass—performed, for the most part, nobly, and Mr. von Karajan built up the finale to an impressive climax. The earlier movements, however—with the exception of the scherzo—were not so successfully set forth. The first movement and the adagio were done in a rather perfunctory manner, and in neither did Mr. von Karajan reach the core of introspection, mystery, and tenderness that Beethoven put into them.

ON Wednesday night, I was momentarily surprised to find the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, performing in Carnegie Hall before the smallest audience I have ever encountered at any of its New York concerts. On a little reflection, I realized that, what with concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, the Pittsburgh Symphony, our own Philharmonic, and several other orchestras over the past two weeks, even the hardy New York audience for symphonic music had simply become saturated. Offhand, I cannot remember another two-week period that sustained such a tremendous assault by local and visiting ensembles. Mr. Ormandy's concert was not, on that account, less memorable, though it opened with what seemed to me a rather insensitive performance of Berg's Three Orchestral Pieces, Opus 6. The work is not my favorite Berg, but it might have been done with greater perception of the subtleties of orchestral sound that I believe are its only virtues. Next, Mr. Ormandy presented two of his first-desk men—Anshel Brusilow, violinist, and Joseph de Pasquale, violist—as soloists in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat Major for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra, K. 364. This seldom performed piece is truly great Mozart, and both Mr. Ormandy and his soloists did it full justice. Mr. Brusilow's tone is on the bright, slender side, and Mr. de Pasquale's is robust and slightly gruff, as that of the viola should be. I found the resulting contrast both appropriate and effective. I did not stay to hear Schubert's Symphony in C Major, the Seventh, for reasons that will shortly be apparent.

AFTER leaving Mr. Ormandy's concert, I dropped in at the Metropolitan in time to see the last

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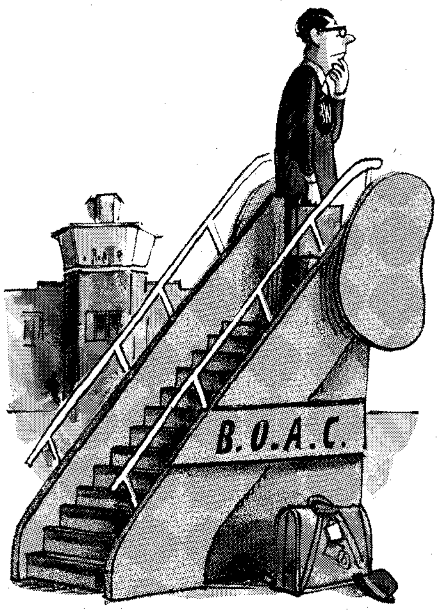

No-show

Recently, British Overseas Airways Corporation (its friends call it BOAC) cancelled out a flight in BUSINESS WEEK.

Normally, we'd react in dismay when a good customer cancels a page of advertising, but we were pleased by their reason. We quote the ad agency. "Our client," said the a.a., "has not yet had time to respond in full, individualized detail to the unexpectedly large number of inquiries that previous advertisements had produced."

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half of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." What I heard was far from a superlative performance. Giuseppe Di Stefano had returned to the opera house after an absence of eight years to sing, for the first time in his life, the role of Hoffmann, which is singularly unsuited to both his Italianate voice and his burly figure. Nell Rankin looked ravishing as the Giulietta of the Venetian scene but sang with a restraint that was probably due to nervousness about her first appearance here in this role. Morley Meredith made an extremely imposing figure in the Lindorf-Coppélius-Dappertutto-Dr. Miracle roles, and generally sang well, though the diamond aria in the Venetian scene proved demanding on his vocal resources. In that same scene, for some reason, the corpse of Schlemil got kicked into the canal almost unnoticeably and at the wrong moment. But the last act of this somewhat flimsy old opera came to life in remarkable fashion, owing entirely to the performance of the Canadian soprano Teresa Stratas as Antonia—a performance full of character (in spite of the sickly lassitude the role portrays), and one that I shall not soon forget.

Miss Stratas is one of the most impressive finds that Mr. Bing has made recently. She is still very young, but her approach to operatic roles is as mature as you could wish. It is stating the obvious to note that she has a beautiful, well-controlled voice and is an unusually gifted actress. She is more than such a statement indicates—an artist in whom the fusion of vocal gifts and personality is complete, so that every phrase is not only musical but an expression of a distinct and lively individuality. Miss Stratas puts her stamp on every role she sings, and comes across the footlights with a special personal involvement. It would be premature to call her a great diva at this point, but she has the material of which great divas are made. One can visualize her not only as the Manon she did not sing this season because of temporarily precarious health but as a fine future Mélisande and even, someday, a top-notch Louise. This is to say nothing of her potentialities in Italian opera, which are obvious. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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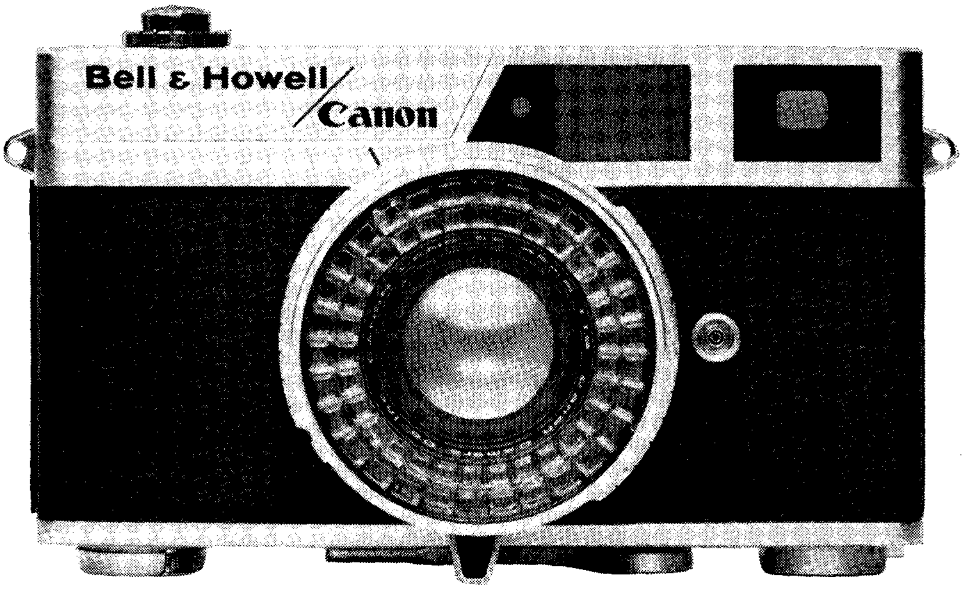

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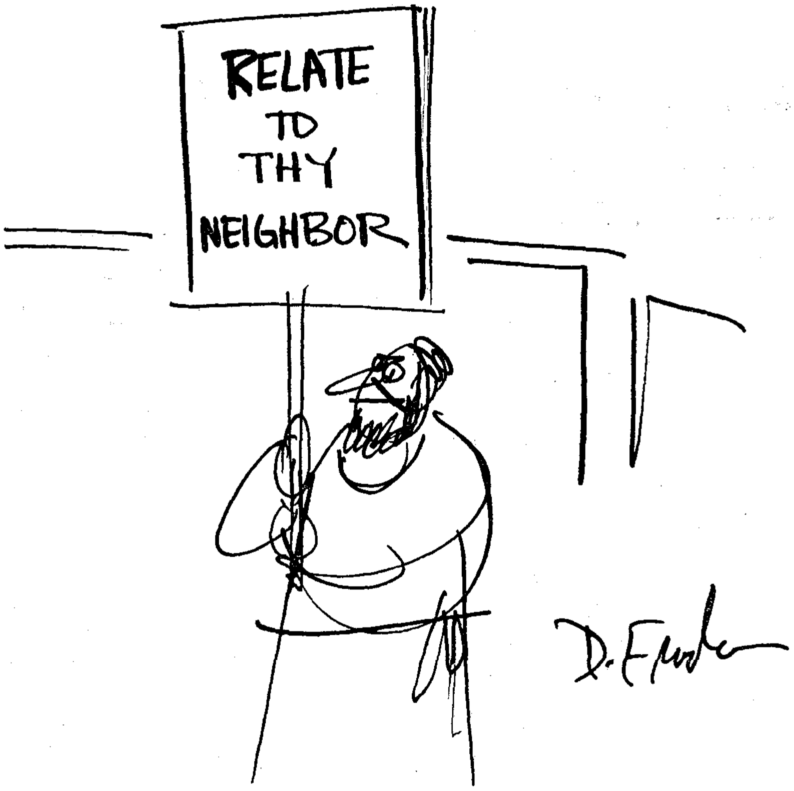
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

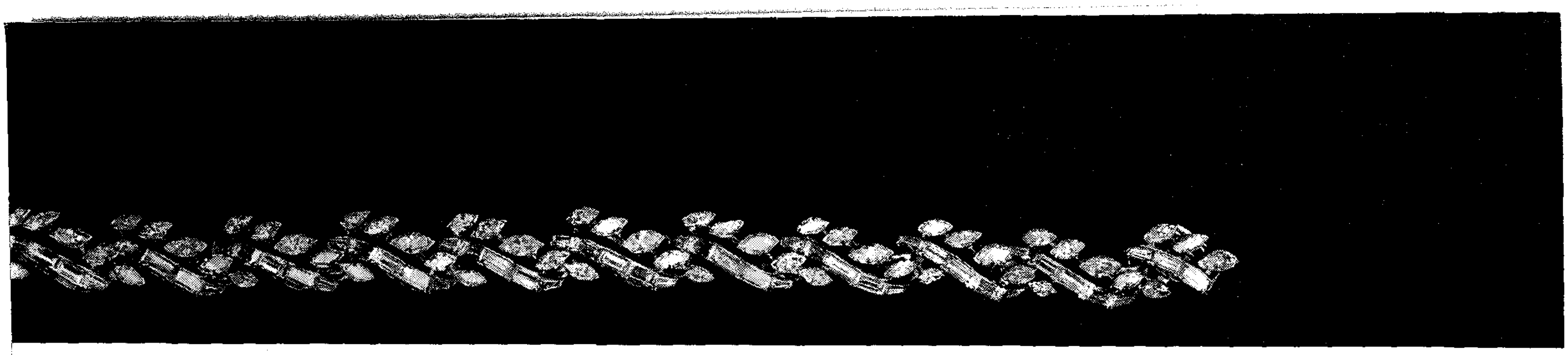
FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is not only on resort beaches and cruise ships that comfortable ramshacklery in clothes is *triumphing*; there are many defiances of the conventional in other locales, and this has had an effect on the so-called at-home outfit for easygoing entertaining—your own, or visiting the neighbors. I've heard that night-club and theatre entertainers who writhe across the stage in glitter costumes that seem glued to the body can't wait to get into Something Loose, two or three sizes too large, once they reach their hearthsides. And a quick switch from the trim, career-girl gray or black of the office to glorious color at the end of the day also gives a lift to flagging spirits, even if the evening is only a solitary TV dinner. Variety, thy name is Woman, if there be even a shred of adventure in her makeup—another item, by the way, that is also frequently changed. So people headed for resort vacations might well follow the example of the sharp young matrons of the upper East Side and take a look at the enterprising shops that have sprung up there to specialize in casual, colorful, and occasionally wacky garments, sometimes either designed on the premises or the property of one shop and one alone.

Splendiferous, at 1312 Third Avenue (75th), is already expanding, so greatly has this lighthearted shop appealed to lively people of all ages. Rudi Gernreich, justifiably considered a bastion of strength by women who like offbeat clothes, is doing a lot with floor-length, one-piece culottes, often sweeping so wide and circular at the base that they will pass as skirts until you begin to thrash your legs about. I have doted on this sort of thing ever since I saw it on Gertrude Lawrence in "Private Lives," Act II. One example is of white double-ply silk crêpe printed with clusters of black, red, and green bubbles. A vertical row of closely arrayed buttons occurs below the plunging V neck; $125. Then, there is one with a narrow slash in front right down to the waist, and it is but precariously tied together by a single string bow between the breasts. This scheme began life as a Gernreich bathing suit, progressed last year to the status of a long circular evening dress of the Molyneux genre, and now terminates in wide pants; $125 again. But there are also Gernreich's grease-monkey overalls in a bright cotton knit—in saffron yellow with lavender stripes four inches wide across it, or in deep tobacco with magenta stripes. They are zipped down the front, and patch pockets curve around the hips for those pliers you always so desperately need at the beach. The pants are narrow and cuffed, and the sleeves are long; $45. Dellarossa is a contributor of full-bottomed pajamas, all of silk on which pindots are very visible; some have garter gathering around the high waistline and some have contrasting sashes. U necks are likely, and a certain number of puffed short sleeves are also attached. The going rate is $80. Or you may have a blatantly lingerie version, involving pants of finely pleated white dotted Swiss, by heaven, and the tiniest possible strapless top of white cotton lace, at $55. Kenneth Douglas, who designs for Splendiferous, goes in strongly for ruffles on loose, straight-hanging shifts. One that looks something like a baby's christening dress is of heavy white needlepoint cotton. Ruffles go around its deep U neck, its hem, and the ends of its long sleeves, and it is gathered on a low yoke; $35 short and $45 long. Insistent versions of it are of silk linen in abrupt colors—poison green, gold, bright turquoise, et al.; $65 and $75. Another of the establishment's prescriptions for that something-loose feeling is already a Ford—a straight-hanging dress of tissue faille in one of several solid colors, with deep ruffles of matching chiffon around the deep V neck and at the elbows; $55 and $75, also according to length. A full-length caftan, all stripes in oranges and purples, has more exotic lounging in mind. The shop also has, pretty much to itself, the works of Foale & Tuffin, two little maids from school who are designing in London. One is a full sheath of purple wool crêpe, with a very high yoke in turquoise. The two colors make horizontal stripes on the long sleeves, and many other possible, or impossible, two-color combinations are here or can be ordered; $65. Splendiferous owns *all* to itself the Paris-made concoctions of Pamela Owens-Kennedy. One that is really loose is a dress of Thai silk, with short full sleeves and a real sweep below; others of the same sort are of Italian silks, in mad, zigzag stripes that may mix olive, orange, and bright purple—only one of numerous color schemes. All these come in street or floor length. Lots are in stock; others can be ordered from a bewildering mass of swatches. The price is $125. More conventional shifts, of street length (which today means at the knees, or above), occur in surah prints—bateau-necked, with big tight cuffs at the wrists; $115.



A NEWCOMER to the East Side colony of little shops that are large in ideas is Elegance East, at 973 Lexington Avenue (71st). Here, too, are those long, big-legged lounging pajamas. One pair, of gingham,



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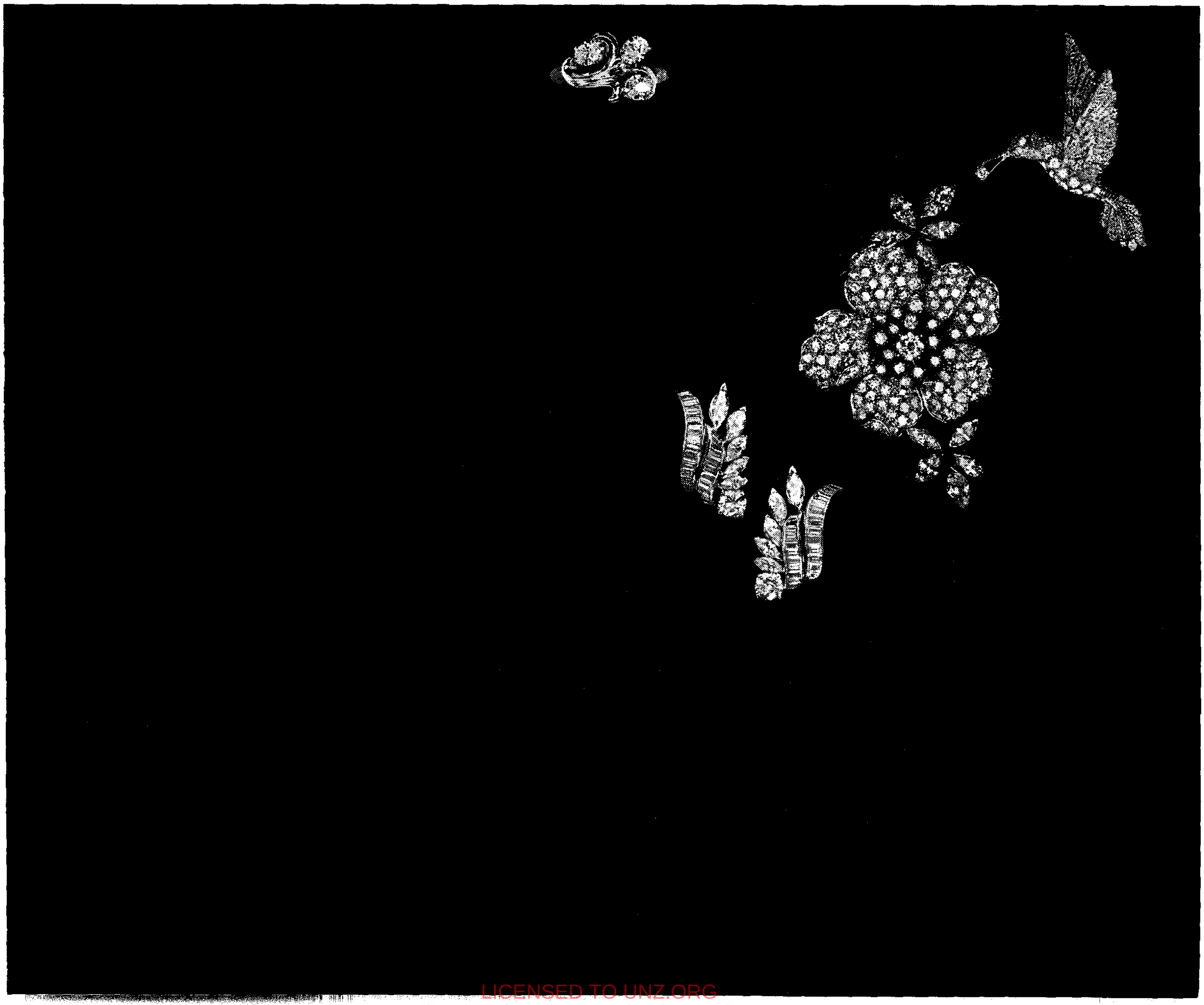

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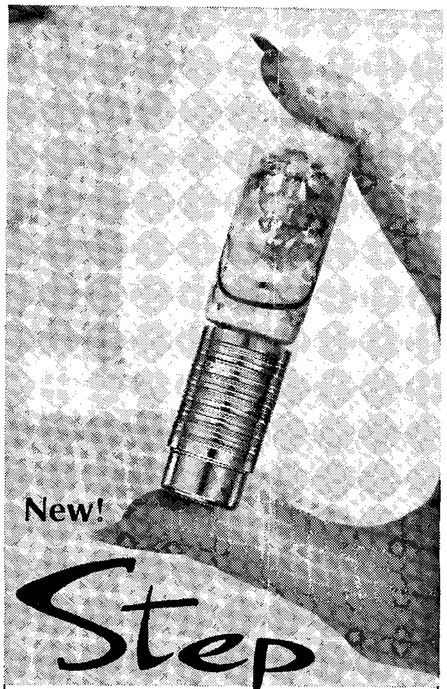
has large black and white checks on the pants and small ones on the top; $38. Another is of surah printed in three-inch squares that look like dice; white dice dots cover the black pants, and black on white is the plan for the tank top. This is $85. Mod shifts are also on hand. One by Carmen Gee is of navy surah with white dots. A double ruffle goes around the V neck, descends to conceal the front zipper, and then curves away to encircle the hem; $55. There are other silk shifts, simple in line but rowdy in color. Such as the one with a giant Kelly-and-magenta Paisley pattern. Such as the one from Hong Kong in soft blue front and back, with Kelly slanting in front of the shoulders and descending into broad side panels. This wears a small braided sash in the two colors; $40. And there's an admirable smocklike beach coat of a white bedspread cotton with chenille dots. You drop this over your head, peel off your wet bathing suit beneath, and remain legally clad throughout; $18.

Robert Leader, the very young hero of my East Side Story (he's at 146 East 54th), has captured most of the output of the team of O'Brien Morris, which goes in for the lowest waistlines since the twenties, set in and four inches wide. One dress, of silk linen in a bright yellow-green, has a sleeveless bateau top, a royal-blue hipband, and a brief wraparound skirt; $110. It also (for less) comes in cottons in absolutely every color combination. These are about knee length. A long version, of black brocade, has a bright-yellow low-slung band. (Ten days to order for this one.) O'Brien Morris has also been playing with French cotton suiting (it doesn't wrinkle) in many guises. Gray with a big black-and-white mosaic-tile pattern can make an A-line skirt on a bodice, plus a short topper with a wide V neck, or it can make dresses involving those very low set-in waistbands. They're likely to be cut high under the bust, though, to create an extra-emphatic long-torso line. One, at $110, is cream down the center front and back; gray and black panels go down the sides, and the wide hipband and the hem are white. Mr. Leader is a long-time champion of Gernreich, whose separates of Irish linen—side-zippered slacks with welt side seams—appear in a color that matches any one of the colors in the horizontally striped tank tops, which can be Kelly, red, royal, and black, say, or pink, beige, and two shades of green. The slacks are $35, the tops are



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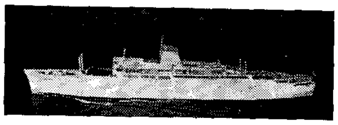

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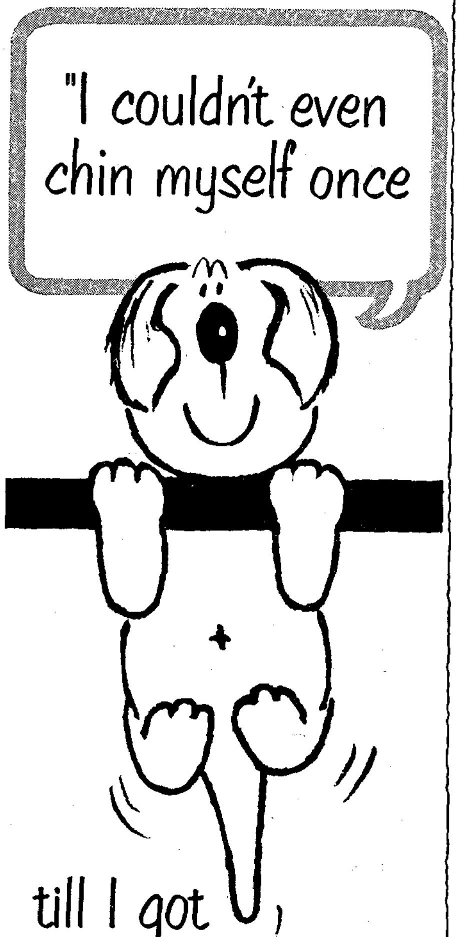
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$30. Two-piece Gernreich dresses of wool jersey with long tops get belts in contrasting plastic. Bright ptomaine is the green of a tank-top Gernreich with a cerise belt. Other variants appear in cotton jersey, with straight skirts on elastic bands and long pullover tops, and the broad horizontal stripes on these are in the amazing color matings I have learned to expect nowadays. The skirts are $15 and the tops are $13. Far more gentle are the simple V-necked dresses of crinkled Italian crêpe, with armholes cut so low that bras might have to be abandoned; $110. From other sources come such items as a ladylike overblouse dress of beige organdie (or something that cleverly passes for it), with great swirls of hemp cord all over the top; $35. Sedate in color but wild in concept is a middy by Dellarossa. Iridescent charcoal organza is the stuff. The wildness is produced by deep ruffles around the V neck, the base, and the ends of the long sleeves. A slip to match, with a ruffle at the hem, has shoulder straps of bright-pink velvet. The pair is $65. There are also matching hip-hugger pants with velvet ribbon in the same pink threaded through the top, and above the long, bare midriff is a three-tiered ruffled bra top; $70.

JAX is at 7 *West* 57th Street, but the what-the-hell spirit that prevails here has long contributed to the mood of the more rampant young East Siders. The current showing involves things, though, that are either tailored or demure to a degree. (This is a tendency in lots of places.) Among the lingerie sort of stuff is a long evening dress of Swiss cotton that is covered with little pale-blue embroidered dots—a bateau neck, a soft-blue velvet sash a bit above the normal waistline, and a gathered skirt that goes to the floor. It looks like a garden-party dress for Little Magnolia—a surprise from Jax, which is known for slax. Among the strictly tailoreds is James Bond, Junior—a three-quarter-length natural poplin raincoat with wide lapels, a loose yoke across the back, double-breasted buttons, and the requisite belt; $70. Matching tapered slacks are $18. A classic tailored suit of white Swiss cotton shirting with black polka dots adds up to a long three-button jacket and a straight skirt with no waistband whatever; $65. The matching pants—of the celebrated Jax sort—look good with deep-U-necked tank tops in red or orange cotton, which are $15. An enchanting dress of black cotton with small white polka dots has an oval neck that is really low in front and is surrounded by a prim col-

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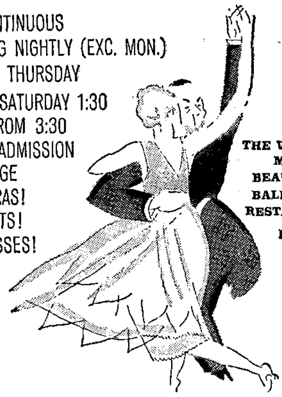

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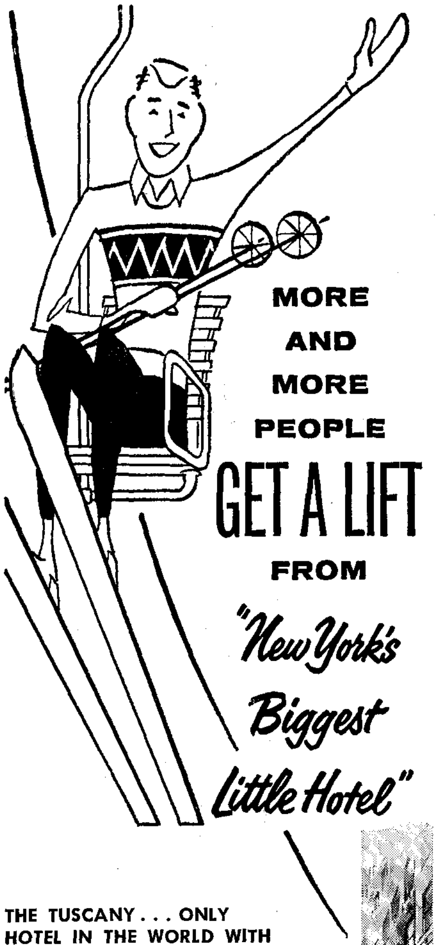

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lar of white organdie. This one slithers down the hips, then flares into an A line; $60. As for gadgetry: the bikinis are unusually infinitesimal, but all edges are elasticized, including the top of the bra. Their colors are prolix, and the wherewithal is pima cotton or piqué; $14.95. And pin-dotted kerchiefs of pima cotton and many other fabrics abound in every imaginable color for every imaginable purpose; $2.95.

THE vogue for uninhibited youth in design has alarmed many old hands because of its unadulterated (and unadult) glee, but our young people have done fashion a great service by giving the elbow to classics that were becoming pretty dull. You don't *have* to wear the same old shirtwaist dress and Bermuda-shorts-with-McMullen-shirts and classic sheaths *all* the time, after all. Abercrombie & Fitch, which can be solemn, has taken to the Gregg Draddy Sassies that I saw last week at Altman—tunic-shifts, ending a few inches above the knees, with soft cowl necks that match the Jamaica-length shorts that peer out through the deep slits at the hem of the tunics. (Infinitely more becoming to women with problem waistlines and stomachs than are the tuck-in shirts that pull out with such ease.) These are $30 and $35 at A. & F., where they may appear in heavy linen with a swirled pink-and-orange pattern, or in white Arnel sharkskin trimmed with cotton-brocade ribbon at the top and at the slit sides—to name two. The pants are also white and of a length that, though above the knees, I suspect has golf-clubhouse acceptance. Feigert has done tunics of the same kind, but these are worn over slacks. One is of pale-orange rayon linen with a cowl of orange-and-pink floral cotton and pants to match; $26. Dorothy Cox of Tanner is here, as always, this time to pony up a white cotton shift with vertical turquoise and purple woven stripes, plus a six-inch pleated ruffle at the hem; $30. The floppy stitched-brim hat that matches is already a big hit at $10. Robert Sloan's coat dresses of white cotton lace in a medallion pattern give me pause. I am told you can wear them over bright-colored shifts (which I think would look tacky, even on Mulberry Street); over white ones, they might be something to consider. One, buttoned down the front to the hem, has wide, deep cuffs on the long sleeves; another is double-breasted and sleeveless. Either way, the sum is $55. Cole of California (who never needs a reminder to keep on being adventur-

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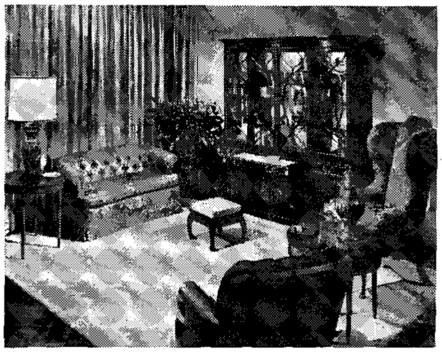

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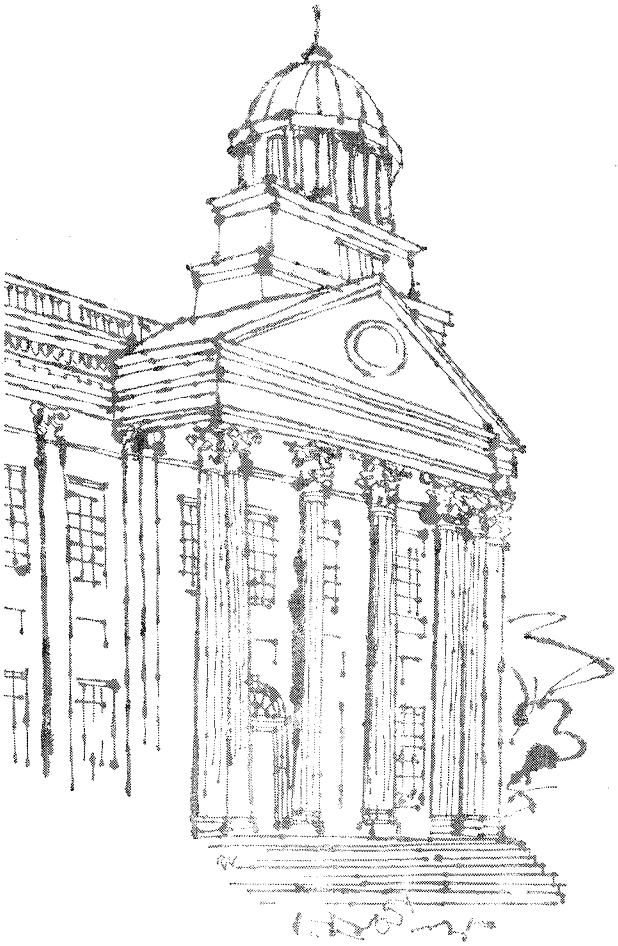

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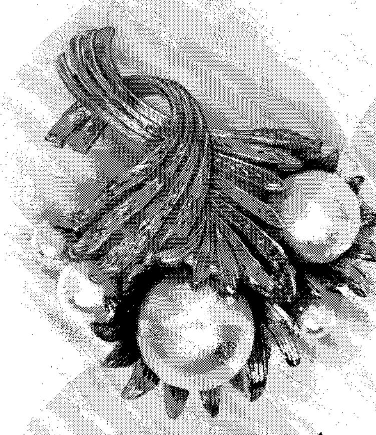

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ous) has tossed in some beach play dresses that begin with a strap top and end in a voluminous swirl a few inches above the knees. (But *why* didn't they make panties to match?) Some are of cotton on which blocks are printed in such violent but now accepted combinations as orange, yellow, and bright green; $16. A narrower beach shift of pastel linen has a deep hem of white fish net. I'm against white fish net in general, but as trimming it looks pretty good. A really abbreviated Cole beach play dress uses white Arnel jersey with a popcorn surface for the short-sleeved top; the little gathered skirt and the pants are of plain Arnel jersey. It is here in blue, too, but I can't imagine it in anything but white; $30.

LAST week, I was enthusiastic about the knitted dresses of Peter Picard (I saw them at Saks Fifth Avenue), and the work he does continues to delight me in other shops. Simple sheaths of wool that looks hand-purled (fairly heavyweight) have actual hand-crocheting (small, lacy, ruffly) around the necks, the open armholes, and the hems. Elegance East has a street-length one in white, with an orange ruffle and crocheted orange open circles around the waist, to accommodate the draw-string belt that gathers the skirt; $70. At Macy's, they are in slim formal length, with the crochet also up the sides of the necessary slit in the skirt, $89.95 in its Little Shop.

SPEAKING of Macy's Little Shop, it is less little all the time, with more variegated merchandise. At the moment, I'm sticking to its resort dresses and suits. The avant-garde designs of Emmanuelle Khanh find shelter here, including a new version of her famous trenchcoat, of rayon-and-silk in a diagonal weave—safari pockets (flapped, and attached only at the top) and the mandatory buckled belt, plus double-breasted buttons below the wide, crossed revers; $175 in black or green, and it could be worn as a coat dress. White linen is the means of what could pass for a Dr. Schweitzer suit jacket, also with safari pockets. The jacket has a narrow double-breasted closing, and the skirt, also of the linen, has a low-slung inverted pleat back and front, for Swing; $150 (nothing beatnik about the Khanh prices). Another suit starts with a conventional white linen jacket whose set-in belt suggests a Norfolk. So far so good. But the skirt is of print linen (blues and greens on white) that is deeply pleated and *then* caught in at the hem with a narrow band,

TERRY PENGUIN (*left*) Wear this pert shirt for patrolling the beach or parading by the pool. Buttons go to the top to meet the stand-away collar. Easy three-quarter opening, stitched-on pocket, curving side slits. White terry. Sm (8–10), Med (12–14), Lg (16–18). **$7.95**

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for a harem effect. This bothers me, somehow. But I find that I have been neglecting dresses for the races and such resort events. Anyway, Macy's has beauties that concentrate on a price range between $55 and $110. Larry Aldrich's curvy bias-topped sheath of Irish linen, with big self-covered buttons down one side, is at the bottom of this price range. Quantities of Townleys are present, too. One is a dress of deep-pink sheer wool crêpe, with wide bands giving a curved bolero look in front and making a wide belt across the back; little gathers start at the hips and go around to the back. It's $110, and it also comes in black or bright gold. In between (in price, that is) is Townley's Jungle Lily, in a bold black print on eggshell crêpe. It's round-necked and sleeveless, and there is a string belt. And Townley likes a pale, blurred watercolor print called Bamboo Passion Flower. (Mollie Parnis likes this type of watercolor print, too, but up at $159.95.) The Townley has a blue ground, green bamboo shoots, and yellow and pink formal flowers. The shaped sheath that results wears appliqués of the print to make one hipline pocket and one pocket just below the round neck. Mort Schrader does a suit that combines a cutaway jacket of cranberry silk linen, with frog fastenings, and a navy dress with vertical cranberry pin stripes. The sleeves of the dress emerge below the ones on the jacket; $100. Jerry Silverman has managed some two-piece topper dresses in rayon-and-acetate speckled tweed—black and white for travel or working-girl summers, avocado and white for resorts. The topper of one has black kid worked through slits at the waistline; another has an A skirt on a bodice, with a short top that sprouts little sleeves and grosgrain trim. For you can't sprawl all the time, even in the Sunny South, and these are for times when you stand erect, looking dreamy.

SO, whether you are conventional or Having a Ball (that expression was rampant in Antibes in 1926 and, like many another, has come full circle), there should be at least *one* idea for each mood somewhere in these columns. After all, I never did like living in vain.

—LOIS LONG

•

"He's more or less playing what you call o'possum right now," added Gary Player, the little South African who has been chasing Yankee gold so long he also has picked up American slang expressions.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Times.*

He uses an Irishman for a translator.

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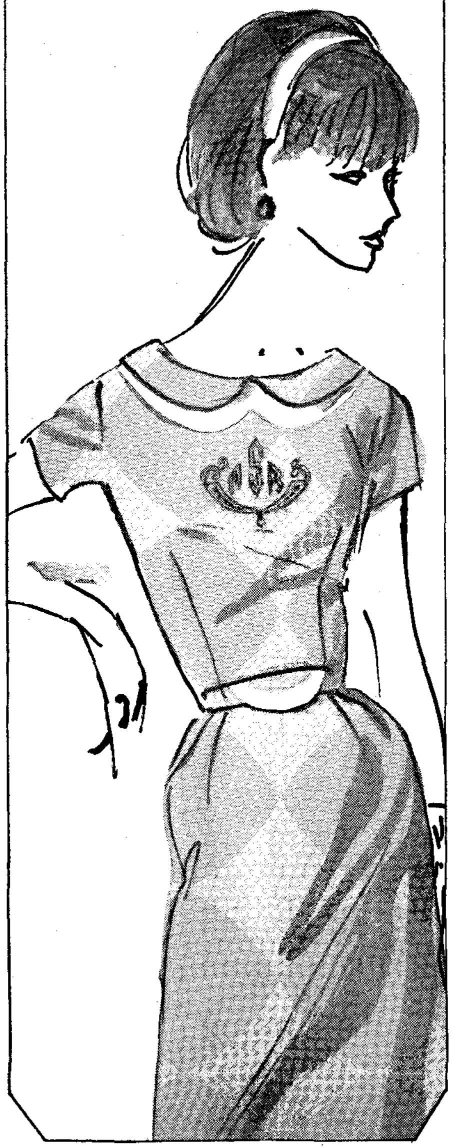
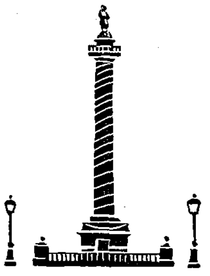


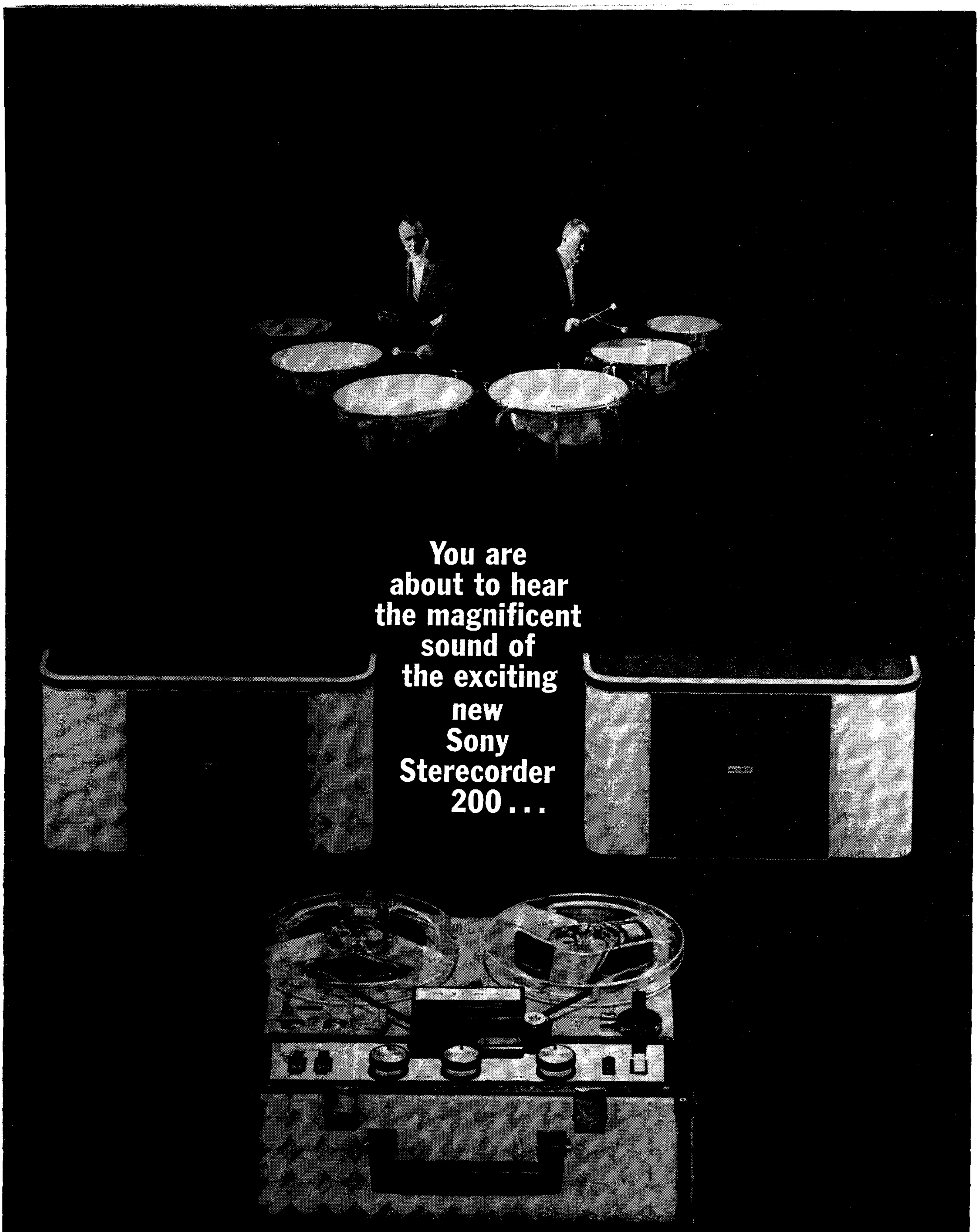
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 27

A REMARKABLY intelligent obituary essay on Sir Winston Churchill appeared on the front page of *Le Monde* the Tuesday after his death, warmly written by the Fourth Republic Premier Pierre Mendès-France. More than three thousand words long and called "L'Homme et Sa Nation," it was an analysis, summing up, and appreciation, which opened: "The death of no British statesman throughout history has been felt in France like that of Winston Churchill. . . . Yet no one was more English than he—in his patriotism, obviously, that burning and permanent passion, at times going to the length of imperialism, to the length of consecrated egoism, but without the excess or pettiness of vulgar chauvinism or xenophobia, and with no concession to what was merely easy. He was also perfectly English in his profound attachment to the best traditions of political liberty and of law, and, again, in his tastes, his style, his culture, in his impetuous and magnanimous temperament, which in our time seemed happily to bring back the portrait of a high-spirited and loyal baron of Merrie England. No one was more English because, above all, to no one was it vouchsafed to incarnate so completely the magnificent determination of Great Britain faced with a decisive ordeal in its destiny. . . . He said that if one day England had to choose between the United States and Europe, it would always be toward the great West that she would turn, nor is it difficult to comprehend the real sense of his words. True, Churchill did not forget that through his mother some American blood flowed in his veins, but beyond all else he had been intensely conscious during the tragic hours of how much, in the twentieth century, the security of Great Britain was assured only by American solidarity. This he was always to remember. . . . Throughout all the episodes of his life, which was prodigiously filled, animated, and even tumultuous, Churchill was never separate from his nation, nor did he ever try to substitute his own person for it. [As, French readers were to understand, President de Gaulle has.] . . . This is why so many French people today join in the homage being rendered to that purest patriotism which was Churchill's—that which identifies itself always with the liberty and dignity of all men."



DECIDEDLY, the most important national news here was last week's solemn eighteen-hundred-word condemnation of the Fifth Republic government's increasing *dirigisme*, or control, of the country's economy—an attack made by the powerful Conseil National du Patronat Français at its semiannual meeting in Paris. The C.N.P.F. is the equivalent of the American N.A.M., or National Association of Manufacturers, except that, being French, it is considerably more august, démodé, and classically bourgeois. Big-business Frenchmen are worried by the way certain things are going. Granted that the French state is as rich as Midas—is rich enough, it is said, to have honestly balanced the nation's new budget, for the first time since the days of Clemenceau—two major sections of French industry are far poorer than they were a year ago. These are the textile mills in the North, which have been laying men off, and automobile manufacturing. Only Citroën has prospered; in 1964 the business of the nationalized Renault enterprise was down 11.5 per cent. The C.N.P.F. complaint against *dirigisme*, formally titled "A Charter of Liberal Management," was both prolix and specific, and contained fourteen paragraphs, under the heading "Fourteen Fundamental Notions of Economic and Social Progress." Paragraph 2 set the tone—the bourgeoisie's nineteenth-century laissez-faire; it declared, "The free creation and free development of business, based on respect for the natural economic laws, are the irreplaceable sources of the betterment of mankind." Paragraph 4 announced, "Profit is one of the essential driving forces of economic growth," and added, "The Marxist economists are now discovering this truth"—the only item in the Charter that the Communist paper *L'Humanité* remained mum about. The Charter also said that authority in business cannot be shared ("All other formulas lead to impotence"), and deplored France's state-established ceiling prices and artificially stabilized currency, which, in the eyes of the C.N.P.F., has encouraged foreign investors (meaning, but not mentioning, Wall Street) to colonialize French industry. And, to increase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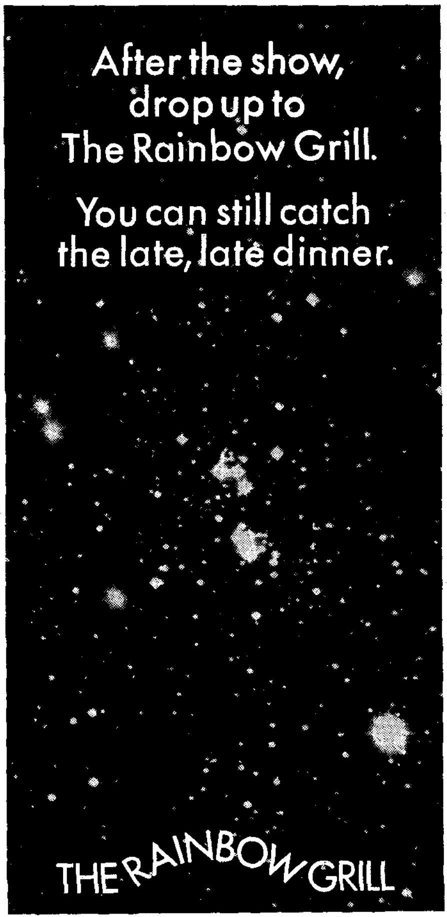
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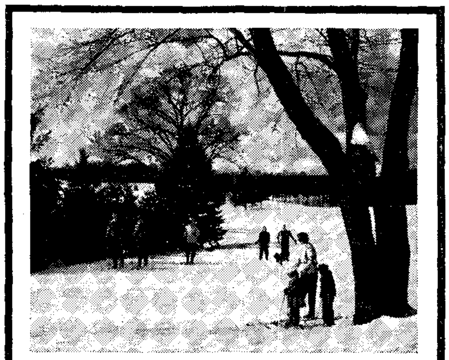
French production, it urged the Fifth Republic to speed up public services like new schools, hospitals, housing developments, highways, and telephones—a program that would probably also please the modest citizens. Last week's accidental coincidence of the Patronat's complaints about President de Gaulle's economic policies, and the labor unions' agitation, in nationalized industry, against them, at least as far as their own low wages go, was much appreciated by the French press, which treated it like a double bull's-eye. As the dignified *Monde* commented, "Rarely have the railway worker and the corporation president been able to agree so readily about the omnipresence of power." Though President de Gaulle's name was never mentioned, the Charter was the most powerful broadside against his style of governing to have been launched by the moneyed middle and upper classes—who have never approved of him—in the six years he has been in political power.

AMONG the four or five late-Sunday-afternoon symphony concerts, which have been given here pell-mell and all at the same hour, a quarter to six, ever since the days of Berlioz and Chopin—making Paris musically unique once a week, but ill-served by such concentrated competition—the Conservatoire Orchestra, under conductor Georges Prêtre, featured as soloist last Sunday the Italian pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli. The program stated that Michelangeli had performed here once before, years ago, but certainly he was largely unknown by sight to the general public when he walked onto the stage of the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées—a tall, handsome man in his early forties, with the cold face of a scientist and the remains of a thick, musicianly mop of chestnut hair covering the back of his head. There was a certain *hubris* or hauteur in his relation with his audience, and even with the music he was playing—the overfamiliar Grieg Concerto—but he became more intimate as he gradually, almost grudgingly, began displaying the guarded wealth of his technical virtuosity. He is the leading exponent of a certain light, fleet, highly colored Italian pianistic style. Musical gossip had already rumored that he detests giving concerts, his preferred career being teaching at his own academy, in Bologna. It was not till his concluding number, Liszt's violent "Dance of Death," that he played as if he were playing alone and for his private satisfaction, and with a kind of dual pian-



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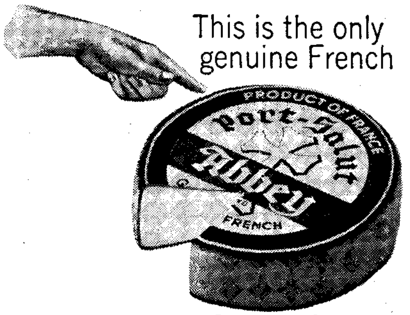

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istic perfection. There was the perfection of the professorial master who, with his special, didactic genius, has discovered the manual answers to all the difficult problems that Liszt's composition proposed, and there was the perfection of the pianist's musical self-communication as he performed—as he played with unearthly speed, with a high wind of ghostly octaves and notes blowing up and down the black and the white keys, with such unfaltering, amazing musical velocity that it sounded like a product of witchcraft. Last summer, he toured in Russia, and next summer he will tour in Japan and the United States. Even if, in his frigidity, he does not gratify you, he will utterly astonish you as you listen to him performing flawlessly as if alone and exclusively for himself.

FIVE years ago this month, the writer Albert Camus was killed in a speeding car, along with its driver, the nephew of Gaston Gallimard, his publisher. Camus had just turned forty-six, and had, at forty-three, received the Nobel Prize for Literature. The publishing house of Gallimard has now brought out the last remaining fragments of his writings, "Carnets, Janvier 1942-Mars 1951"—a small notebook of private comments that he had kept during the years in which he wrote "L'Étranger," "Le Mythe de Sisyphe," "La Peste," and "L'Homme Révolté," and which constituted his brief literary career as a novelist (except for "La Chute," which is about guilt and justice, came later, was perhaps his best novel, and, for some reason, is hardly mentioned today). Camus has now become the idol of young French readers. In the large provincial town of Montpellier, the university students have just dedicated their undergraduate magazine to his memory. They say that what they desire and obtain from his books is a sense of morality without religion. They are touched by what they identify as his romanticism; that is, his connection with violent situations in modern history. Born in Algeria, brought up in poverty, and later a member of the famous *Combat* Résistance group in Paris, he was a Mediterranean man attached, as a writer, to the myths of ancient Greece, which he reconstructed as contemporary formulas. He used the myth of Sisyphus, eternally rolling his stone uphill, only to have it slide back, as an example of the absurd—that modern definition of emptied fate. There are more references to Nietzsche and Gide in the notebook than there are to Lenin

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or Sartre. It is as though Camus learned to be part of his time painstakingly late. Sometimes, in the "Carnets," he defines the meaning of a work in progress. He jotted down, "The absurd is tragic mankind in front of a mirror," "I have tried with all my force, knowing my weaknesses, to be a man of morality. Morality kills," "For the Christians the revelation is at the beginning of the history. For the Marxists it is at the end. Two religions," "Great souls interest me, they alone, but I myself am not a great soul." "Tragedy is not a solution," he wrote pessimistically. "Can I be only a witness [to history]? In other words, have I a right to be only an artist?"

Silenced through the pain caused him by France's Algerian War, he had nothing consequential to say or write in his last few years. It was supposed by his friends that it was not too late for him finally to write a great, mature novel. His Nobel Prize was regarded here as an investiture for the future, for what he might write more than for what he had already written—had he only lived.

THE small, precious exhibition "Les Architectes Visionnaires," at the Bibliothèque Nationale, which opened early in November and was intended to last three weeks, has continued for three months and is still going on, owing principally to the fervid initial approval of the newspaper critics, who were able to transmit to a select public an excited appreciation of the mostly unbuilt visions to be seen, in the form of engravings, in this show. As one critic declared, the public might wait a century before seeing again these rarely brought-forth pictures. Three inspired late-eighteenth-century dreamers—considered in their time lunatics of space (a mere question of taste and reason)—designed these ineffable, gigantic constructions: Claude Nicolas Ledoux, the best-known, and a member, oddly, of the Institut de France; his less-known Institut colleague, Etienne Louis Boulée; and a man simply called Lequeu, who was the least-known but was no poorer a dreamer than the others in the penumbra of geometric visionary forms for inspired, unasked-for public buildings, on which they all labored in a mist of imagination, their drawings fringing, in a way, the earlier aspects of Surrealism in our time. The two small rooms of the Bibliothèque given over to this exhibition are radiant with their drawings, the most astonishing one be-

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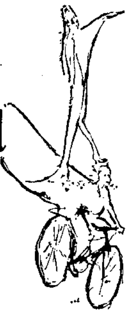

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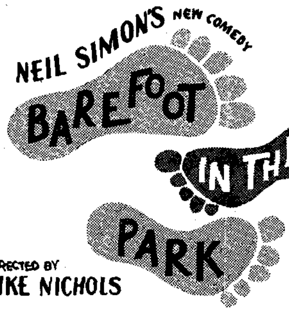

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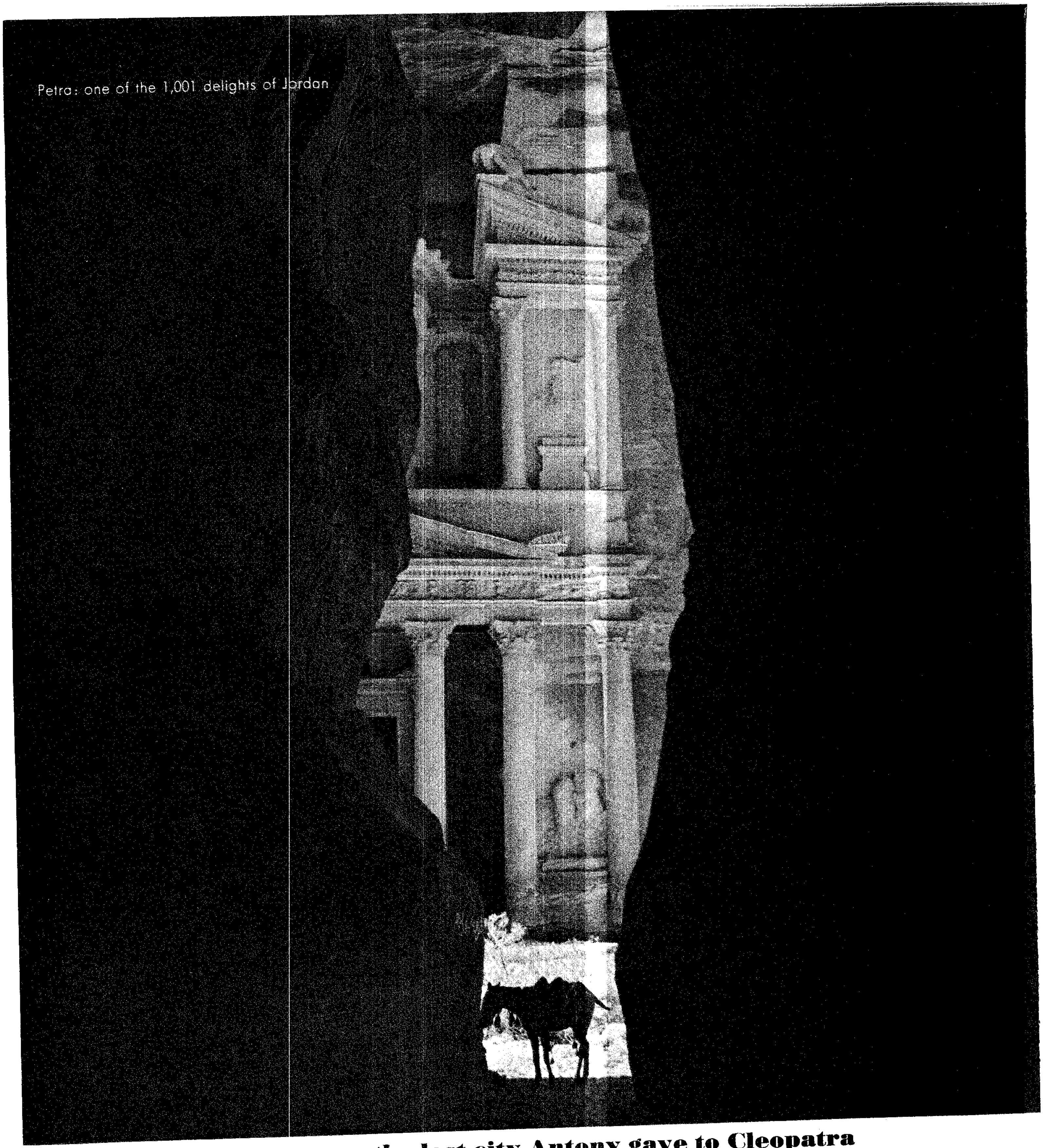

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

ing the original design by Ledoux for the Théâtre de Besançon; he envisioned it as an enormous eye, whose pupil would reflect the eye of the actor and what he could see of the audience. The Théâtre de Besançon was actually built, but unfortunately it burned before it could be appreciated. Ledoux also created, though on paper only, the City of Chaux—an ideal city that was to be built around a circular center, like a globule of perfection. On view also is Boulée's engraving of a cenotaph for Newton—an enormous sphere, probably fifteen stories high, encircled by two rims of cypress trees and looking like a planetarium with garden appendages. The pure spherical and other curvilinear forms of these gifted "visionary architects" have been ignored in favor of the harsh, cube-shaped buildings that are prevalent all over the Western world today. The trio who envisioned their architectural forms as creations to be erected in the name of liberty later saw their visions extinguished in the poverty and destruction produced by the French Revolution. —Genêt

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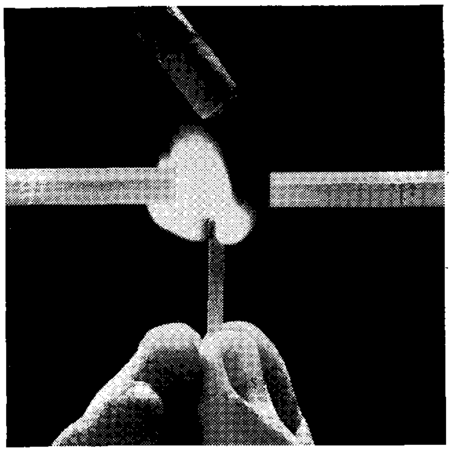
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the New Paltz (N.Y.) Independent & Times*]

Both the Town Clerk and Justice Harp have recently received bad checks in their respective offices. Justice Harp felt the public should be warned that passing bad checks is a criminal offense, bearing a penalty of $500 or 1 year in the county jail. Although he has not thus far prosecuted anyone once the checks were made good, he feels that it is a nuisance and inconvenience and that the public should realize this and be more responsible about passing checks for which they have no funds.



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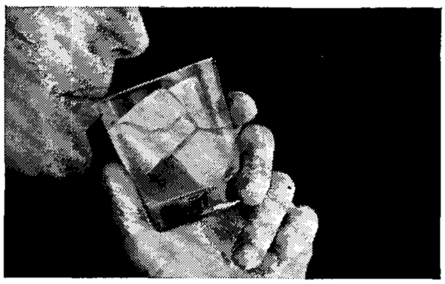

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two Labyrinths

THE film "36 Hours" is so fresh and beguiling a thriller for so much of its length that I haven't the heart to complain very loudly about the fact that at a certain point it changes its nature and chooses to peter out in the conventional hurly-burly of a chase and escape. Untying knots is, after all, famously harder and less amusing work than tying them, and the bolder the action in the opening stages of a melodrama the more likely it is that its later stages will be marred by signs of the drudgery of tidying up. George Seaton, who directed "36 Hours," is also the fabricator of the screenplay, and he may have allowed it to become twice as complicated as it needed to be because he had twice the usual amount of material to work from; his script is based not on one story but on two, written not by two authors but by three. (One story is by that superb setter of literary spring guns Roald Dahl, and the other is by Carl K. Hittleman and Luis H. Vance.) Having had the nerve to devise a plot nearly every convolution of which outrages common sense, Mr. Seaton is careful to give it a surface uncannily matter-of-fact, with the result that I found myself swallowing again and again the most outrageous improbabilities and begging for more. If I hadn't happened to buy the Brooklyn Bridge a week or so ago, Mr. Seaton would be the man who could sell it to me.

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TAX
TOTAL

The hours of the movie's title refer to the amount of time that a clever German Army doctor has at his disposal, just before the Allied invasion of Europe, in 1944, to learn from a captured American Intelligence officer where the expected landings are to take place. The S.S. is eager to obtain this information by torture; the doctor thinks he can get it by convincing the American that he has passed several years as a victim of amnesia—that the war has long since ended in an Allied victory and that in order to be cured of his malady the officer must now recount all that was in his mind when it went blank. The lengths the Germans go to, at that desperate point in the war, to persuade a single American that he's not quite right in the head are, if examined in cold blood, preposterous (they include a fully operational United States military hospital, with English-speaking staff, tucked away in the Bavarian Alps), but I must say that they answer something in me that wishes even thrillers to be carried out on a grand-luxe style; expense be damned, especially if it's wicked Nazis who are picking up the tab.

James Garner plays the Intelligence officer, Rod Taylor the German doctor, and Werner Peters the vicious S.S. man. By way of an exiguous love interest, we have Eva Marie Saint as a nurse at the fake hospital. She is pretty enough, but, for good reasons, not very happy, and though she and the brave, befuddled American turn out to be married—I assure you, the Wehrmacht stopped at nothing—and eventually spend a couple of nights together in ruined barns and damp cellars, they never exchange as much as a fleeting kiss; at the end of the picture they set out for different destinations but not, I hope, different destinies. Why shouldn't love as well as United States Intelligence conquer all?

IF "36 Hours" is a labyrinthine thriller, "My Wife's Husband" is a labyrinthine French farce. Its plot is tirelessly complex and utterly trivial, having to do with a vigorous lady who has married more often than is legally or emotionally good for her, and the picture pleases because the director, Gilles Grangier, has been content to bring off many little jokes instead of a couple of big ones. Its stars are Fernandel and Bourvil—by coincidence, both victims of parents who carelessly omitted to supply them with Christian names. These celebrated comedians have a fine time sharing the camera and keeping it away from other members of the cast. The setting of the picture is a waterside restaurant near Marseille, and one of the funniest scenes depicts a visit by a representative of the *Guide Michelin*, whose repast proves less than Lucullan. It appears that one can either practice bigamy or practice *haute cuisine*, but not both, and the choice isn't perhaps as easy as it looks at first glance. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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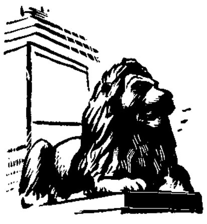
LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 31



ENGLAND said its final goodbye to Winston Churchill yesterday, when London sent him on his way with love and the most splendid honors that could be devised to express the enormous inexpressible. All through the week, the farewells had been uttered everywhere—in public by the eminent, and silently by the hundreds of thousands of ordinary people who flowed along beside the Thames like a river themselves all day and all night in the bitter weather, with snow falling on them and the flags drooping, to pass before him for a moment in Westminster Hall. On Monday, Parliament assembled briefly to listen to the tributes of both Houses and to dismiss itself from business for the rest of the week. With a flash of the poetry that sometimes turns up in English politics, Sir Winston's customary corner seat of recent years in the Commons had been left empty—whether permanently, as many people hope, or in homage for the afternoon was not clear. Mr. Wilson, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and the Liberal leader, Mr. Jo Grimond, garbed in morning coats, rose in turn to speak moving and remarkably fresh words, considering that they had all paid tribute on national television the night before. But nothing they might have found to say could possibly be so eloquent or evocative as that patch of green leather, bright as a little strip of lawn, among the benches tightly packed with dark-suited, solemn-faced M.P.s. For all of us, it was filled immediately by the familiar huddled figure sitting listening to the speeches, with his great head sunk forward a little to one side and his stick tidily resting alongside his somehow unmistakably Victorian-looking legs and elegant, narrow feet. Probably his colleagues in the House—always his cherished spiritual home, as the orations proudly recalled—had truly said goodbye to him in their hearts that afternoon last summer when he appeared for the last time in the dying Parliament as the Right Honourable Member for Woodford. Many of us in the press gallery must have remembered how he got up to go, and began that increasingly unpredictable, indomitable stagger to the doors of the Chamber, paused for a moment, and disappeared through them—his exit forever from the House, as the members all knew, but uncheered, and even, by an effort on their part that could be felt, studiously unremarked. Gladstone, the only other statesman to have been given a lying-in-state in the very heart of Parliament, commented scornfully on "that blubbering Cabinet" of his colleagues who came to bid him farewell on his retirement. Sir Winston, though a great and easy shedder of tears himself, in the unashamed eighteenth-century style that only he retained, doubtless preferred to go as he did, in the unemotional House of Commons way. The emotion was all there on Monday, in the remembering faces and the stillness of the House.

On Wednesday, when Sir Winston had been brought home to the Palace of Westminster again, the huge public pilgrimage began. On that day, people were taking a mere hour and a half to make their way from Lambeth Bridge, where the queue started forming, along the Embankment to the St. Stephen's Porch entrance, through which they gained the great medieval hall. But by Thursday night the vast serpent began on the other side of the river, opposite Westminster, before crossing it at Lambeth, and the slow trek was reported to take four hours. The other afternoon, the people were shuffling along quietly in the freezing cold, not speaking much but burrowing down doggedly into their coat collars and mufflers, as though keeping all their energies firmly fixed on their determination to get in to Sir Winston and pay their respects. It seemed like some immense scattered incident of his war, with the splendid ladies of the W.V.S. cheerfully on hand in their mobile canteens passing out cups of tea, and ambulances in the background, too, waiting to pick up anybody who succumbed to the cold or the long wait. Inside Westminster Hall, thick carpet had been laid over the stones, and the great throng of people poured down the steps as softly as the snow was falling outside. In the unearthly silence, it was a beautiful and dreamlike sight—the high catafalque and the coffin under the flag, with the tall Cross shining at its head and the Garter insignia laid on it like a wreath, all guarded by five officers of the Brigade of Guards standing brilliant and motionless in their scarlet and blue, their hands clasped on the pommels of their drawn swords. People seemed awed now that they were there at last, and glanced almost shyly up at the coffin—odd to think of Winston still—

before hurrying on, sad-faced, often with tears in their eyes.

Yet the day, when it came, turned out to be really rather a happy as well as a solemn one, with the happiness of seeing a wonderful life wind up wonderfully. People walking away after it was all over, carrying the bundles of gear with which they had camped out, many of them all night, in far-from-camping weather, to see Sir Winston home, were discussing it in tones of cheerful satisfaction, being agreed that it had come up to everybody's expectations as the most remarkable state occasion that London has put on for anyone in living memory, royalty not excluded. In spite of the crape and the reversed arms and the mournful deep thudding of the funeral marches striking up from band to band as the procession made its slow way from Westminster to the City, there was, it seemed, a sense of the deep fitness of everything, which was felt approvingly and pleasurably by all. The first of a steady succession of cars rolled up Ludgate Hill toward St. Paul's, waiting like a host at the top of the rise, soon after eight o'clock, when the crowds on the pavements, most of them squatting in little Arab tents of blankets pitched over themselves against the intense cold, were passing a bite of breakfast or a swig of something hot into their mouths under the flap. Glad of something to see at last, they quizzed the better-breakfasted guests who emerged from the cars and walked up the steps toward the great, glittering, cleaned west front: the old men, maybe as old as Churchill, with frail, wise heads inside narrow-waisted top hats of Asquith's vintage; the officers in long-skirted greatcoats, with chestfuls of decorations; the Indian ladies in white mourning saris under their fur coats; the Commonwealth Commissioners and Ambassadors and Members of Parliament. Inside the cathedral, the television lights, playing sun to the moon of its chandeliers, unexpectedly heightened the beauty and opulence of stone and gilding and mosaic, of the carved cherubim and the white groups of warriors and statesmen who pointed their seraphic trumpets and calm marble noses toward the empty bier waiting between its six tall, fat yellow candles. In this dense past, the present took its place easily and naturally; the cold marble noses were not as remote as all that from the doubtless equally cold ones of the people lapping the pavements outside in a grubby surf of torn newspapers and chocolate-bar wrappings. These people had come to see the greatest part of all

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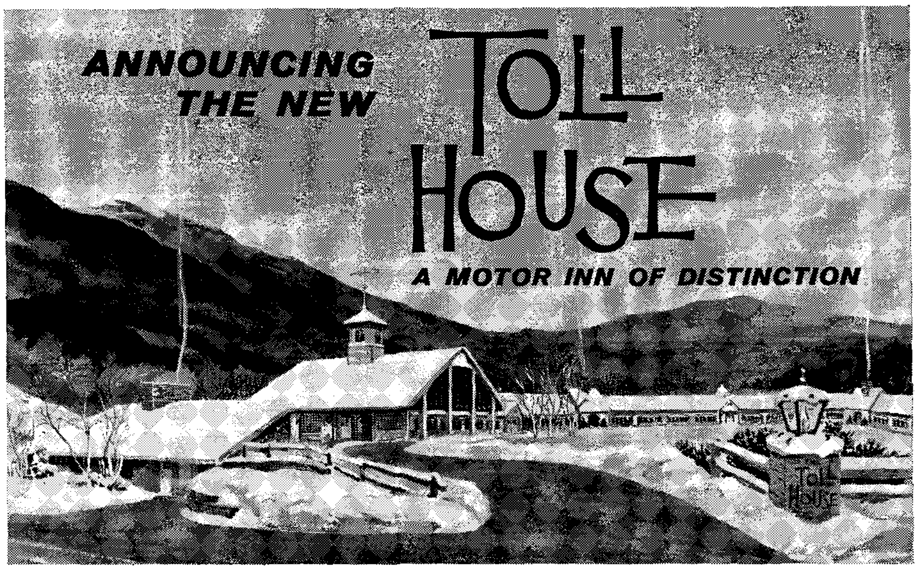

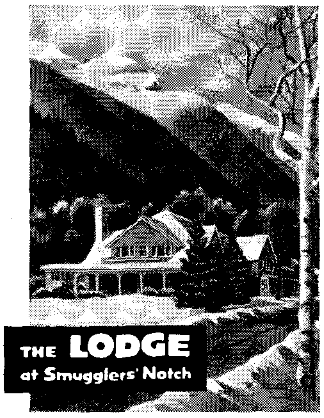

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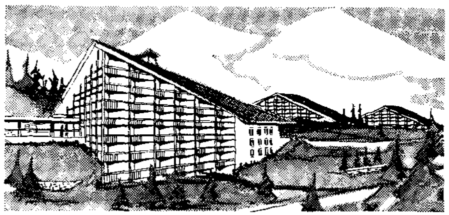

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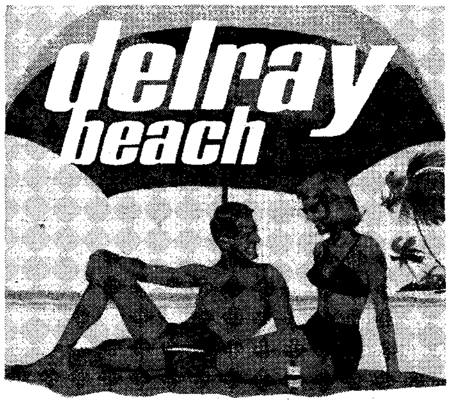

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our presents married to the long past under the dome, and the beautiful white flowers grouped on either side of the chancel had an interchangeably bridal air. As we waited, we were able to spy on the progress of the great procession when at last it got under way and began to move across London toward us, for, with the strange modern taking for granted that television is part of the staple equipment of every house, even God's, small television sets had been placed at intervals against the pillars. There was a sudden tension, a sort of holding of breaths, as we saw the coffin leave Westminster Hall on the shoulders of the bearer party. The gun crew and the R.A.F. escort closed round it, and they began to march. The cortege left as punctually as Londoners expect their royalty and state processions to keep to their promised times. As precisely, Big Ben spoke three lines of its hourly quatrain, leaving the ultimate line dangling, and thereafter said nothing for the rest of the day.

For the next hour, we had the eerie sensation of living in two worlds at once—the small (and soundless) black-and-white world of the gun carriage advancing on its moving wave of superbly marching sailors and troops, and the brilliant, glowing cathedral through which various small processions passed as smoothly as though everybody had been practicing his part of this day for months. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and other church dignitaries, moved down the aisle to take up their positions to greet the Queen. The Archbishop is just past sixty, but he is one of those who are born venerable. With his tufted aureole of white hair protruding from his starched mitre, and his powerful shoulders splendidly supporting his black-and-white cope, he looked the very picture of one of those timeless prelates of antiquity who kneel and pray at the foot of Italian holy pictures. The Aldermen and high officers of the City of London marched along, snugly furred in crimson and blue, their ruddy faces well nourished, one fancied, by port and turtle dinners. The wigged Speaker of the Commons and the Lord Chancellor proceeded past, each with his robe held up by a trainbearer, and each with his macebearer holding the golden mace, which was covered, according to Parliamentary usage, when the Queen was conducted to her central rose-and-gilt chair. To her left sat the heads of state in a row, among them King Olav of Norway, stoutly buttoned into his na-

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tiny gems
blue heaven &
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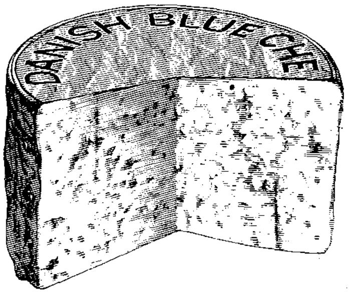

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val greatcoat against cathedral chill; Queen Juliana; the young Kings of Belgium and Greece; and, the cynosure of all eyes, General de Gaulle. He towered over his neighbors, looking waxy and pale and appreciably older than when we had seen him in 1960—the last of the great trees of the forest, the only statesman now alive who sees history as a two-way strip, moving backward and forward, with himself fixed unshakably in the center of it. There was emotion in middle-aged breasts, too, at the sight of many other old friends from the past: General Eisenhower, sitting behind de Gaulle; Admiral the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Field Marshal the Earl Alexander of Tunis, Air Marshal the Viscount Portal, and those other wartime figures who had come together again as pallbearers, the aged Lord Attlee gamely pacing with them, to form a sort of final Cabinet extraordinary attending Churchill.

For suddenly, to a burst of singing from the choir, the black-and-white and the brilliantly colored worlds had converged. The coffin was being borne up the aisle, still with the Garter insignia lying on its breast, preceded by banners and dazzling figures who seemed to have stepped out of "Henry V"—they were the officers of state who bear the titles of Garter Principal King of Arms, Norroy and Ulster King of Arms, and Clarenceux King of Arms, with the heralds bearing their crape-hung knightly emblems of sword and spurs, all dressed in tabards of gold, scarlet, and blue—and followed by the dignified black knot of family mourners, to remind us that there was private grief as well as national pride.

When the short service was over, the Last Post startlingly showered its sad evening notes down from a bugler stationed, it seemed, in the dome, and then came the cheerful burst of the Reveille. The procession formed up in reverse, and, instead of the great roar

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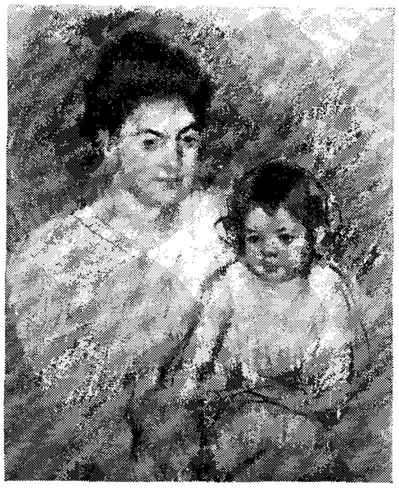

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of cheers of happier days, it was met outside by the bells. Many of us hurried away from St. Paul's and cut down through the little dark brick courts and alleys of Fleet Street to the Thames, to see the last lap of the London journey. There the people seemed to take over from the state. No invitation card being needed, they wedged themselves along the Embankment walls in the freezing wind, keeping watering eyes sharply turned in the direction of Tower Bridge while they ate hot dogs and jumped up and down to keep warm. The cars of the nobs streaming away from the cathedral went by disregarded. Sir Winston's day was nearly over—a really great day, people were saying to each other with satisfaction, between their sniffs, a day that had turned out as smashingly as anyone could have hoped. It was somebody's good idea—another of those flashes of poetry—to arrange that Sir Winston should travel for part of his journey on what he once called liquid history. When his escort came into sight, the little procession of motor launches looked casual and almost gay bobbing along under the wheeling convoy of gulls. The coffin on the deck of one of them was bright and tiny; the gray-coated Guardsmen standing stiffly round it were toys. Everyone fell silent, standing on tiptoe and straining toward the parapet, as though tempted, perhaps, for a wild, useless moment, to wave. The sun came out briefly and waterily as the launch docked at South Bank. Then the coffin was shouldered again and carried onshore and out of our sight. Though only the attendant boats now idled on the river and we knew that there was nothing else to see, we remained some time, looking in the direction where it had vanished.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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—Barbara Lawrence

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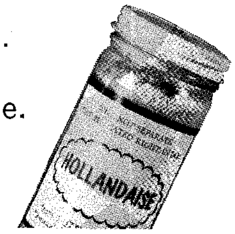

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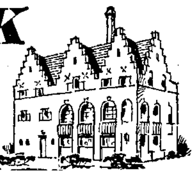

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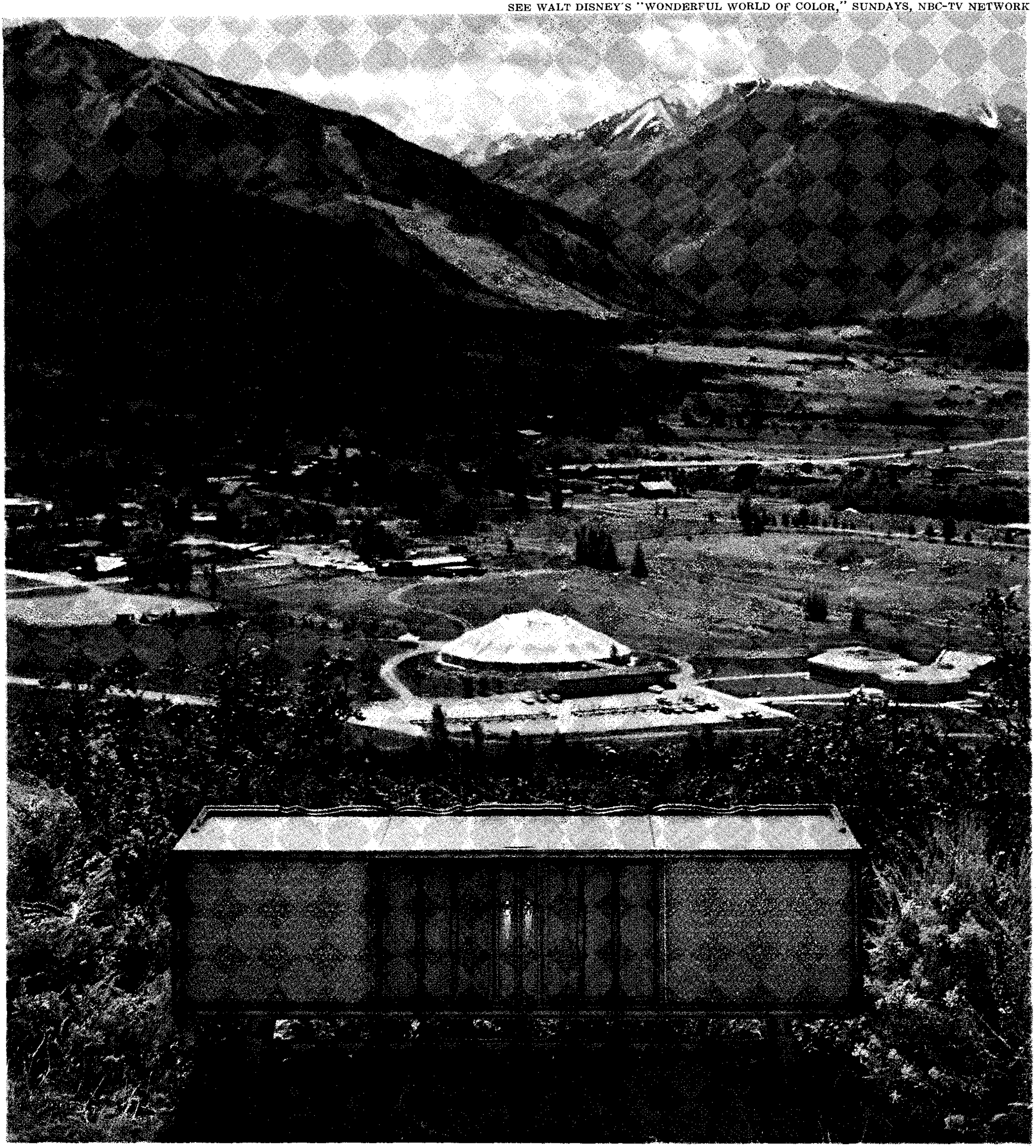

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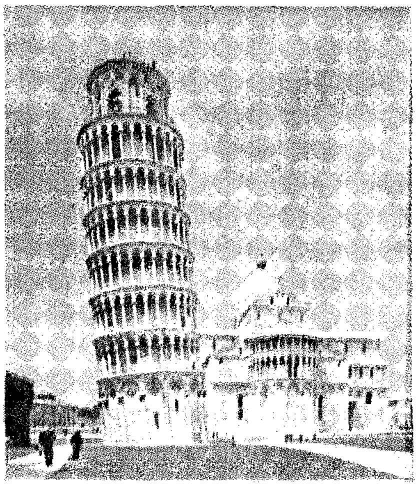

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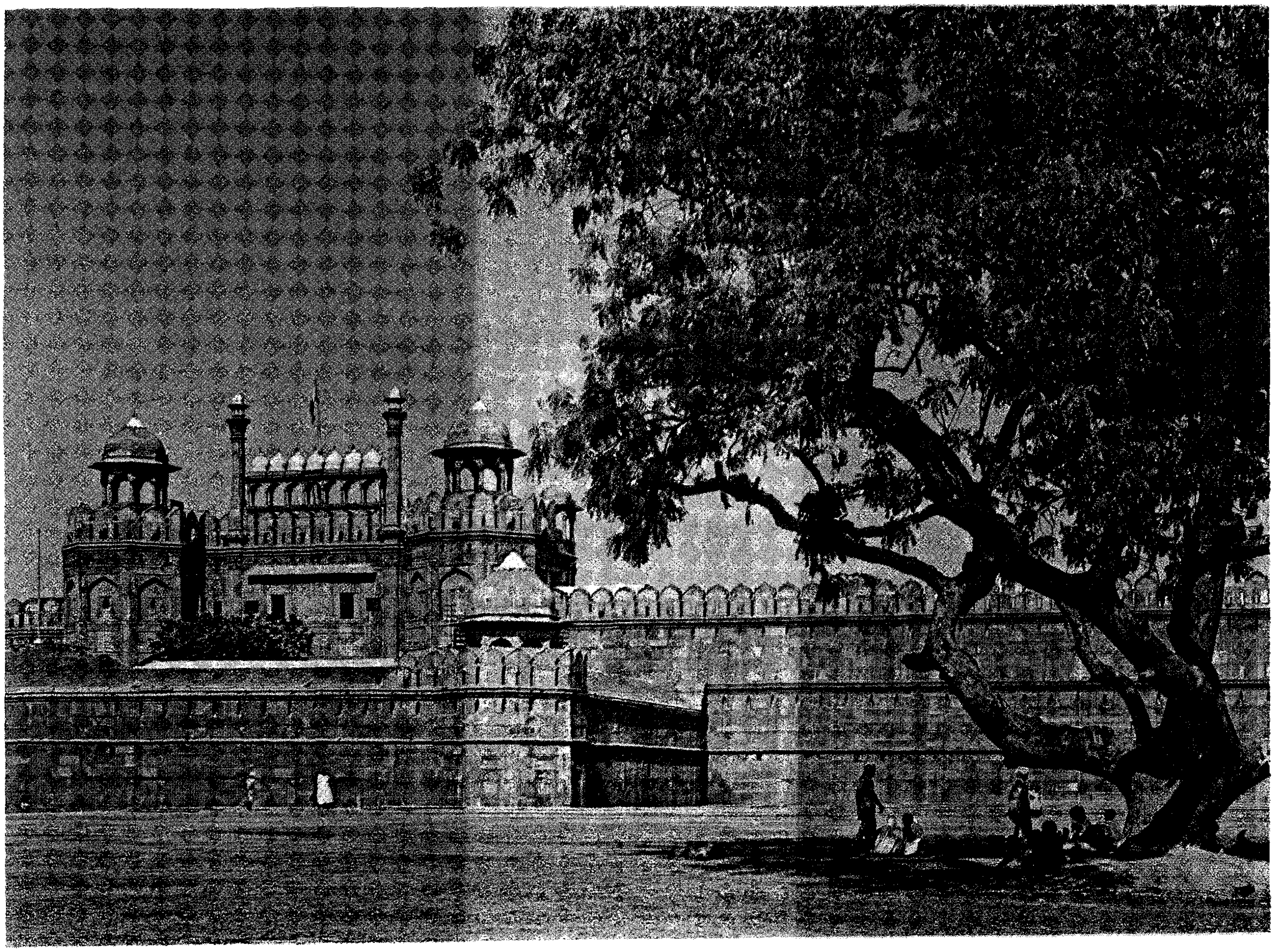

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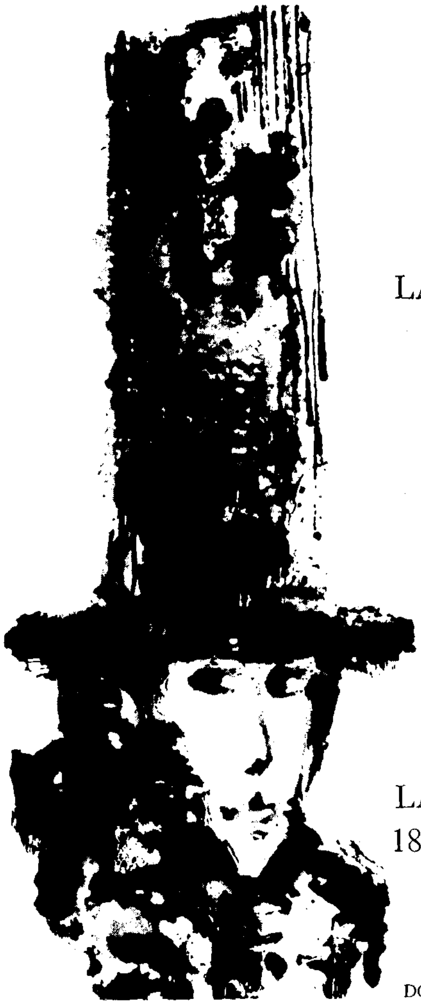
Luck Will Find a Way

MAURICE FREED

I SUPPOSE nothing that our high-mettled racers do and nothing that happens to them should surprise us. Still, it was something of a stunner for Hill Rise to finish fourth in the Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita last Saturday. From all accounts, Hill Rise, who was odds-on, left the starting gate more slowly than usual and immediately got into close quarters, which Pierce, his jockey, vainly tried to steer him out of. On the other hand, Duel, who carried eleven pounds less than Hill Rise, had no traffic troubles throughout the mile and a quarter, and sailed serenely home three lengths ahead of Or et Argent, while Pelegrin beat Hill Rise by a nose for third place. Duel, a sturdy bay colt by Round Table (who won this race seven years ago, when it was the Maturity Stakes), is owned by Claiborne Farm and trained by Jim Maloney, who also handles the horses of William Haggin Perry, among them Jacinto, Face the Facts, Batteur, and Respected—all stakes winners at the meeting. As you may remember, Duel was one of the promising two-year-olds of 1963, winning the Saratoga Special and the Breeders' Futurity, but he fell short of expectations at Hialeah a year ago and, after finishing fourth in the Swift at Aqueduct last March, faded out of the picture. Since his arrival in California in December, he has come to hand so well that there's no foretelling his future. His share of the Strub purse was $79,600—a fair start.

I haven't heard whether there is a future book on the Santa Anita Derby on March 6th. If there is, I daresay Jacinto is the favorite. Earlier in the meeting, he won the Los Feliz Stakes, and in the Long Beach Purse at Santa Anita the other afternoon he ran seven furlongs in 1:20⅗—only three-fifths of a second short of the world's record for the distance. Second to him was Gummo (named after one of the Marx Brothers, of course), who had earlier won the California Breeders' Champion Stakes and the Bay Meadows Juvenile Championship. Another smart effort out on the Coast was that of Candy Spots, who took the San Pasqual Handi-



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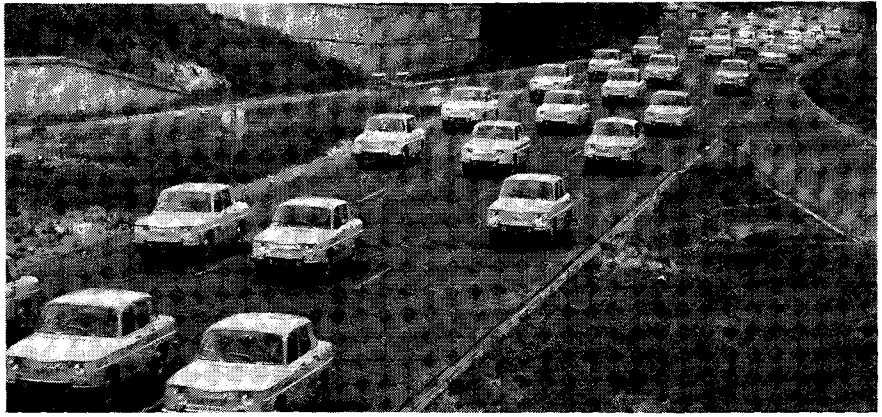

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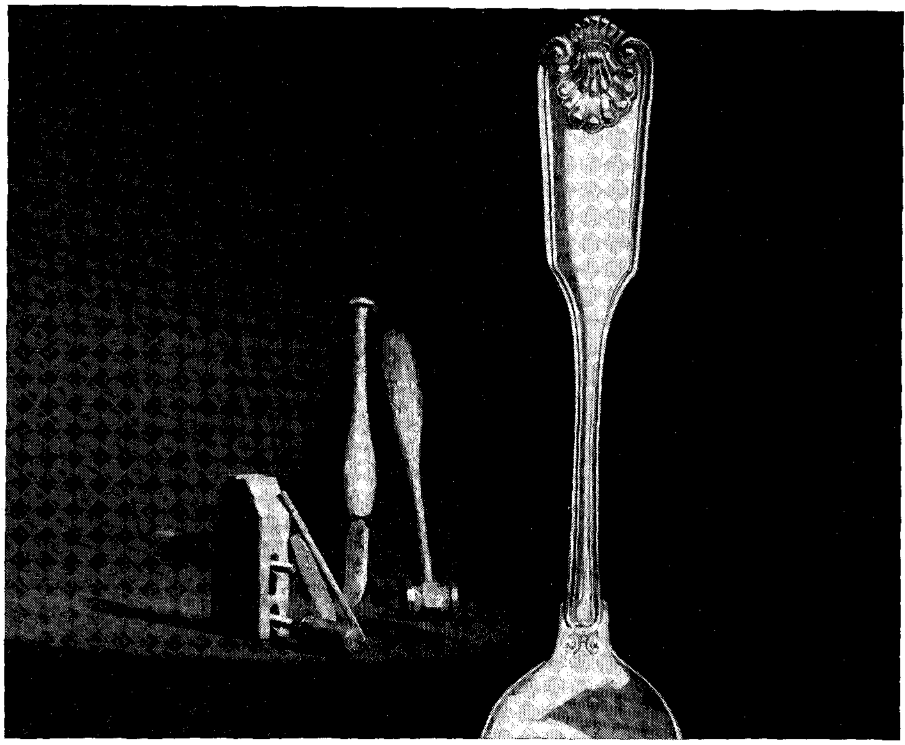

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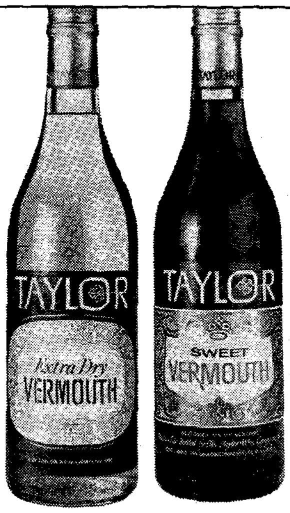

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Now that's really an American idea.**

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cap, his final prep for the San Antonio, a week from Saturday.

BY far the biggest shock of the current Hialeah meeting was the defeat of Tosmah, voted the best of her age and sex in 1963 and 1964, in the Columbiana Handicap early last week. She made a good job of it, too, finishing sixth. The explanation heard most often for this extraordinary upheaval was that the weight she carried was too much for her; it was 128 pounds, and she gave from four to seventeen pounds to the nine other fillies and mares. It was also said that she might not have liked the track. At any rate, she had none of her accustomed dash. Old Hat, quite a runner herself, took the Columbiana (it was her fifth successive victory), with Miami Mood second and Steeple Jill third. Another performance at Hialeah worth noting was Parka's in the Bougainvillea Handicap last Saturday. Giving weight to thirteen other runners, he won as handily as he had won the same fixture a year ago. As one of the more consistent runners on the grass, he is likely to have a sizable following if he goes for the $75,000 Hialeah Turf Cup Handicap on the last Saturday of the month.

BOWIE continues to boom merrily along. Though it has none of the better horses, it has more than enough of the other kind, and attendance and betting are headed for new highs. It hasn't had a two-million-dollar day—last Saturday it was snowing in Maryland, so the crowd was kept down to around twelve thousand—but it probably will before the meeting ends, on March 13th.

SNOWBIRDS and nearly sixteen thousand indomitable horseplayers were at Lincoln Downs last weekend. (The horseplayers bet $926,295 on nine races, and the snowbirds did the best they could to avoid the icicles hanging from the roof of the grandstand.) This gay little establishment, six miles from downtown Providence, always opens the New England season, but it has never before done it so early.

Oh, well, it won't be long before there is racing there, and maybe at Aqueduct, the year round.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Human relations may be defined as a core of concentration, depth structured upon an inter-disciplinary framework.
—*Personnel Journal.*

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BOOKS

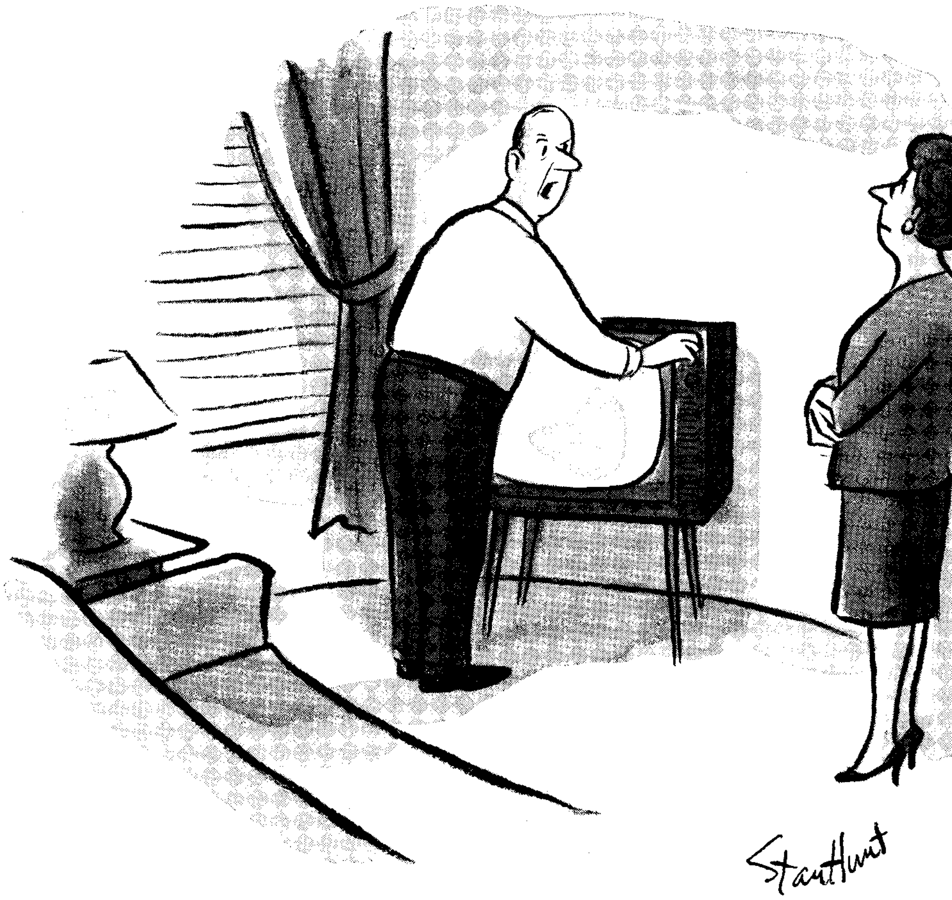
From Play-Acting to Self

"SOMEONE'S missing here. It's Sartre." The author of "Being and Nothingness" heard this cry resounding from earth to heaven when, as a boy, he daydreamed of rescuing maidens in the desert from mustachioed bandits. How he got to be "missing" (and longing, vainly, to be missed) is the subject of "The Words" (Braziller; translated by Bernard Frechtman), Sartre's account of his first dozen years. The hero of this history constantly absents himself behind a series of masquerades. In his desert fantasy, young Jean-Paul would "push aside the screen" and, bursting into view, send heads rolling with his sabre. In real life, making himself present was not that easy. It required unceasing struggle to get around the illusory egos that kept forming themselves in the gaps of his being. This spectral struggle has occupied most of Sartre's life. "The Words" is a negative autobiography, a natural history of the not-selves that crystallized in the time span of the living person and displaced him. Given the current interest in alienation, no theme could be more timely.

Sartre's father died when Jean-Paul was a few months old; the circumstance of having a father unknown to him was responsible, he believes, for the clots of emptiness in his personality. In choosing his son's vocation, a father instills in him a sense of purpose. Sartre's father died too soon to be able to give a directing shove to the future of his offspring. He failed, too, to leave him an inheritance that might have established between them the continuity of things. Thus Sartre's identity was deprived of gravity and left bobbing on the air currents of other people's opinions of him. "A father," he reflects, "would have weighted me with a certain stable obstinacy."

Luck (both good and bad) provided him, from his earliest days, with a dedicated audience. "Rather than the son of a dead man, I was given to understand that I was a child of miracle." Having lost her husband, his youthful mother returned with her infant to the home of her parents, the Schweitzers. The pet of Papa Charles Schweitzer, uncle of the celebrated Albert, Sartre grew up in an environment of middle-class refinement and conceit. The small outsider quickly learns how to win applause by palming himself off as a cultural asset. Having no incentive to do, he performs. His mother, once more fallen under the parental system, is like an older sister who coddles him and coaches the act he puts on as the family star. His grandfather dotes on him and eagerly connives in deceptions calculated to prove himself the ancestor of a prodigy. ("What he worshipped in me was his generosity.") Sartre's childish utterances are read as oracles; he elicits wonder through deliberate fabrications of nonsense. The little hipster aims to please and finds "nothing more amusing than to play at being good." At the age of four, he is an accomplished comedian who "never cries and hardly laughs." Later, having taught himself to read, he delights himself in solitude with juvenile thriller magazines while he continues to draw gasps in the drawing room with his pretended devotion to the classics. This double life is summed up in "The Words" with the force of a proposition of Descartes: "I led two lives, both of them untrue."

Short, growing up unhandsome, Sartre found in language the chief materials for his impostures and his self-substitutions. Through words, the "little faker" put himself in the spotlight that gilded his "uncalled-for" life. In words, too, he discovered a universe that matched his own immateriality and that he could enjoy at will and even control. The encyclopedia surrounded him with plants, butterflies, and heroes; actual creatures would remain crude approximations of those first met on the page. Without friends or antagonists, the phrase-made darling gesticulated in a setting of labels. "The Words" does not hesitate to confess that the wish "to live in the ether among the aerial simulacra of Things" influenced Sartre's later political conceptions. In the fantasy world of reading he encountered a semi-fabulous personage, The Great Writer, whose image was to rule his own life. To the child, an author and his books were one: Corneille had a leather back; this gave him the added merit of substantiality. Becoming a writer himself was with Sartre a new and powerful means of showing off for his claque—"above all, I wrote because



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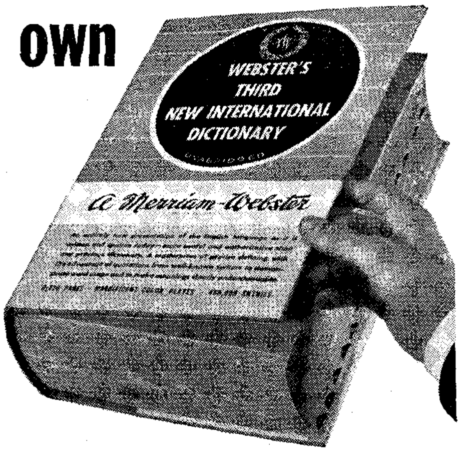

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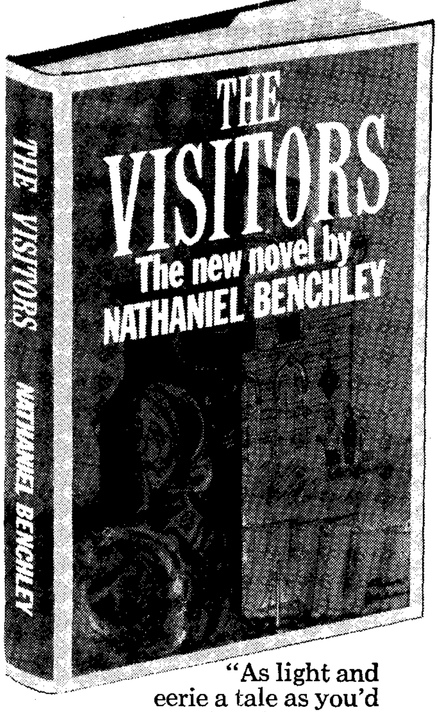
I was Charles Schweitzer's grandson." Putting words on paper and assuming the poses of an author (in secret as well as for the visitors whom his mother brought tiptoeing in to watch him at his desk) carried him into a realm different from mere reading. Writing was an activity able to hold its shape in the material world; thus it began to give form to an "I" that existed apart from the responses of its public. Instead of losing himself, as before, in his pulp-fiction imaginings, Sartre found that he could project his desires into heroes from whom he stayed apart. Splitting off characters from himself implied a unique remainder that was he. At the same time, he discovered that he had the power to make things happen to his creations for which he might have to hold himself responsible. " 'Daisy ran her hand over her eyes,' " he wrote. " 'She had become blind.' " That easy to be wicked! "I sat there stunned." Through fiction he was learning to doubt his motives and his morals.

In the activity of writing there became manifest the glimmering of a deeper self. Sartre's torment, however, was that he not only wrote but assumed the role of writer. Literary eminence had been predicted for him by the family and its friends, and he accommodatingly cast himself for the part. The classic author-to-be stood as a changeless eidolon against the developing personality of the boy. One whose future has been foreseen lives only to fill in the details (Sartre fails to note the analogy between obeying the preconceived plot of his life and obeying the Marxist-Leninist plot of history). Long before he could execute a work, he suffered to the full the anxiety of the artist to make every moment of his existence serve the ultimate catalogue of his creations. His prose rises to almost Biblical excoriation as he recites how the literary "mandate" that was lodged in him voided his daily life of the savor of immediacy. "My future eternity became my concrete future: it made every instant trivial, it was at the core of the deepest attention, it was an even deeper state of abstraction, it was the emptiness of all plenitude, the light unreality of reality; it killed from a distance the taste of a caramel in my mouth, the sorrows and pleasures in my heart." Flying toward his goal, already fully achieved in the ground plan of his sensibility, Sartre was too well armored against novelty; nothing that befell his person could alter the enactment of the script that had been written for him.

Just Published...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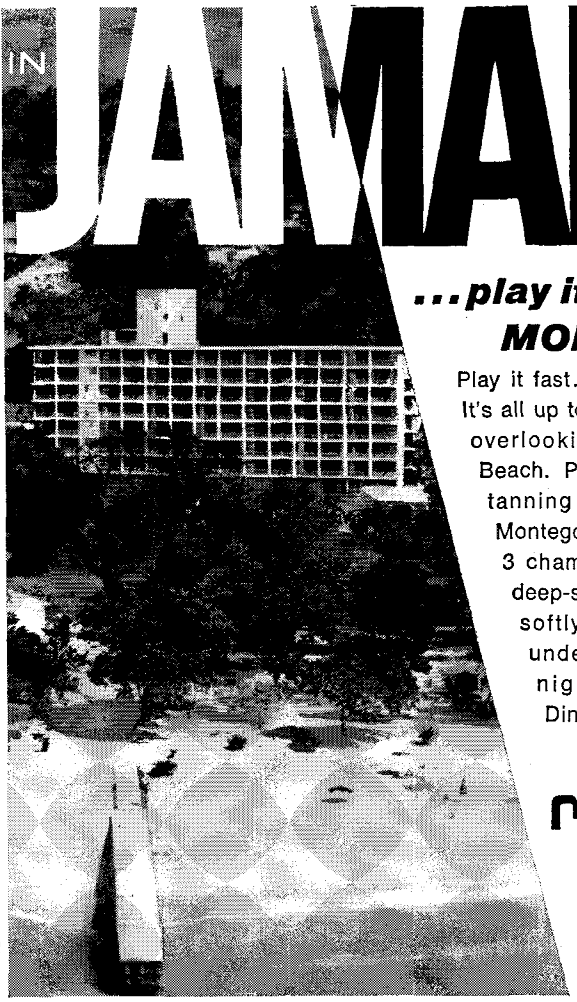
"Chance events did not exist: I was involved only with their providential counterfeits." In sum, Sartre was living in a myth, like Oedipus, or like the proletariat in the scheme of economic determinism.

By gliding in among the immortals of literature, the sly, "unnecessary" good boy had contrived to satisfy a wish to die ("the true meaning of all my gestures") without giving offense to his adoring family. The protagonist of Ionesco's play was changed into a rhinoceros; Sartre changed himself into a statue. In both, metamorphosis was a well-behaved means for taking leave of life. The image of the studious boy posing in the marble ranks of Sophocles, Ovid, Racine, Hugo, and Jean-Paul Sartre, "one of whom was still alive," is authentically Chaplinesque. Indeed, the picture presented in "The Words" of death-dealing family life reminds us of "Monsieur Verdoux," whose Bluebeard hero, also thoroughly domesticated, simply carried marriage to its logical conclusion before it could breed would-be suicides. Apparently inspired by truths attainable only with a dagger, Sartre's writing has never before been so witty. "My father's insolent decease had displeased the Schweitzers; it looked too much like a repudiation. My mother was deemed guilty of not having foreseen or forestalled it. She had thoughtlessly taken a husband who had not worn well. . . . Those proud, modest bourgeois were of the opinion that beauty was beyond their means or below their station; it was all right for a marquise or a whore." Yet "The Words" is a settling of accounts not with others but with himself and with the complicated game of absconding that his childhood forced him to invent as a defense against despair and that he went on playing until almost yesterday. That this act of self-recognition takes the form of comedy ("The Words" also reminds one of Sacha Guitry's "Story of a Cheat") represents a remarkable leap in Sartre's imagination.

It is plain to Sartre that his urge toward salvation was essentially religious. His decision to become a writer belonged to an experience of secular conversion ("I thought I was devoting myself to literature, whereas I was actually taking Holy Orders") that put his family at a distance, lifted him into a status above time, and imposed upon him a ready-made self that he could live up to only through repeated acts of creation and self-cancellation. This substitute religion, with its content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of glory and death, became for Sartre the final antagonist. In his writing, he was once again doomed to be "missing" unless he could resist the bait of immortality that drove him to write. (Committed to this resistance, how could he fail to reject the Nobel Prize?) Worse still, the missing Sartre made Sartre a perpetual trickster. As a secretly self-elected immortal, he could realize his mission by writing eloquently about the impossibility of realizing missions. It is against such devitalizing self-contradictions of those who have chosen themselves that "The Words" is directed. The aim of the book is not to reconstitute the past (the usual one of autobiography) but to dissolve those images of transcendence by which the author has been transfixed. Sartre goes to the absolute extreme in repudiating traits of his character that might have derived from his ghostly distinction. "Fake to the marrow of my bones and hoodwinked, I joyfully wrote about our unhappy state." To be hoodwinked ("*mystifié*") would seem to absolve one to some degree of being fake. But if Sartre is now exaggerating his past deceptions, it is because he has in "The Words" embarked on a new mission: to root out any ruse by which he might be engaged in saving himself. He wishes to be vulnerable to the diurnal, to be "a traveller without a ticket." Instead of being a devotee of God under intellectually respectable disguises, he has become a mystic of the living instant, of the New, "ushered in this very hour but . . . never instituted: tomorrow, everything goes by the board."

Sartre's conversion to "atheism" was also a purging of class, since, in his judgment, his rushing forward into the empty outline of his eternal renown was an expression of the middle-class ideals of abstract progress and success. Writing "The Words" brought this surge to a halt and changed him into himself. It was an incantation pronounced against the spell in which this Sleeping (Non-) Beauty had been held for half a century. Its negative movement carried out an act of self-liberation and self-discovery. Sartre's childhood had determined him to be a writer, and it was now too late for silence. But one can work in words without taking on the comedy of the literary man, his costume, his conceits, his superiority, his silly hopes of rising above mortality through his creations. An air of Ecclesiastes settles over the final pages of "The Words." "For the last ten years or so I've been a man who's been waking up, cured of a long,

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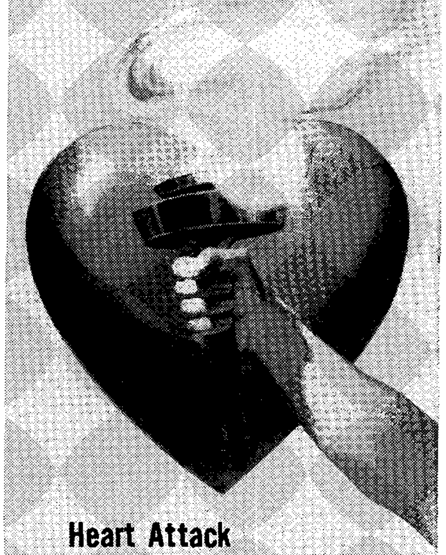

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bittersweet madness, and who can't get over the fact, a man who can't think of his old ways without laughing and who doesn't know what to do with himself." Salvation? It is enough to break through to living—no longer to be someone who's missing.

Sartre's conclusion that his abstract role-playing was in reality a barrier erected against death is identical with the conception of Tolstoy in "The Death of Ivan Ilych." Sartre, however, is more philosophically modest and more appealing; he takes the burden of self-falsification upon himself in the particular conditions of his upbringing instead of projecting it as a criticism of civilized man. Also, Sartre is of the mid-twentieth century, in that he sees the issue of his new-found trust in sheer living to be one not of belief but of experience and behavior. With Tolstoy, resignation to death became an ideological tool; Sartre refuses to make intellectual use of his new, death-accepting self but demands of it no less than that it supply him with continual surprises. But though he is more personal and pragmatic than Tolstoy, Sartre is also more nostalgic, more a man of the book, who feels himself deprived in imagining that others—for example, the boys at the *lycée* with whom he ran yelling around the Place du Panthéon—touched textures of reality that eluded him. That is why Sartre's tone is sad, for all his present exhilaration at being released from hope. If Tolstoy's life before his "awakening" was a fictional construct, it was one in the full Byzantine color of action and poetry. Sartre's life, like his literary style, is marked by the even grayness of prose. In confessing how he hid himself under masks, "The Words" says nothing of his ever having been carried beyond himself by an adventure, an idea, the appreciation of a masterpiece. Sartre is a singular product of academic and popular culture. The typical flaws in his writing are overabstraction and melodrama. "I plunged into pride and sadism, in other words, into generosity, which, like avarice or race prejudice, is only a secret balm for healing our inner wounds and which ends by poisoning us."

Proust threw himself back into a past that was waiting for him. For Sartre only the future waited, and his task was to derange it so that he could avoid keeping the appointment. Given this attitude toward time, how could he compose an autobiography, which is a looking back? While in substance "The Words" starts conventionally with the

please...
let him know
you care

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birth of the author, in form it is oddly circular. The boy was what he was because he was imagining himself to be Sartre, or someone like him. And Sartre is what he is because the boy brought him to life in his imagination, though, at the age of fifty-nine, he has managed to make himself different from the adult that inhabited the boy. But the boy and the man lack continuity and cannot come into contact. "Above all, no promiscuity: I keep my past at a respectful distance." There are two circles—the boy completing himself in the adult stranger, and the man in the rejected boy—and the circles are concentric. Sartre had to break into his past like (if one may be forgiven the pun) a second-story man. "The Words" revolutionizes the form of autobiography by destroying the notion of a one-way progression from earlier to later phenomena. One might, adapting Freud, call it a case study in the Dramapathology of Everyday Life. In it the formation of human personality begins with the individual's finding himself on a stage and forced to conceive a part in an unknown plot. The dynamics of development consists of working through fiction into reality, from play-acting to the self. "The playing at culture," writes Sartre, "cultivated me in the long run." Very likely this differentiation between the actor self and the natural self is too schematic, too theatrical. Every action contains an element of imitation—that is, of fiction; to escape being an "actor" one would have to be utterly passive. Sartre, in sum, is still starting with words rather than with realities. Having executed his fearless strip tease, he imagines that he has quit the theatre of the self forever. The chances are much greater that he is between the acts. Since he is one of the most original performers of the century, the impossibility of his leaving the stage is not to be very deeply regretted.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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MARKET NOTE

In case anybody is confused by the symbols at AGIP outlets, here's a semi-official explanation. Where you see a green cat with three legs, and shooting fire from the tail, that's where ENT's affiliate selles LP-Gas. Where you see a black dog with six legs, shooting fire from the mouth, it means gasoline is sold there. A crocodile stands for rubber. A snake stands for lubricating oils. The extinct animal in this menagerie is the giraffe—formerly signifying the sale of margarine—which no longer is used.

—*Platt's Oilgram Price Service.*

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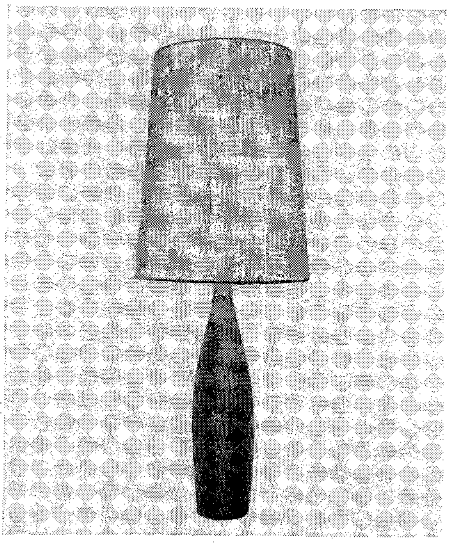

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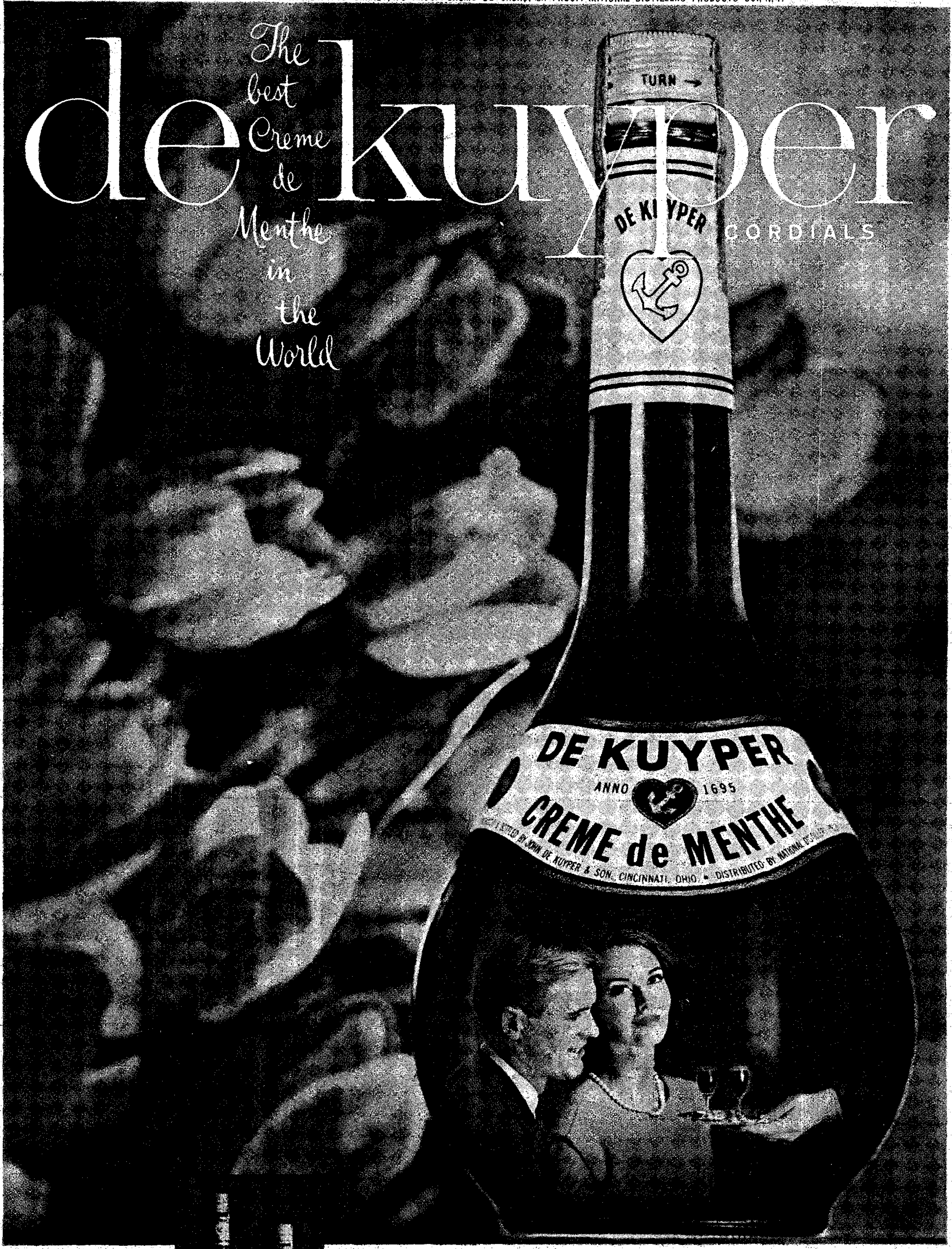
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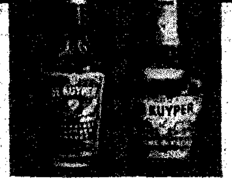

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